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LIFE WITH THE ESQUIMAUX.

CHARD
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LIFE WITH THE ESQUIMAUX:

THE NARRATIVE

OF

CAPTAIN CHARLES FRANCIS HALL,

OF THE WHALING BARQUE "GEORGE HENRY,"

FROM THE 29TH MAY, 1860, TO THE 13TH SEPTEMBER, 1862.

WITH THE

RESULTS OF A LONG INTERCOURSE WITH THE INNUITS, AND FULL DESCRIPTION OF THEIR MODE OF LIFE.

THE DISCOVERY OF

ACTUAL RELICS OF THE EXPEDITION OF MARTIN FROBISHER OF THREE CENTURIES AGO, AND DEDUCTIONS IN FAVOUR OF YET DISCOVERING SOME OF THE SURVIVORS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

With Maps and One Hundred Illustrations.

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LIFE WITH THE ESQUIMAUX.

CHAPTER I.

Journey to the Unknown, or "Dreaded Land"—Sylvia Island—Lupton Channel—Jones's Tower—A Butterfly—Cape Daly—Hummocky Ice—Ancient Piles of Stones—Discover a new Channel—Dr. Kane's Channel—Immense number of Seals—Extensive View—Davis's Straits—Resolution Island, and high Land to the North—Sudden appearance of a Steam-ship—Mount Warwick—Return Journey—Mode of making Traces and Walrus Lines—Note-book Lost—Its Recovery—Ancient Dwellings of Innuits—Rapid Journey back to the Ship—Dangerous Travelling—Ice breaking up—Safe Arrival on Board—Means of sustaining Life in these Regions.

On Wednesday, the 5th day of June, 1861, a day or two after the departure of the Sekoselar Innuits, I prepared myself for another trip, intending this time to visit what the Innuits term the "Dreaded Land," which comprises all the islands eastward of Bear's Sound and Lupton Channel, between Frobisher Bay and Field Bay. As was necessary, I left on board the ship some instructions how to find me and my companions in case the ice, which was becoming very precarious, should break up, and leave us on some of the islands, unable to get away. My intention was to fall back upon the land should the ice break up, and then, if we had to be sought, it would be necessary to look for us somewhere between Hall's Island and Bear Sound.*

On the 5th of June, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, in company with Ebierbing and Koodloo, I left Rescue Har-

* Hall's Island, lat. 62° 33′ N. long. 64° 00′ W. and Bear Sound, lat. 62° 31′ N. long. 64° 50′ W. were so named by Frobisher; the former after Christopher Hall, master of the *Gabriel*, of the expedition of 1576; the latter after James Bear, master of the *Michael*, one of the expedition ships of 1577.

bour, and set out for the "Dreaded Land." Our sledge was drawn by six dogs, just half the number that such a journey required. Our progress was slow; for, besides the want of a sufficient team, we saw many seals, the ice being dotted over with them, and the Innuits consumed much time in making their peculiar, cautious approaches (elsewhere described), which are always necessary in order to take these animals. Koodloo is a good sealer. Having selected his game, he succeeded in crawling up to within thirteen fathoms of the seal, and shot him in the head. In five minutes we who were on the sledge arrived at the spot where our prize lay by his hole, when a general dog-fight took place.

The weight of fresh meat thus obtained being no less than 200 pounds, we found ourselves in the predicament of the man who bought the elephant. What should we do with our seal? Finally, we fastened it behind our sledge, dragged it to a convenient place, and cut it up; took with us a part of the meat and blubber for present use, and deposited the remainder *en cache*—that is, we buried it under snow by the side of a hummock, and tarried awhile to have a raw seal-feast.

In the evening, after our repast, we resumed our journey, proceeding at first in the direction of Dillon Mountain,* at the east end of "Lok's Land,"† but changed our course at ten o'clock on account of hummocks, and now proceeded due south toward Lupton Channel.‡ Some time after midnight we

* This prominent and peaked mountain I have named in honour of a warm friend of arctic explorations, J. D. Dillon, of London, England. It is in lat. 62° 32′ N. and long. 64° 12′ W.

† The land which I think I have identified as the one so named by Frobisher in honour of Michael Lok, one of the earliest, warmest, and most liberal supporters of his (Frobisher's) expeditions of 1576, '7, and '8.

"Lok's Land" is an island on the east side of Bear Sound and Lupton Channel, and extends easterly eighteen nautical miles; its width is twelve. It is called by the natives *Ki-ki-tuk-ju-a*, which means Long Island. The centre of "Lok's Land" is in lat. 62° 29′ N. long. 64° 28′ W. (See Chart.)

‡ I have named the channel uniting the waters of Field Bay to Bear Sound after James Lupton, of Cincinnati, Ohio, one to whom the Young Men's Mercantile Association of said city owes a debt of gratitude for his great and untiring service in its behalf.

Lupton Channel (its north termination) is in lat. 62° 35′ N. and long. 64° 38′ W.

made our first encampment on the ice, and lay down to repose upon a couch of snow.

At 10·30 A.M. of June 6th we resumed our journey, and soon after observed a seal upon the ice; but, as we were to windward, it scented us, and down it went. We were still among hummocks, and enveloped in fog. Before noon the fog lifted, and we found ourselves in sight of land near Lupton Channel. We stopped a while opposite the entrance to this channel for a seal which was discovered ahead. But seal, land, mountains, and clouds became closed in by thick fog; a snow-storm came on from the W.N.W. and it soon blew a gale.

This weather compelling us to hold over, we all left the sledge and dogs, and went a few rods on to the land, to prospect for a suitable spot for an encampment. We found one by the side of a mountain of rock. Here we broke up a beam —a part of our sledge—for fuel to prepare our coffee. We ought, for this purpose, to have taken with us more of the *ooksook* of the seal taken the day previous; but we expected to have captured another by that time. We saw two in the morning, but they were shy, and went down. Had it not been for the hummocks, we should have pursued our course toward Hall's Island; but it requires weather in which one can see more than five fathoms ahead to travel safely over such ice.

The land on which we here encamped is an island about a quarter of a mile long, which I have named Sylvia,* at the east side of the entrance to Lupton Channel. When on the highest part of it, about 500 feet above the sea, I drew the following sketch.

Here before me, looking southerly, was the open water of Lupton Channel, which, as my native attendants informed me, *never freezes over*, in consequence of the swiftly running tides. Yonder, leading south-easterly around the bold front of Lok's Land, is Bear Sound; there, farther south, the low islands; and, showing darkly over these, the open water of Frobisher

* After the daughter of Henry Grinnell. Sylvia Island is in lat. 62° 35½′ N. long. 64° 36′ W.

Bay, and away in the blue distance the huge mountains of Kingaite (*Meta Incognita*); while there, on the right, and on the left, and behind me, all was solid ice.

On Friday, June 7th, having slept soundly on the rock, we breakfasted on raw seal, and, with the aid of more fuel (another cross-bar) from our sledge, made some hot coffee, which indeed is a great luxury at any time to an arctic

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF SYLVIA ISLAND.

traveller. Not long after, Ebierbing started on ahead, while Koodloo struck tupic, harnessed the dogs, and packed the kummitie, and I triangulated and made observations for time, latitude, &c. With beautiful weather and a cloudless sky, Koodloo and myself left Sylvia Island, though not before half-past 1 P.M. and travelled on the ice along the coast toward a noble-looking mountain not far off. The dogs *flew*, for they scented and sighted seals in the bay. At 3 o'clock

P.M. we arrived at the base of Jones's Tower,* the mountain just alluded to.

A short time after this I began to ascend Jones's Tower, the mountain which I especially observed for the first time some months before, when entering Field Bay. When near the summit I made the following entry in my note-book:—

"4·47 P.M. With my glass I see that Ebierbing has just killed a seal. Thank God for our daily bread (*seal*), while we study His glorious works. Thirty seals around the little bay on the ice by their holes, sunning."

At the top of the tower I took several observations, and then attempted to descend on the opposite side to that by which I had climbed up. But I found here, as I had before, that going down a precipitous mountain is much worse than going up it. I could not manage it by the new route, and therefore had to reascend in order to take the other.

From the summit of this mountain the view was extensive, yet I could not thence discern Frobisher Bay, although, as I then thought, it was not more than from five to seven miles off. I here found a butterfly just bursting its prison walls. The wind at the time was so strong as almost to defy my power of holding on. The place looked like a huge tower rather than a mountain; and on one side of it there was, as it were, a broad highway, leading spirally to within fifty feet of the apex. From this elevation a hundred icebergs were in view. On the way down I found some skeleton bones of a whale, about 300 feet above the sea-ice; and also tufts of grass and some reindeer moss. At the base I found Koodloo and Ebierbing with more seals which they had killed, and a fire made of the small shrub† before mentioned.

In the evening we encamped here, close to Robinson's Bay,‡ a beautiful sheet of water on the east side of the tower. Here

* A mountain I have named after George T. Jones, superintendent of the Cincinnati branch of the American Bank Note Company. Jones's Tower is in lat. 62° 33′ N. long. 64° 34′ W. (*See* Chart.)

† *Andromeda tetragona*, a plant of the heath tribe that abounds throughout the arctic regions.

‡ This bay I named after Samuel Robinson, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

we erected our tupic, such as we could make, and the United States flag floated from its top. Our appearance at that time may be conceived from the following sketch.

ENCAMPMENT AT THE FOOT OF JONES'S TOWER.

Next morning, having a cloudless sky and a gentle breeze (which afterward, however, increased to a strong gale), we pursued our way. In a short time we captured another fine seal, which was deposited *en cache*, to be available on our return. As we proceeded, scenes of increasing beauty met my eye. The shore of the "dreaded land" presented many features of interest to me, for it was all new, and especially attractive from its associations with the expeditions of Martin Frobisher. On the left were several channels of open water. Before and around me were several icebergs frozen in the pack,—one berg in particular being very magnificent in appearance, and resembling a Gothic church.

We had now advanced about six miles from Jones's Tower, and had reached Cape Daly,* when the rugged character of the ice hindered our farther progress with the sledge. Koodloo and I therefore walked ahead inland about half a mile to "prospect," and, arriving upon an eminence at the opposite

* Named in honour of Judge Charles P. Daly, of New York City. Cape Daly is in lat. 62° 35′ N. long. 64° 21′ W.

side of the cape, we thence saw that we might have better travelling by rounding it and reaching the other side. Accordingly, we returned to the sledge and refreshed ourselves with a feast of raw seal.

The wind greatly increasing in violence made travelling still more arduous, but we were determined to persevere, and so we rounded the cape, but with great difficulty, owing to hummocky ice and deep, soft snow. Cape Daly is the termination of a neck of land distinguished by a remarkable gap in its ridge.

Resuming our proper course, we hurried forward toward another cape—Cape Hayes*—the most northerly point of Hudson's Island.† There we again prospected, and found it would be impossible to proceed farther with the sledge on account of the hummocky ice in our way.

Hall's Island at this time was less than two miles distant; but to reach it by our present course, on the northern side of Hudson's Island, was an utter impossibility, in consequence of the indescribably rugged ice with which M'Clintock Channel‡ was firmly packed.

While examining Cape Hayes we came to circles of stones, evidently placed there many years ago by the Innuits that formerly inhabited this now forsaken land; but beyond this, nothing worthy of note was to be seen. We therefore returned to the sledge, and thence back about a quarter of a mile to a bight flanked by high mountains.

While Koodloo and Ebierbing were here erecting a tent, I ascended one of these mountains, and thence discovered to the

* I have named this cape after I. I. Hayes, surgeon of the second Grinnell expedition. Cape Hayes is a low point of land flanked by a high ridge of rugged rocks, and is the north extreme of Hudson's Island.

† Hudson's Island, so called in honour of Frederick Hudson, of New York, a strong friend of arctic explorations. The centre of this island is in lat. 62° 34′ N. long. 64° 8′ W. Its length is about three miles, extending north and south; width, two miles.

‡ The channel between Hall's Island of Frobisher and Hudson's Island (*vide* Chart) I have denominated M'Clintock Channel, after Captain (now Sir Leopold) M'Clintock, commander of the yacht *Fox* in search of Sir John Franklin in 1857–9.

south-west, between Lok's Land and Hudson's Island, a channel that no white man (unless of Frobisher's expedition) ever saw before—a channel that probably no Innuit of any late generation had ever visited. The next day, June 9th, we pursued our journey down through Dr. Kane's Channel,* which connects Frobisher Bay with Field Bay; the extreme land, which I especially desired to visit, lying from five to seven miles to the east of the lower or southern termination of said channel. The sledge went swiftly, bounding from snow-wreath to snow-wreath, but I managed to pencil down my notes as we rode along.

Never did I see a more interesting sight than that now presented. Wherever my eye turned, seals appeared in great numbers on the ice by their holes; and, as may be supposed from what I have previously said of the Innuit character, it was quite hopeless to expect that my companions, or the dogs, would attend to my wishes in getting forward. No; a "seal-hunt" was inevitable; and away we went at the rate of ten miles an hour, bounding like deer over the smooth ice, and were quickly among the animals, dealing death around. It was the work of but a few moments; and the very notes from which I now write were recorded as I sat by a seal-hole, the water of which was crimsoned with blood, some of which still marks the page before me. Around me was a scene of death. Our captured seals were now so many that my Innuit companions did not know what to do with them. They appeared almost crazy with joy, at least so far as they are capable of showing signs of extravagant delight in matters of this kind.

Ebierbing said that, "although they had all dreaded this land, it *was* a good land, and now he was not sorry he had come. There was plenty land—plenty water—plenty seal—and nobody there!"

In addition to the numerous seals, we soon afterward came across polar bear-tracks, and could see where Bruin had torn up the sea-ice in his path. But just then we would not stop

* Thus named in memory of Dr. Kane, the arctic explorer. This channel divides Hudson's Island from Lok's Land.

for anything except for Ninoo. It was "onward" with us now. The way was clear, the day fine, and good prospects before us for getting around to "Hall's Island" of Frobisher, to the extreme eastern limit of all that land toward the great sea. Therefore I urged my companions on, though it was with some difficulty I could persuade Koodloo to accompany us. He had been uncomfortable from the moment we had trodden upon a portion of the "dreaded land," and now that we were going round it by the "big waters," which had carried off so many of his people, he was in a state of great agitation. But I succeeded in persuading him to stay with us, especially as I promised to return as soon as I had visited the extreme land.

As we opened out to the south, and arrived where we had expected to see the entrance of Frobisher Bay frozen and solid like Field Bay, which we had just left, my astonishment was great to see, at a short distance from us, open water, with numerous icebergs drifting, and a heavy sea rolling in, and beating on the edge of the floe.

About noon we stopped to allow Koodloo to make up to a seal that he was desirous of obtaining, and I was as deeply interested as ever in the way in which he contrived to get so near his intended prey. While the seal would be taking his "cat-nap" (a sleep of ten to fifteen seconds), Koodloo made his approach by hitches, propelling himself along, recumbent on his side, by one foot, till he got close up, say within twelve fathoms of it. During the seal's *watchful* moments it seemed to be charmed by the peculiar talk, and by the scratching noise made by the sealer. But the animal proved too shy; the charm was broken, and down through its hole in the ice it plunged; and away we went again, our course leading us close by the side of the expanse of open water, in and upon which were numerous seals and ducks, giving evidence of animal life here in abundance. The seals were frequently hunted; and although it did not aid our progress, yet it served to relieve the tedium, and give excitement to our journey.

We now neared the land; and when within half a mile of

"Hall's smaller island" of Frobisher, I went on by myself, leaving Ebierbing to occupy himself among the seals.

On my walk I saw numerous bear-tracks, and such other evidence around me that I could not help exclaiming, "This outcast region is indeed one of plenty instead of barrenness!"

In a few moments I was on the top of the highest elevation of "Hall's smaller island," and from it took several compass bearings as I viewed the scene around. But I was unable to stay long; and intending to revisit the spot, I soon went back to the sledge.

During my absence two seals had been killed; but unnecessarily, for it was impossible to carry more than their skins and livers with us. Still, wherever a seal was observed, the two Innuits would away after it. This seriously delayed us, and it was near midnight before we got back to our previous night's encampment on the northern side of Hudson's Island, where we again rested.

The next day, Monday, June 10th, we once more passed through Dr. Kane's Channel, and at 8·47 P.M. reached the middle of the south shore of Hall's Island. Here we encamped by a little cove on this shore, near the west end of the channel which runs on the north side of the small island which I ascended the day previous. Ebierbing went to seek fuel, which he found on the shore of our little bay in the shape of drift-wood. Koodloo and he then prepared our food, while I was off to ascend the mountain that flanked the place of our encampment. On the top of this mountain I found an Innuit monument which evidently had been erected centuries before, for it was black with the moss of ages.

The "monument" was a very long stone stuck up between two larger ones, and the whole made firm by other stones wedged in, and in a way peculiarly Innuitish.

The view from the summit was fine. Meta Incognita, Cornelius Grinnell Bay, Field Bay, Davis's Straits, and Frobisher Bay, were all in sight. Inshore of me there was a beautiful lakelet a mile long and half a mile wide, surrounded

by several hills of rugged rock, that contrasted strangely with its smooth and uniform white.

After spending a short time upon the summit, I began my descent, when, as I turned toward the north, what was my great astonishment and joy to peceive a vessel—a steamer—with English colours, close to the land! There was the black hull, the smoke-stack, and everything about her seemed plainly visible. In a moment I was back to the summit for a more distinct view, and saw her tack ship again and again, presenting first one side of her hull and then the other, as she worked up and down the open "lead" (a narrow channel of water in the ice), close by the shore.

What my thoughts were I leave the reader to judge. I was all but overpowered with joy. I should now hear news of my native home—perhaps of dear friends. I should again mingle with the inner world of civilization, and hear tidings of what was going on in the ever-changing theatre of active and social life at home. I should probably know who had been elected President of the United States, and how my own country progressed in national weal.* This and much more I should learn if I made speed and could get on board before this stranger vessel moved too far away.

Accordingly, I rapidly descended to the encampment, and told Ebierbing and Koodloo what I had seen. Not a moment was lost in getting ready for a walk across the land to the other side. Loaded guns were taken for the purpose of firing a signal, that the vessel might send us a boat; and away we went, hurrying along as fast as the rugged surface of the ground would permit.

How beautiful was the picture fancy painted in my mind while we were thus hurrying across the island from its south to its north shore. How eagerly I wished we were there, and ready to push off on the ice, if need be, to visit the stranger. What surprise, too, I thought within myself, would

* Little did I then dream that my country had been plunged into a cruel civil war!

be occasioned by our coming from the "dreaded" land, especially seeing me, a civilized man, alone with the natives.

But all my pleasant visions and romantic fancies were suddenly and rudely dispelled when we reached the other side, and stood upon a spot near the north shore. No ship—no vessel was there! Had she disappeared? No. The object upon which I had gazed with such a transport of feeling was indeed there before me, as I had seen it from above; but what was my disappointment—my utter amazement and chagrin, when I found that the supposed steamer was only a remarkably-shaped portion of the mountain's side! Never before had I been so completely deceived; and perhaps, had I had my perspective glass with me, I might have detected the mistake while upon the mountain-top. Yet even now, after the illusion was dispelled, I was astonished at the similitude which nature had here pourtrayed of a steam vessel. The black of that projecting rock, with the white snow apparently standing out apart from the mountain-side to which it belonged, made up a figure so completely like that of a ship, and my change of position at every few steps so magically represented the appearance of repeated tacking, that only the close inspection which I was now making could convince me of the illusion. But it was now dispelled. It was almost cruel, if I may venture to use such a term, to awake me from my late dream of expected joy to the reality of so great a disappointment. However, so it was; and if anything would have relieved my vexation, it was the blank look of astonishment depicted on the features of my two companions on ascertaining the truth. Strange to say, by the time we had arrived at the spot where the best view of it could be obtained, it looked no more like a vessel than a cow! One glance, and we turned away—I in disgust.

Our journey back was anything but agreeable; but we took it leisurely, and at half-past 1 A.M. of the 11th arrived at our encampment.

In speaking to Ebierbing about the reasons for the Innuits deserting a place which we now had evidence to show was

abounding with animal life, he told me that the dread of it could not be removed. It had left upon the minds of all Innuits an impression of horror which descended from parent to child, and was likely to last for a long time. Even he himself would not have come now but for much persuasion and the influence of the civilized white man over the dark races, besides his strong personal attachment to me. As for Koodloo, he had been induced by the example and persuasions of Ebierbing more than by any favourable feelings on his own part. After he had arrived here, it was plain to me he regretted it; and possibly, in his inner soul, "the mysterious ship" may have added to his superstitious feelings concerning the place.

While returning from this trip across Hall's Island, Ebierbing related to me the following anecdote, prefacing it by the simple remark that the breaking away of the sea-ice and carrying off one or more Innuits is not a rare occurrence. Once two of his people were driven out of Cornelius Grinnell Bay while on the ice sealing. The ice finally brought up against Lady Franklin's Island,* twenty-five miles from the main land, upon which island the forlorn Innuits landed. Here they lived for several months on ducks, walrus, bears, and seals, which they found there in abundance. They did not make their appearance for months, and were given up as lost. But, to the surprise of every one, they ultimately returned, having effected their escape by means of "floats" made of the skins of seals which they had killed. I may here mention that also, in returning on the before-described vexatious walk, we noticed a wall of stone—moss-covered stone—at the outlet of the lakelet, which was made, as Ebierbing said, by his people that had lived a great many years before, for a hiding-place, to enable them to kill tuktoo as they followed along their path, which was close by. Numerous old bones of this animal we saw by this wall.

On the 11th of June, at noon, I put on a rock a delicately-balanced compass needle, the north pole of which stood on

* Named by me in honour of Lady Franklin. Lady Franklin Island is in lat. 62° 55′ 30″ N. long. 63° 30′ W.

zero. At 12 midnight it was one degree west of zero. At 3·30 A.M. of the 12th it was one degree east of zero point; but more about this in its proper place.

On the same day, the 11th, half a mile north-west, on the top of the mountain in the rear of our camp, I took bearings of various prominent places; and while taking the angle of an island five miles distant to the south, Ebierbing and Koodloo with me, the former, looking around with the glass, suddenly exclaimed, "Ninoo! Ninoo!" pointing, at the same time, in the direction of the very island I was sighting. In an instant Koodloo rushed off to harness up the dogs, and I after him Ebierbing remaining behind for a moment to watch the bear's movements. Presently I decided upon returning to continue my work and let both the Innuits go in chase. Reascending to the spot I had left, I continued to the northward and westward till I had ascended a still higher mountain, *the table-topped "Mount Warwick" of Frobisher.*

There I remained for hours, with changes of the atmosphere so tantalizing that it vexed me greatly. One moment there was a beautiful sky, the next everything was enveloped in thick fog. So it continued, calm as a summer's day at home, not a cloud in the sky as the fog lifted, the sun shining brightly for a moment, and anon darkened by impenetrable vapour. I was greatly disappointed. I had fixed a capital point by sun to take my angles of various mountains, bays, headlands, &c., but, in consequence of the state of the weather, was obliged to leave my work incomplete.

In descending to a lower point, I distinctly saw *Meta Incognita,* the fog having dispersed in that direction. Also I saw Resolution Island, which bore S. 12° W. (true).

I returned to the camp shortly after, but Ebierbing and Koodloo had not yet returned.

While waiting for the two Innuits, I gathered some fuel, kindled a fire, and filled the tea-kettle to make coffee. Presently I heard the crack of my rifle, and concluded that another seal was killed, little imagining what had actually occurred. But near midnight, when Ebierbing and Koodloo

arrived, they told me that not only one of the largest-sized seals (ookgook) was killed, but also the bear. I could hardly believe them. A bear? It was too much to believe. I could readily conceive that they had succeeded with seals, but that they had captured the bear, and without the smallest signs of any struggle, was almost incredible. I could not, therefore, help laughing at Ebierbing as he persisted in the statement; and I said to him, "You are making game of *me*." On the instant he replied, "Come to the sledge (which was only a short distance off) and see." There, true enough, was Ninoo's skin, with portions of the meat; and now we had beef in abundance. The ookgook had been left on the ice, at the edge of the floe by the open water.

Ebierbing told me that they went over to the mountain island where he had first espied the bear, and saw the brute lying down. On their approach he sprung up and darted away. Three of the dogs were immediately let loose by cutting the traces with which they were harnessed to the sledge. After these three had started, the remaining dogs were cast adrift, and soon overtook the other dogs, and assisted in bringing the bear to bay. They barked, bit, struggled, and fought bravely, the bear doing his best to defend himself. Now and then Ninoo would start to run, but the dogs were quickly fast to his stern, turning him round more rapidly than the rudder does a ship under a nine-knot breeze.

The dog and bear fight continued for half an hour, when Ebierbing, getting as favourable an opportunity as he desired, sent the messenger of death to Ninoo's heart.

The bear was very fat, as all polar bears in the neighbourhood of the "deserted land" must be, in consequence of the immense number of seals there. His stomach was filled to its utmost capacity, and, Innuit-like, the two men took care of every portion that was serviceable.

The bear was immediately skinned, and the best portions of the carcass brought away. The rest was left to feast other animals than man. On returning from this bear hunt, Ebierbing shot the ookgook which he referred to.

Our feast that night was uncommonly good. Some of the fat, with portions of the lean, was well cooked; and when we lay down to rest, I would not wager that our stomachs were not as widely distended as had been that of the defunct Ninoo.

I may here mention that the bear's bladder was inflated and hung up to the pole of our tupic, and, according to Innuit customs, should remain there three days.

NORTH FORELAND OF FROBISHER.

Early in the morning of Wednesday, the 12th of June, I was up, and ready for a proposed trip. It had been decided to set out this day on our return to the ship, but I could not think of leaving this interesting region without visiting the utmost extreme of land—the "North Foreland" of Frobisher. Leaving my two companions asleep, I walked off alone. The

snow was deep and soft, making my travelling laborious. When about half-way, I ascended a hill that overlooks the channel between "Hall's Island" and "Hall's smaller island." The channel was free from ice save near its west end, close by the little bay of our encampment, and presented an animated picture of life, for seals and aquatic birds in great variety were sporting there. But as only a brief time remained for this journey, I was obliged to hasten on. At length, after a laborious walk, I reached "North Foreland," the goal of my ambition in this pleasant trip.

Here the view was as enchanting as it was extensive. The sea around, as far as the eye could reach, was open; yet much ice, in the various forms of "sconce" pieces, floes, and bergs, was drifting about.

"North Foreland" presented a bold front. As I looked down from its heights (an elevation of several hundred feet), the sea was "playing fantastic tricks," its mighty waves dashing in quick succession against the rocky rampart by which I was shielded, leaping upward as if to meet and greet me, saying, "White man, we saw your namesake here nearly three hundred years ago; *where is he now?*"

Nearly south of North Foreland are three islets, the nearest one-fourth of a mile off shore. The largest is a quarter of a mile long, and is distinguished by a prominent rock that looks like a huge bee-hive, with smaller ones on each side of it. The others are quite small, being respectively about seventy and a hundred and forty fathoms in length. In every direction about here I saw recent traces of reindeer and rabbits, also circles of stones, and other signs of Innuits having lived here long ago.

The following are some of the measurements which I made while on this morning walk: The width of North Foreland (which is the eastern extremity of Hall's Island), measuring it a short distance back from the cliff, is about a quarter of a mile. Hall's Island extends a mile farther eastward than "Hall's smaller island." The latter is eight-tenths of a mile in length.

After spending an hour at this interesting spot, taking bearings of distant objects, and observing the general appearance of the locality, I reluctantly retraced my steps to our encampment, a distance of two miles, where I found on the sledge everything in readiness for our departure.

At 9·19 A.M. we set out on our return to Rescue Harbour. When out on the sea-ice, we stopped by the edge of the floe, next the open water, at the carcass of the ookgook killed by Ebierbing the day before. In the dilemma which followed as to what we should do with it, I proposed that it should be carried to land and buried under heavy stones, supposing that Captain B——, then at Cape True with his men, might send a boat's crew round by Frobisher Bay, which was all open water, and get the blubber, and perhaps the meat, and also some of our deposited seals. But Ebierbing assured me that it mattered not what might be the size or the weight of the stones covering it, Ninoo would find out the deposit and rip it up. It was finally concluded to save only the skin. To effect this, they girdled the animal's body, cutting the skin transversely in widths of about five or six inches, and then slipped it off in cylinders, each of which was to be afterward cut spirally, making a long strip of skin, which is of great value for walrus and seal lines, and dog-traces. This ookgook was an object of more than common interest. Though so easily despatched—the rifle ball, on penetrating his skull, causing instant death—yet, as Ebierbing pointed out, it bore numerous marks of wounds received in a conflict with a polar bear. It had had a struggle with its mighty foe, and had escaped.

We did not get ready to proceed on our journey until 12 A.M. We then crossed the floe at the south side of Hudson's Island, taking the same route we had travelled three times before. When we were nearly through Kane's Channel, and while I was examining its shores, having occasion to make some record, I opened the covers of my note-book, and found, to my consternation, that its contents were gone! I knew not what to do. I felt that, if they should not be recovered,

most of what were to me the important notes that I had taken on this trip would be useless, owing to the break in my narrative which the loss of these would occasion. My hope of recovering them was indeed slight, for my record had been kept on a few small oblong leaves of paper, slightly stitched together, which the wind might speedily scatter away. Still, I determined to go back and search for them, Ebierbing agreeing to accompany me.

We made our way back over rugged ice and snow by following our own tracks; but the wind, then from the south-east, blew at right angles, and made it less likely that we should succeed. Ebierbing went ahead, a little on one side, and I kept straight on the course by which we had come. Thus we retraced our steps for some three miles, when, to my great joy, I heard Ebierbing shout, "*Ni-ne-va-ha! Ni-ne-va-ha!*"—I have found it! I have found it! And, sure enough, there, in his hands, I saw my little note-book, which he had just picked up.

The distance we had traversed was three and a half miles, so that, in returning to the spot from which we had set out, we had walked full seven miles. This, however, was not of much account in comparison with the value of my note-book.

I had directed Koodloo to proceed with the sledge; but before we had reached him a furious gale from the north-east broke upon us, accompanied with much snow. This threatened an end to our day's travel, and I therefore determined to encamp as soon as possible.

We traced Koodloo by the sledge-tracks down Allen Young's Bay,* near some sheltering land, and there found him, on the lee side of the sledge, flat on the snow, asleep! yes, sound asleep, and covered with drift, while the gale was beating around, and roaring almost with a voice of thunder. So thick and fast did the snow come down that we could not see a dozen yards before us. Yet here did Koodloo—as most

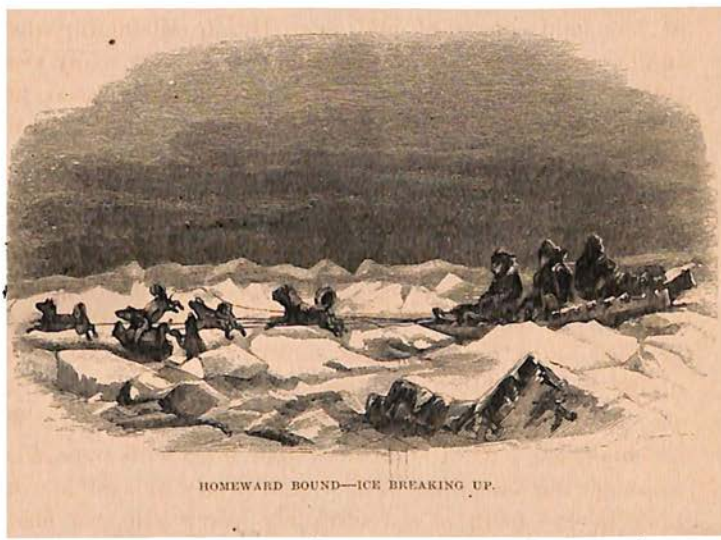
* Named in honour of Captain Allen W. Young, second in command under M'Clintock, in search of Sir John Franklin in 1857-9. Allen Young's Bay is in lat. 62° 33′ N. long. 64° 14′ W. its east side bounded by Dillon Mountain.

Innuits can—sleep away as undisturbed by the storm as if in his tent. Here a great danger threatened us. This gale might break up the ice; and if so, and we were encamped on an island, escape would be impossible, for we had no boat. The wind was so furious that we could hardly stand erect, and already it was tearing up the ice in all directions about the main bay. It was an awkward position, and one that I had anticipated. But it was necessary immediately to prepare some shelter, and accordingly we selected a spot on a point of low land, north of and near Dillon Mountain, where Innuits evidently had erected their tupics very many years before. Bones of seal and walrus, fragments of wood, and circles of stones, showed the dwelling-places of Esquimaux who had lived there before the land became abhorred.

The erection of our tent was a matter of great difficulty. One of us had to stand up before the blast to break its force, another to erect the tupic, and the third to try to make it stand. Placing the covering over the tent-poles was a toil especially arduous. The wind seemed to press with a force of tons. Flap, flap went the canvas, beating us about, and giving us such bruises that several times I thought it impossible to get through with the task. But at length it was accomplished. All the crevices were filled with moss, so as to render the admission of fine snow nearly impossible; and thus, in the teeth of a remarkably heavy gale, we finally succeeded in getting as much shelter as could be expected under such circumstances. The next day, June 13th, the gale continued with unabated fury to 11 A.M. Most of the time during this storm we had to keep inside the tent; and whenever we did venture out, it was necessary to use great care, lest the force of the wind should throw us down. That the tent stood was a marvel. But stand it did, and gave us shelter until Friday the 14th, about 12 meridian, when we resumed our homeward route.

Our journey was comparatively rapid. We arrived at Sylvia Island at 10 P.M. without any obstacle save in rounding Cape Daly, though the seaward ice was anything but

safe; and after resting and partaking of coffee prepared with a tent-pole for fuel, we made a direct course for the ship. Now came the danger. Everywhere the ice was cracked, or moving, or gone! We carefully pursued our way, literally with fear and trembling. Not for one moment was our footing safe. The thick-ribbed ice was broken into every conceivable form and size, and nothing but the absolute necessity of avoiding detention on the islands would have



HOMEWARD BOUND—ICE BREAKING UP.

induced us to venture on the treacherous footing; but it was our only hope under heaven—our only means of escape—and upon it, and across it, we pursued our way.

To add to the dangers of our situation, a thick mist soon settled upon us; and there we were, three men, the dogs, and sledge, on the broken ice, in the middle of a bay wide open to the sea. Even the Innuits were more than usually alarmed, and finally became so confused that they wandered out of the proper course; and it was only through my insisting that my compass was the best guide that, after going three miles out of our way, we at last arrived safely on board the ship at 10·37 A.M. on Saturday, the 15th of June

Thankful was I that we met with no serious accident; and this was the more extraordinary considering our rate of travelling (we were only twenty hours coming from near Dr. Kane's Channel) and the dangerous character of the ice over which we had come.

As an instance of what can be accomplished in securing the means of sustaining life in the arctic regions, I will here give a few particulars bearing upon the subject, and belonging to this particular journey.

We set out with—

20 sea-biscuits, weight	5 lbs.
Salt-junk ,,	5 ,,
Coffee and pepper, say	1 ,,
Total provisions for the three	11 lbs.
Powder	1 lb.
Balls, in number	30.

1 rifle, 1 gun, 2 seal spears, with lines and harpoons.

We were away ten days, and in that time obtained—

1 polar bear, equal to	1000 lbs.
1 ookgook (largest-sized seal)	1500 ,,
9 seals	1800 ,,
Making a total of	4300 lbs.

—that is, over two tons of fresh meat, besides skins for clothing, and oil for fuel and light.

Most of the meat and blubber we deposited *en cache*, and the ookgook we left on the ice; but we were obliged to abandon all, excepting a very little blubber, and the small proportion of meat which was consumed by ourselves and the dogs. The skins we saved.

CHAPTER II.

An Excursion to the Whaling Dépôt—Passage across Field Bay—Singular Mode of capturing Seals—Chapell Inlet—Cross to Frobisher Bay—Great number of Pieces of Limestone—Boat Trip to Bear Sound—Velocity of the Tides—Immense number of Ducks and Wild-fowl—Eggs obtained in abundance—Return to Rescue Harbour—Stop at French Head—Corpse of John Brown still there, and unmolested—Arrive on Board—Musquitoes—Ugarng's Influence and Character—A Love Affair—Little Ookoodlear and the Outcast E-tu—An unnatural Father—A Child left deserted on a solitary Island—Procures Food by catching Partridges with his Hand—Lives a Hermit Life for Months—Is rescued by chance Visitors—Ugarng's generous Protection.

On my return, June 15th,1861, I found Innuit visitors at the ship. The only two men left on board were quite well. I was also much pleased to see that all my own apparel had been put in order, and such as needed it washed by Tookoolito, who had occasionally visited the vessel during my absence, and had thus thoughtfully provided for my comfort.

The following few days I devoted wholly to resting myself and preparing for my long-desired voyage to King William's Land, which I intended to make as soon as I could obtain the means of prosecuting it, and the ice would permit.

On the 17th another heavy gale burst upon us, which continued until the 20th. It blew hard, but there was no danger just now to the ship, for Rescue Harbour was still paved over with thick, solid ice; yet she trembled through her whole frame, and her masts quivered like reeds. In the outer bay, seaward, the ice was broken into innumerable fragments. On account of the storm, the natives on board, who had come from Cape True, could not return, and those on shore I perceived to be suffering from a general wreck of their habitations. Hardly a tupic was standing. The gale had razed them to the ground.

My late companions, Ebierbing and Koodloo, set out on

the 20th sealing, and returned the following day, having secured eight seals, weighing in all about 1,400 pounds. This would have supplied them with food for a long time had they provident habits.

At this time news came by Koojesse from the whaling dépôt at Cape True, in Frobisher Bay. All the officers and crew stationed there were well, though still unsuccessful.

As Koojesse was to return as soon as possible, I determined to go with him, and accordingly we set out on the following evening, June 21st.

At 7 P.M. we left the ship, with sledge and a team of eight dogs, including my faithful Barbekark. Our load was light, and we went along over the uncertain ice at three miles an hour. We had a thick fog all the way in crossing Field Bay, and Koojesse, though a capital guide, was evidently taking a wrong course after leaving Rescue Harbour, until I showed him by my compass, how we ought to go. By that means we got into the old sledge-tracks, marking the course to and fro, and were even with French Head* in two and a half hours from the ship.

On the passage I noticed another singular and striking method which the natives use to capture seals. I will relate the incident as recorded in my journal of Saturday, the 22d of June:—

"We saw many seals out on the ice, but did not succeed in killing any, though Koojesse made several attempts. . . . . At 7·43 P.M. Rescue Harbour time, the dog Merok (brother dog of the notable Barbekark), a good sealer, saw a seal which he had scented some moments previous. Away he darted as fast as his now inspirited companion-dogs would allow him. Koojesse at once saw what was up, and set up a peculiar, continued loud cry, in which I joined. The flying dogs, with kummitie, and our noise, so alarmed poor seal that it knew not what to do. The seal had his head over his hole,

* "French Head" is a prominent headland, south side of Field Bay, and so named to commemorate the death of the Frenchman, which occurred near its base, as related in Chapter XIII. French Head is in lat. 62° 44′ 30″ N. long. 64° 45′ W.

INNUIT STRATEGY TO CAPTURE A SEAL.

yet high raised, looking at the motley sight, and listening to the pandemonian sounds, which frightened it near unto death. On we went; but when the dogs were within a few paces only, the seal regained his senses, and down he went just in time to save his—blubber! Koojesse says that young seals are often captured by such procedure as this, but seldom old ones."

On arriving near the base of French Head, a little the other side of it, we turned toward Chapell Inlet, intending to cross over the isthmus at its head. The channel by which we had first entered this inlet in the *Rescue* (August 21st, 1860) was now full of hummocks; we therefore crossed over a neck of land perhaps half a mile wide, covered with submerged ice. The floating qualities of the sledge, as well as of the load, including ourselves, made our passage by water rapid, though not very comfortable.

We crossed this "pass"—used frequently by the Innuits and the ship's crew in going to and from Cape True—and entered the inlet. Here I found many portions of the ice covered with the melted snows, and in some places the sledge sank deep in the water, much to the annoyance of the dogs as well as of ourselves.

On the way Koojesse again had "talk" with some more seals which we saw, and it was with great interest I watched him. He lay down on one side, and crawled by hitches or jerks toward his victim; then, as the seal raised its head, Koojesse would stop, and commence pawing with his right hand and foot while he uttered his "seal-talk." On this the seal would feel a charm, raise and shake its flippers both "fore and aft," and roll over on its side and back, as if perfectly delighted, after which it would drop its head to sleep; then Koojesse would hitch, hitch along, till the seal's head would pop up again, which usually occurred every few moments. But Koojesse approached too near, and this broke the charm, allowing the seal to escape, and leaving the disappointed sealer to cry, "*E-e-e-ŭk!*"

The great trouble with the Innuits in this mode of sealing

is that they often endeavour to get too near—say within five or seven fathoms—so as to make sure of their aim with a gun or spear, and this alarms their prey.

During our progress up the inlet I observed a very small newly-made igloo, and asked Koojesse what it meant. "*Wich-ou, wich-ou*" (wait, wait), said he in reply, and in a few moments we came alongside. The next instant Koojesse had jumped off the sledge, and with a grab through the snow, drew forth by one of its hind flippers a fine seal that he had killed when on his way up to the vessel.

As we proceeded up the inlet, gradually the low land at its head appeared, and at two in the morning of the 22d we had reached it. From here we turned westward, following the sinuosities of the coast for two miles, when we struck across the narrow strip of land dividing Chapell Inlet from Frobisher Bay. A few minutes sufficed to find us slowly working along the badly-broken shore-ice; on that side, the bay itself being wholly free, except a few bergs. Occasionally the dogs went *pell-mell* down, and over the steep broken ice; then the sledge would butt against a perpendicular hummock, sending us forward, very much like a stone out of a sling; but we got along without serious mishap, and arrived at Cape True at half-past two in the morning.

As my eye first caught sight of the whale dépôt I was quite astonished. I had formed no conception of its being such a busy-looking place. There were numerous and thickly-crowded habitations, white men and Innuit tents, mills (*toy* wind-mills), and a liberty-pole, holding high to the breeze an extemporized emblem of our country! People were already up and about, and every pinnacled rock had some person upon it to witness our approach. The dogs soon landed us on the rocks which formed the "public square" of the town, and quickly, from one and all, I received a hearty welcome. It seemed almost like home again to behold so many friendly and familiar faces. Several Innuits were here, most of whom I well knew, and they were delighted to see me.

Immediately on my arrival I was invited by the captain

and officers into their quarters, and had an excellent breakfast put before me. Of course one of the first inquiries was about my trip to and return from the "dreaded land." This I soon answered by giving an account of what I had done, and then, my morning meal ended, I took a walk along the beach. Everywhere I found fragments of limestone in abundance, and my pockets were soon filled with specimens, which I brought home.

One object of my visit to the whale dépôt was to see about preparing for my departure to King William's Land, and to consult Captain B—— respecting it. The boat promised me had to be made ready, and therefore I at once entered upon the subject with him, The following is an extract from the entry made in my journal at the time (Saturday, June 22d, 1861) :—

"Captain B—— says that he has been out in this bay (Frobisher) several times since coming over, and that he has been much impressed with the subject of my making my trip or voyage this summer, as expected, in a whale-boat. He thought it his duty to open the matter to me at once, announcing the conclusion he had come to, painful to him and to me. The boat which I had had made in the States, especially designed and made for my expedition to King William's Land, was a suitable one for me, but a whale-boat was unfit. Captain B—— continued to say that I had not any more of an outfit, provision, &c. than I should take, but that, with the crew necessary, I could not possibly carry more than a very small proportion of what I had. He found that with the boat's crew, and the three line-tubs each boat has, no additional weight could be added to navigate in such waters as he knew I would be obliged to in getting to the point of my destination.

"This is a serious matter with me—one pregnant with such thoughts *I cannot* put upon paper. I cannot, I will not sell my life foolishly. If the loss of my expedition boat, which was well planned and strongly made, has taken from me the proper, the only judicious means of carrying out my purpose

of going to King William's Land, then I must delay—I must lose one year in returning to the States and prepare again for the voyage that I am still determined to make, *God willing.* I will refer in my journal to this subject again."

Among the Innuits staying at the whale dépôt was the woman *Puto,* mother of the semi-white child. This poor woman was very badly off, her husband being dead, and she had but scant means of providing for herself and offspring. Seeing her sad condition, I gave her several trinkets, and, in addition, a box of 100 percussion caps. This latter present caused her to weep for joy. She knew not how enough to thank me. With them she could trade among her people for many conveniences she wanted. Anything in the way of ammunition is thought more of by the Innuits than almost any other articles that could be named.

At this time the weather was fine, and the view of Kingaite, with its miles and miles of mountain wall, its glaciers, and its snows, was grand indeed. More than ever was I desirous of exploring that coast; and I thought that, even if nothing else could be done, I might possibly examine some of the places made famous by Frobisher's voyages in 1576, '7, and '8. "Bear Sound" was but a short distance to the eastward, and the second day after my arrival at the whale dépôt, I took with me "Captain" (Kokerjabin's youngest son), and walked toward it. But he proved only a hindrance to me. I had to go full fifteen miles to reach a point of land not more than two and a half miles in a direct line. I was obliged to make for the head of Chapell Inlet by first wading through some soft, wet snow, that covered shore-ice and the land on my way. Then I had to make a long circuit around some stones and rocks, and afterward ascend hill after hill, going through valleys full of snow soft and deep enough to cover my whole body. But wherever I went, small pieces of limestone were in abundance, even to the very mountain-tops.

At length I arrived at my destination on the west side of Bear Sound. There—beside those waters, on whose shores Frobisher and his men had laboured for the mineral wealth

which he believed he had found there—I had my noon repast, my Innuit companion sharing it with me. Resting awhile, I forgot my youthful attendant, while contemplating the scene around me. Presently I rose to return, and missed "Captain." I called; no reply. Where had he gone? There was a steep precipice close by, and I became alarmed lest he had fallen over it. I therefore instantly sought for him, and after some moments found his tracks. He had left me without a word, intending to go by a more direct, but, as I thought, dangerous course to the dépôt. I followed him, and we returned together, arriving at the tents much fatigued.

While I was stopping at Cape True the boats frequently went to get fuel from the scattered remains of the *Traveller* before mentioned. The shore was strewed with portions of the wreck, which would serve for many years for fuel for ships' companies occupied as the *George Henry's* was at the whaling dépôt.

The crew of the *George Henry* were at that time living "in clover." They had plenty of ducks, duck-eggs, seal, walrus, &c., and whenever they wanted a supply they had only to go and take what Nature here so plentifully furnished. On one of these occasions (June 24th) I accompanied a party that went "duck-egging." It consisted of two whale-boats, manned by whites and Innuits, under command of Charles Keeney and A. Bailey. I went with the latter, leaving the whale dépôt early in the morning, and striking right across a little bight to the west entrance of Bear Sound.

On entering this sound I was surprised at the velocity and singular movements of the tides. As we advanced the tide was ebbing, and running swiftly up toward Field Bay. But when we had reached Ellis Island,* the movement of the tidal waters appeared to be reversed, and they were throwing themselves furiously about. Eddies, and whirlpools, and mill-races

* A prominent, bold rock island, west side of Bear Sound, about one-sixth of a mile in diameter, three miles from Field Bay, and named after John W. Ellis, of Cincinnati, Ohio. "Ellis Island" is in lat. 62° 32′ N. long. 64° 45′ W.

were there running and whirling around in the wildest and most fantastic way, carrying on their foaming surface small bergs, "sconce" pieces, and ice fragments of all shapes, in utter disregard of each other. When the tide turned, these masses came whirling back, as if madly bent on heaping destruction wherever they could. This scene in Bear Sound was singularly grand and striking.

With regard to these tides I will not say much here, reserving such subjects for the Appendix; but I soon found this to be a subject requiring attentive consideration, and this I afterward had an opportunity of giving to it.

As to egging and duck-hunting, I can say no more about it now. The ducks were very numerous, flying over our heads in every direction. They were in the water drifting with the swiftly-running tide, on the ice, and on nearly every one of the numerous islands we passed. Wherever we saw a great many upon or around an island, we visited it for eggs.

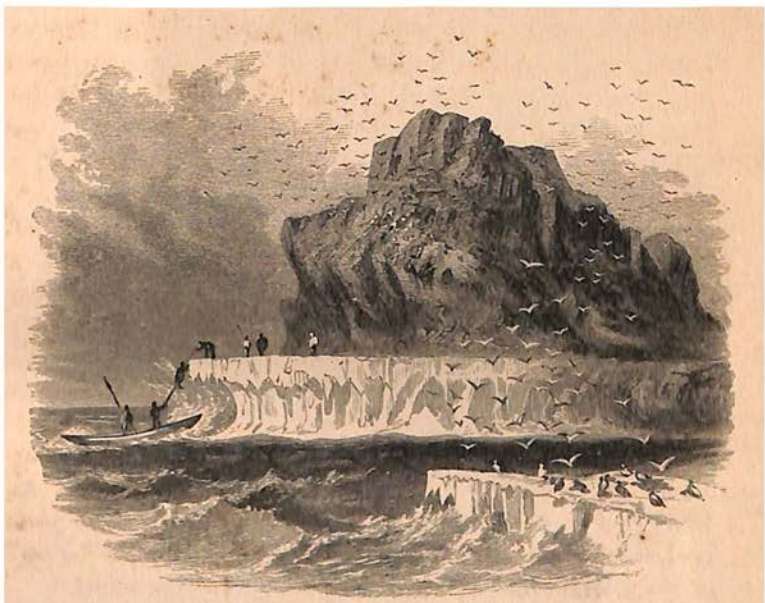
The first island we pulled to was one in the midst of a sweeping, driving tide, so that it seemed to defy all human exertions to approach it; yet, after "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," we conquered. The boat was taken round to the opposite side of the island from that where the tide struck it, and though the water rolled and tumbled as if mad, we managed by a plan of our own to get upon the top of the magnificent "ice-collar" that engirdled the island.

This was the first time in my life that I saw eider-ducks' nests, and consequently the first occasion in which I aided in abstracting the large, luscious eggs. In ten minutes four of us gathered six dozen, and at another island, in twenty minutes, sixteen dozen and five. The eggs taken are replaced by fresh ones, as the ducks lay every two or three days. Many ducks were shot, but, owing to the swift tide, only a few were obtained. The rest were swept away.

In speaking of the "ice-collars" surrounding the islands, I may mention that if they had been simply perpendicular the difficulty in mounting them would not have been so great; but they projected over from ten to thirty feet, and when the

tide had fallen some twenty-four feet it was no slight task to surmount them. We managed it in some cases by extending two of our long oars from the boat to the top, thus forming a substitute for a ladder.

Many of the islands in Bear Sound were locked together by natural ice-bridges, several of these being arched in a most remarkable manner:



SCALING AN ICE COLLAR IN BEAR SOUND.

We approached to within three miles of Sylvia Island, the same on which I and my Innuit companions had encamped on our late journey to the "dreaded land," and I could not but view it in a most friendly way when I remembered how its warm, dry rocks gave us a good bed and protection from the storms.

Our excursion lasted some hours, and we returned to the tupics, both boats well laden with eggs. The total acquisition of our two boats' crews was one hundred dozen eggs, and five ducks. An eider-duck egg is nearly twice the size of a hen's.

At this time Captain B—— was absent with two boats a short distance up the bay "prospecting" for whales. He returned on the 28th of June, during a fierce storm of wind and rain, and he informed me that the trip back was made under most unfavourable circumstances. The previous night had been passed on an island above Evictoon, the only shelter obtained from the storm being that which their boats' sails afforded when put up as a tent. His own crew suffered greatly from the cold; but the Innuits with him, not finding sufficient room inside the tent, went out and *lay down under the lee of some projecting rocks!* *They* rested and slept well, while the *white men* could hardly keep themselves, as they said, from being frozen.

On the evening of Friday, the 28th of June, having spent seven days at Cape True, I purposed starting back the next day for the vessel. An extract from my journal of that date I will here introduce:—

"To-morrow I accompany Captain B—— back to the *George Henry*. He goes with the expectation of remaining there until the vessel is liberated, when he intends to return to this bay, and cruise around awhile, and if unsuccessful, to return to Field Bay, or proceed to Cornelius Grinnel Bay. Two boats' crews are to follow in a few days, while two remain here (Frobisher Bay) for a little while, to continue cruising for whales."

Here follows another entry in my journal, made just before leaving the whaling dépôt:—

"*Saturday, June 29th*, 1861.—I soon start for home—that is, set out for the vessel. Captain B—— and I are to have one sledge for ourselves and our traps, and will have Koojesse for dog-driver. Charley, the good-hearted Innuit, is to take another team along, to convey the clothes of two of the *George Henry*'s men—one the carpenter, a Portuguese, and young Smith, who are to go along.

"Puto and Miner's wife have been mending my *kum-ings* (native boots) this morning, that I may go dry-shod to the vessel, as we anticipate watery travelling."

At 8 A.M. of the 29th we left Cape True, and at 6 P.M arrived at French Head. As we passed "French Head," where poor John Brown had met his death a little over three months previous, we had a look at the spot. Lo! there were his remains just as we had left them, except that the foxes or bears had eaten part of his skin clothing. His corpse was untouched! As for the monument we had erected over him, *that* had melted away, and soon the ice beneath his body would melt away also, and lower him into his ocean grave.

The journey back to the ship was very difficult. In many places pools of water and broken ice led to the apprehension that no passage would be found; and nearly the whole way we had to walk almost knee-deep through slush and water covering the sea-ice. But at length, about midnight, we arrived on board, and soon threw ourselves down to rest, after a most fatiguing journey of sixteen hours.

Four days later was the Fourth of July, and the following extract from my diary will show how it was celebrated among us:—

"*Thursday, July 4th,* 1861.—Eighty-five years ago to-day was made the Declaration of American Independence. Here, amid mountains robed in snow—on a sea covered with thick-ribbed ice—among a people free as God's own children can be, we celebrate the birthday of our freedom. The iron free sons of the North have joined us in making the welkin ring with our cheers and steel-throated welcomes of this memorable day.

"Soon after nine last night, all turned in, agreeing to be on deck a few minutes before twelve midnight. Sleep stole so heavily upon us, that it was 1 o'clock A.M. when Morgan came to my berth and called me. A few moments sufficed to find a company, armed and equipped as the law (the *George Henry's*) directs, ready for action. Some of the company were, as they leaped from their blankets, in stocking-feet and drawers. Nevertheless, they had willing hands and patriotic hearts, wide mouths and deep-toned throats, therefore they '*passed muster.*' The signal was given by me, and in voices of thunder

we spoke, and then followed cheer upon cheer. The ensign was hoisted, while we saluted it with a round of cheers and sulphurous fire.

"After a capital dinner, an old cast-away gun, that had been lying about the deck, was filled to the brim with powder, the charge hammered down, and the barrel plugged to the muzzle. The stock had been ripped off in the morning by the Innuits, leaving only the barrel. It was now taken far out on the ice, placed on a pure white bed, and fired. One grand explosion filled the air, and the old gun was shattered into innumerable fragments, some flying over the vessel, others mounting high into the air, and one piece going as far as Cooper's Island, a quarter of a mile off, where it was afterward picked up.

"Such has been our celebration of Independence Day, 1861.

"This afternoon I visited Cooper's Island, and, with chisel and hammer, dug out some of the 'black ore,' such as was discovered by Frobisher's expedition of 1578, with which many of his ships were laden. This ore attracts and repels the magnetic needle about like iron. It is very heavy."

On the 6th of July I went to Whale Island for the purpose of looking seaward, that I might see the state of the ice and consider the probability of the ship becoming free. It was only about six miles to the open water—the sea. Good prospect, therefore, of soon being entirely free. All the ice, except that around the ship, where islands blocked up the passages, had drifted away, and hope rose strong within us that we should soon be able to make sail from Rescue Harbour, where the vessel had lain so long.

Another island (*Look-out* Island) I found wholly destitute of snow, and vegetation was quite luxuriant upon it. Grasses and flowers looked truly beautiful when contrasted with the bay and snow-covered mountains around.

On the 7th of July we were visited by the first *musquitoes* of the season; and, from the torment they gave me, I was strongly reminded of my sufferings at Holsteinborg the previous year, and also had a taste of what would probably come.

Another arrival this day was Ugarng and his wives. He

was loaded with the spoils of a successful reindeer hunt, and, in addition, had killed a *white* whale in Cornelius Grinnel Bay. He and several more Innuits went off to the whale dépôt to see what prospects existed there for hunting or fishing, but he did not remain long. Upon his return he determined to revisit the place he had lately left.

Ugarng had great influence among his people, and I have often thought he was not a man to be wholly trusted. Indeed, I sometimes felt that nothing ever done for him would cause a grateful return. He was a bold, successful, and experienced hunter, and, as such, was frequently engaged by the whalers he encountered; but little dependence could be placed upon him. The strongest agreement would be instantly set at naught whenever he saw anything more likely to conduce to his own interest.

In the present case Ugarng was using all his powers of persuasion to induce every Innuit to leave our locality and go with him. What his real motive was I cannot say; but it is probable that now, when there was abundance to be had by hunting and sealing, he—who disliked the restraints of civilisation—wanted to go farther away, and to take along all his friends, relatives, and acquaintances, so as to be perfectly and absolutely free. He tried every means to induce Ebierbing and Tookoolito to go with him, and for a time there was some hesitation on their part about it; but their attachment to me prevailed, and neither of them would consent to go. A general migration, however, did take place. Many of the Innuits accompanied Ugarng; and I afterward heard that several others, as Annawa, Artarkparu, and all belonging and known to them, went away about the same time from the whaling dépôt (where a few of the ships' crews still remained to look for whales), taking their course up Frobisher Bay.

Ugarng's party consisted of his two wives, Kunniu and Punnie; infant, Me-noun; nephew, Eterloong; and his aged mother, Ookijoxy Ninoo, besides Johnny Bull and his wife Kokerzhun, Bob and his wife Polly, Blind George and his daughter Kookooyer, and, lastly, E-tu the *wifeless*.

About the time the great leave-taking took place between these unsophisticated children of the North and Ebierbing with his wife, an incident occurred that especially deserves to be recorded. There was an Innuit young man named *E-tu*, who had lately joined the natives from some other place. This Etu I had noticed as somewhat singular in his ways, and remarkable in his appearance. He was much under the protection or rule of Ugarng, and seemed to be his willing follower.

Now Ugarng wanted little Ookoodlear (cousin of Ebierbing and niece of Ugarng) to marry this Etu, but she unhesitatingly expressed her dislike to the proposal.

On the day of Ugarng and his company's departure, I was on shore to bid them all farewell.

About the time this company of Innuits was ready to start for Cornelius Grinnell Bay (July 15th) I went over to Whale Island. As I arrived there I looked toward Look-out Island, and found that the boat of Bob's, with several natives, was on the move south-east toward the open water. The boat was lashed upon a sledge drawn by a portion of Ebierbing's dogs, the natives assisting in pushing. Just by Whale Island was Ugarng's sledge loaded with tupics, and nearly in readiness for the final start.

I went into Ebierbing's tupic, and there found Tookoolito busy in attending to her friend Kokerzhun's departure. These two women were strong friends, and the separation for what would probably be a long time was evidently painful; but I saw some one else also much affected. Little Ookoodlear was weeping as if her heart would break, and, on inquiry, I ascertained it was because Ugarng wanted to take her away and marry her to Etu. So great was her dislike to the young man, that nothing but force would make her his wife.

Ebierbing, seeing the wretchedness of her mind on the subject, went, in company with Koodloo, to Etu, and told him that the girl was yet too young to marry, and that, moreover, she did not like him. This explanation had some effect, and

Ookoodlear was allowed to remain behind, on Ebierbing declaring that he and his wife would be her protectors.

I heard a most extraordinary account of this Etu. It seems that, in consequence of something that happened to his mother before he was born, the poor infant came into the world marked over with snow-white spots and black spots, just like a *kou-oo-lik*, a large, spotted kind of seal. The father, looking upon this spotted child as a monster—a living curse in his family—determined to get rid of him, and accordingly conveyed the boy to *Ki-ki-tuk-ju-a, i.e.* Long Island, called by me Brevoort Island,* the southern point of which is Cape Murchison.† This island was quite destitute of means of subsistence, and, to appearance, the poor boy was left to perish of starvation. Strange to say, however, Etu lived on. He succeeded in catching partridges *with his hands,* an act never before or since known to have been done by Innuits. Thus the summer passed on, and winter approached. Still he lived, subsisting upon whatsoever he could find in the shape of food, a wild hermit-boy, on a solitary, almost unapproachable island, far from his fellow-beings. Release came to him in the following manner:—

One day a party of Innuits visited the island, and, to their astonishment, saw this young child standing upon a rock looking at them. He was like a statue, and they, knowing the place to be uninhabited, could hardly tell what to think of it. At length they went toward him, and he, seeing them kindly disposed, at once rushed into their arms, and was thus saved from the cruel death intended for him by his inhuman father.

Since then he had grown to manhood, being, when I saw him, about twenty-five years old. He had had *three* wives, none of which remained to him. The first was accidentally

* So named after J. Carson Brevoort, of Brooklyn, New York. This is a very long and prominent island south of the cape, on the west side of the entrance to Northumberland Inlet; its southern cape—Cape Murchison—is nearly on a parallel with the north entrance to Cornelius Grinnell Bay.

† Named after Sir Roderick I. Murchison, of London, England. Cape Murchison, the south extreme of Brevoort Island, is in lat. 63° 13′ N. long. 63° 55′ W.

drowned; the second was taken away by her mother; and the third—her fate I never learned. His intended fourth, Ookoodlear, who was only about thirteen years old, escaped in the way I have mentioned.

Etu's fortune was a hard one. Few liked him. He seemed to be *tabooed* from his youth, and as if always destined to be an outcast, because Nature had put marks upon his body, making him to differ from others of his kind. Whether it was the knowledge of this isolation that made him a lazy and indifferent hunter, I cannot say; but certain it is, such was the character he had, and it redounds to the credit of Ugarng that he gave the poor fellow the hand of friendship in the way he did.

CHAPTER III.

The "George Henry" free from her icy Prison—Dog "Smile" capturing a Seal—Fresh Fish caught—A Walrus-attack on the boat—Islands in Probisher Bay—Innuit Diseases—Consumption—Return trip through Lupton Channel—All the Ice disappeared—Great Heat—Travelling over broken Ice—Dangerous Leaps—The "Rescue's" Ghost—Superstition of Sailors—Ice-flocs pressing on the Ship—Mate Rogers—Incidents of his Trip up the Bay—Author's Plans for exploring—Leaves the Ship—Takes up his abode with the Natives—The "George Henry" departs—Author's Visit to the "Rescue's" Hull—Arctic Robins—Unexpected Return of the Ship—Opening for Missionary Enterprise—Pemmican, best Mode of preparing it—Nice Distinction as to what is Work—The Fashions—Suzhi the heaviest Innuit.

On Wednesday morning, the 17th of July, 1861, we were delighted to find that our ship had broken from her eight months' imprisonment during the past night, and now swung to her chains in the tidal waters of Rescue Harbour. But it was only in a pool she was free. Ice still intervened between our anchorage and the main bay, and we could do nothing but wait yet longer with whatever patience we could command. I myself was getting quite impatient. Time was passing on, and no chance yet offered for my going away on one or other of my intended explorations. What could I do? I was, at times, as if crazy; and only a walk on some island, where I could examine and survey, or a visit to my Innuit friends, helped to soothe me. But the reader will feel little interest in all this; I will therefore pass on to some other incidents of my voyage.

Ebierbing had been out one day with dogs and sledge where the ice was still firm, when suddenly a seal was noticed ahead. In an instant the dogs were off toward the prey, drawing the sledge after them at a marvellous rate. The seal for a moment acted as if frightened, and kept on the ice a second or two too long, for just as he plunged, "*Smile*," the noblest-looking, best

leader, seal, and bear dog I ever saw, caught him by the tail and flippers. The seal struggled violently, and so did dog *Smile*, making the sledge to caper about merrily; but in a moment more the other dogs laid hold, and aided in dragging the seal out of his hole on to the ice, when *Smile* took it wholly in charge. The prize was secured this time wholly by the dogs.

DOG "SMILE" CAPTURES A SEAL.

On the 18th we had an excellent supper of *fresh* fish, caught by the Innuits with spears and hooks among the ice cracks; and almost daily something fresh was added to our food.

At this time most of the ship's crew were again at the whaling dépôt, cruising in every direction for whales. Indeed, Mate Rogers and some of the men had been left there to keep a look-out when the captain came away, to see about getting the vessel round, and frequent communication had, as usual, been maintained.

On the 23d it was necessary to send a supply of sundries to the company there, and a boat's crew were despatched, I accompanying them.

As the ice still hung together between the ship and open water in the bay, the boat was lashed upon a sledge drawn by dogs, my favourite Barbekark being one, and away we

started, arriving at the sea-edge of the ice in about two hours' time. There we launched the boat, and were soon bounding along upon the sparkling waves toward Lupton Channel. Many seals were seen bobbing their heads above water; and, as we entered among the islands within the channel, ducks were to be seen in every direction, some flying, some in the water, and some on the islands. They were in such numbers that, when above us, they almost darkened the air. Nearly all were *king* ducks (males), their mates being engaged in domestic affairs at home—sitting—while the "lords of the house" were gathering food for them.

In passing through the channel and Bear Sound the tide was favourable, and swept us along with great rapidity. Occasionally we were in a mill-race of waters, and it required much care to navigate the boat.

At a quarter past 4 P.M. we reached the whaling dépôt, distant about thirty miles, having been eleven hours coming from the ship.

We found the officers and men all well and in good condition. They had lived on ducks, duck eggs, seal, walrus, and venison, which they had in abundance, but they were much disheartened at their poor success in whaling. Not a whale had been caught since the past fall. Walrus in any numbers could be obtained, and many had been secured for their skins and tusks; but the main object of the voyage had as yet been a failure.

With reference to the walrus, Mr. Rogers told me that one day, when out cruising for whales, he went, with two boats and crews, half way across Frobisher Bay, and then came to an iceberg one hundred feet above the sea, and, mounting it, with a spy-glass, took a look all around. Whales there were none; but walrus—"Why," to use his figurative but expressive words, "there were millions out on the pieces of ice, drifting with the tide—walrus in every direction—millions on millions."

On their way back, Mr. Lamb, in charge of the second boat, had a fight with some walrus in the following manner.

Approaching a piece of ice on which some of these creatures were basking, he attacked one of them, whereupon all the rest immediately rushed toward the boat, and vigorously set upon him and his crew. For a time it seemed necessary to fly for safety; but all hands resisted the attack, and would have got off very well, but that one of the walrus herd pierced the boat's side with his tusks, and made the invaders retreat to repair damages. Mr. Lamb had to drag his boat upon an ice-floe near by, and stuff in oakum to stop a serious leak thus caused. Finally he succeeded, though with some difficulty, in getting back, and thus ended his encounter with a shoal of walrus.

With reference to Frobisher Bay, I may here mention that, in taking a look with my glass from "Flag-staff Hill," adjoining this whaling dépôt, and sweeping around from the south-east extreme of Meta Incognita toward the land I recently visited (the *dreaded land*), I was astonished to see, just on the horizon, what appeared to be islands stretching nearly across. One of the Innuits (Sharkey) told me that he had been to those islands, and that his people sometimes make a passage across the entrance of the bay by starting on the Kingaite side, and then striking from one island to the other, by way of *Too-jar-choo-ar* (Resolution Island), until able to make the distance (avoiding the dreadeddistrict) to the place where we then were—Cape True. Years ago reindeer were very numerous on those islands, but at last the moss failed and they all died. Their horns and bones are to be found scattered all over the place. Polar bears are plentiful there.

I was sorry to find several of my Innuit friends at this place very sick from the complaint that was introduced to their race when first brought into contact with civilization, viz. consumption. Sharkey's wife was rapidly declining. Her bleeding at the lungs had left her white as the driven snow, and poor as fleshless bones could be.

I will here relate an anecdote, which will serve to show how fond some of the Innuits are of *sweets*, as well as of fat or blubber.

Mr. Rogers was carrying along over the rocks a jug of "las-as-ses," as the Innuits pronounce *molasses*. All at once the bottom of the jug dropped out, and the contents splashed down, his hand flying up as if an electric shock from a strongly-charged battery had been given him. Quick as it was noised about, the spot sweetened over with the "lasasses" was not unlike a sugar hogshead near a bee-hive on a warm sunny day. The Innuits, men, women, and children, crowded round t to lick up the sweet mixture!

After arranging all matters that Captain B—— had asked my attention to, and enjoying a good rest in one of the officers' tents, we started on our way back to the ship, taking with us several saddles of venison, half a dozen brace of ducks, and other good things for those on board.

When about half way through Bear Sound, the commotion and roar of the waters were such as no person who has not witnessed the like could form an adequate idea of. Small ice-bergs were swept along, roundabout, this way and that way, at a speed of full eight knots an hour. On one side piles of ice were carried swiftly to the south, and on the other side ice was sweeping in the contrary direction. The turmoil and confusion seemed almost demoniac. At length the surging ceased for a while, and then it began again, everything to appearance being in readiness for a race up toward Lupton Channel. And so it continued, obliging us to ply the long steering-oar briskly to keep the boat in its course, as we were borne along with the rapid tide.

When we got out of the channel a fresh breeze helped us onward until we came near "French Head," when it failed. Here all the ice had disappeared and gone down the bay, thus, at last, carrying to the great sea the mortal remains of poor John Brown, there soon depositing them to rest quietly beneath the waters that link together people of all nations of the earth. He now lies buried in the world's great grave-yard. Nature, however, marks the spot where he must have fought valiantly the last battle of life. The bluff stands out boldly to view whenever any one may be navigating in or near Field Bay.

"*French Head*" is a monument as enduring as the everlasting mountains.

FRENCH HEAD.

At 4 P.M. we reached the ice-floe, and there re-lashed the boat upon a sledge sent forward ready for our arrival. The ice was very much worse than it had been the previous morning, and we fell through it in many places. Finally we reached the ship at 8 P.M. greatly fatigued with the laborious exertions we had made.

At this time the *heat* was almost overpowering. On the 25th of July, at 2 P.M. the mercury stood at 95° in the sun, and no work could be done except when we were clad in the lightest garments. What a contrast to the period only a few weeks past, when my reindeer furs were needed.

The day after my return to the ship I visited the tupics on

shore, and took sundry articles of my apparel for Tookoolito and the other women to put in order for me, as they generally did. On the way I had far more difficulty than I anticipated. Two of the sailors had brought me in a boat as far as the broken ice would permit, and then I proceeded toward the shore by moving from one piece of ice to another. But it soon became evident that there was much dangerous work ahead. The ice around the shores and about the harbour and bay was now disappearing like dew before the morning sun. I was indeed surprised to find the changes that had taken place within one day. Several wide chasms between boulders of shore-ice had to be crossed, and my leaps were often made with more or less danger of getting a downfall into the briny deep. Now and then I was obliged to throw my pack in advance, and then go back for a good run, so as to make my flying leap sure to carry me over the yawning gulf. For a full hour did I work thus to accomplish a distance of perhaps twenty rods. Now I would be upon a small piece of ice, pushing along as though it were a boat. Soon as I reached another piece I would have to run on to it; thence to another, leaping cracks and channels that would certainly have made my hair stand on end at an earlier period of my life. At length I reached the last piece between myself and the shore. It was divided from the beach by a breach of some considerable distance; but there was no alternative; leap it I must. Therefore I first threw my pack ashore, which went into a pool of water on the rocks, and then, with a good run, made a great spring, which fortunately just carried me on to *terra firma*.

Many of these occurrences are common enough in the life of an arctic voyager; but I mention this one as a passing incident, and to show what was the state of the ice around our ship at the time we were all so desirous of moving her.

In the evening I got on board again without much difficulty, as a boat came for me to firm ice, which I had gained.

The following morning, July 27th, all the ice about the vessel had nearly gone, though there was still some heavy

pieces intervening between us and the outer bay. But what especially causes me to remember this day was the sudden disappearance of the wrecked *Rescue*. On looking toward Cooper's Island, where her hull had remained for so many months, we were surprised to find it gone. The waters had floated it away, and, for a moment, we fancied nothing more of the famous schooner would again be seen, unless away toward or on the great sea. But shortly afterward, on visiting Whale Island, close by, we saw that the *Rescue* had drifted off with the tide, and had got into the narrow channel of open water that then surrounded the island. "The *Rescue*," says my journal, "seems yet to live; she has navigated herself completely around Cooper's Island since early this morning. She sweeps around slowly and—I was about to say—prettily."

The *Rescue* was doomed to wander about "like a ghost"—as some of the men said—for days. By the alternate ebb and flow of the tide, she was carried seaward, to be brought back to her old place, then to be carried out again. Then back again she came, dancing from place to place, like the ever-changing ice-sconces surrounding her. She made the circuit of another island south-east of Cooper's, and again came near to us; and so in and out, dancing here and moving there, the poor *Rescue* played about us, until at length her very presence seemed to cause a superstitious dread. This was especially so when another day, and yet another, passed on, and still our vessel could not be moved away.

As an illustration of this superstitious feeling among the seamen, it may be mentioned that the want of success attending the *George Henry* in whaling was attributed to the circumstance of bringing the *Rescue* with them as a tender. Some said she had never been anything but a drawback since first built, and that she had nearly caused the loss of numbers of lives; now she seemed to hang about them as an omen of ill luck—*as a ghost!*

At 8 P.M. of the 27th of July the breeze freshened up

strongly from W. and W.N.W. Soon the ice yet in the vicinity of the vessel began to move, and in heavy patches came toward the ship. All the crew had retired to rest, except the captain and myself, but the men were quickly called up to ward off the threatened danger. On came the ice, directly toward the ship. A portion struck the cable, and strained it till the metal tinkled like steel. Fortunately, a projecting point of Cooper's Island partly arrested the entire floe of ice, and thus broke the shock; yet the strain upon the ship's cable was intense. Men were ordered to get

THE GHOST OF THE "RESCUE."

over the bow on to the floe with chisels and other implements, to cut away that portion pressing upon the chains, which was done after some hard work. But we fully believed the ship was dragging her anchor, and at this precise moment, lo! the immortal *Rescue* was seen, like the ghost in Hamlet, emerging from the mist, and moving on from near Cooper's Island

straight to the very spot where she had been at anchor when overtaken by the hurricane which had wrecked her. The instant she was discovered, an exclamation burst from the crew that the very acme of bad-luck seemed to have reached them! They never could do anything until that curse was out of sight! Indeed, some of the expressions used about her were much stronger, and certainly, to others less interested in the *Rescue* than myself, her appearance so often, and apparently in such mystic form, was enough to cause annoyance, if not actual superstitious dread.

All through that night great vigilance was needed in guarding the vessel, for the ice pressed tremendously upon her, and in the morning men were again at work cutting the floe. Finally they succeeded in separating a part that strained most upon the cable, and thus we escaped the greatest danger.

On July 28th, in the morning, I went over to Whale Island and brought Tookoolito on board, to continue the work begun some time previous of getting up a vocabulary of the Innuit of these regions for collation with Parry's, compiled on his second voyage up Hudson's Straits. Tookoolito was very serviceable in this. She gave me valuable explanations of words, and also expeditiously interpreted into her own tongue portions of the "Progressive Reader" which I had previously presented to her.

In reference to this really important matter, the following extract from my journal at the time may be here brought forward. I said:—

"Oh that such a noble Christianizing work was begun here as is now established in Greenland! What a valuable aid for it could be found in Tookoolito! Will not some society, some people of civilization, see to this matter ere this noble race pass away? . . . It seems to me that the days of the Innuits are numbered. There are very few of them now. Fifty years may find them all passed away, without leaving one to tell that such a people ever lived."

At this time the men that had remained at the whaling

dépôt were summoned on board the ship, and on the evening of the 28th it was reported that some of them were coming. I went on deck, and asked one of the sailors, whom we called "Spikes," who was then on watch, where they were. He replied, He didn't exactly know, but thought they might be that way—pointing to an island southeast of us—for he heard voices in that direction. I listened, and then gave a shout. But my first idea was that Spikes had been mistaken, as the echoes of Innuit voices on Whale Island were often heard. Soon, however, I was satisfied. An answering shout from white men came back to mine. A boat, therefore, was soon manned by Smith, myself, Spikes, Bill, and young Smith, and away we went in the direction whence the sound had come.

We made a quick passage down the harbour as far as open water permitted; then we struck into broken ice, where our progress became slower. But, by the good steering of the elder Smith, we still pushed on, oftener using the ice for our oars to rest against than water. We passed the "Ghost," which was now floating with the tide; and her bow—or so much of it as was above water—became a resisting medium on which the starboard oars of our boat found hold in several heavy pulls.

Presently we came to a desolate island, and on it we found Morgan, Bailey, Keeney, and Ebierbing, who had come from a point some three miles below, and made their way there by trudging over ice, ferrying across spaces of water on drifting ice, wading, &c. This party was but a small portion of the one that left the whaling dépôt in the morning for the ship. The remainder had stopped for the night at a point below, where, owing to the ice, the boats they had with them could not be taken farther. Morgan and his company, however, felt determined to try and reach the vessel that night, but had run great risks in so doing. The ice between the islands below was all in a disruptured state, and only by great daring did they succeed in getting to the place where we found them. In making across several channels their only way was to

find a fragment of floating ice, place themselves upon it, and paddle over by a small piece of board which they found. We succeeded in getting this party to the vessel; and, finally, Mates Rogers, Gardiner, and Lamb, each with his boat and crew, also arrived, though not without great difficulty on account of the ice which they encountered on their way. And thus the whole ship's company were safe on board.

The information given me by Mr. Rogers I found very interesting. It was as follows:

On the day I left the whaling dépôt, Rogers—who, with an Innuit crew, had gone up Frobisher Bay—arrived at the native settlement beyond Evictoon. Here they found Sampson, Ook-goo-al-loo, their families, and the old lady Innuits, whom I met the previous April, as mentioned page 289, vol. i. For some time Rogers did not recognise Sampson, though well acquainted with him, for he was completely changed in appearance, and not much more than a mere skeleton. He was informed that, some weeks before, a little pimple made its appearance near Sampson's left breast. It received a scratch. Inflammation followed, and this had increased so much that his very vitals were being eaten out. The sight was horrible! No Innuit of Rogers's crew dared behold it. Nothing was done, or could then be done, to alleviate Sampson's distress or arrest the progress of his disease, which was evidently, as Rogers thought, a cancer. It was neglected, and the dirt, tuktoo hair, &c. that were allowed to accumulate within it, irritated the sore and hastened its progress.

Ookgooalloo was also confined to his tupic, unable to sit up, and spitting blood. And the other Innuits seemed to be all starving, only one man being in a condition to go out and hunt for food. On the following morning Rogers started for an island a little farther up, and arrived there at 11 A.M. While there he visited a place in which, he was informed by the natives, a good harbour could be found; and he saw that such was the case for small vessels, but not for the *George Henry*, as only eight feet water, and this over black sandy

bottom, could be found. He remained an hour there, and then struck a course direct down the bay for the whaling dépôt. The wind, however, came against him with so great force that he was obliged to make for Sampson's settlement, and remain there for that night. Next morning he again set out, and on the way his Innuit crew killed many ducks, which they ate *raw*. Rogers was offered some, but he said to me, "I could not go *that*." He arrived at the whaling dépôt, at Cape True, about 11 P.M. on the 26th, and finally returned to the ship as already stated.

The return of the *George Henry's* crew on board, and the breaking up of the ice, were the signal for the ship's departure to another place, to try anew the chances of whaling; but with all relating to such work, except where it is connected with my own personal labours, I have nothing to do. My task was that of research, exploration, and discovery, and not to aid in the capture of whales, albeit that, in itself, was an exciting and adventurous occupation. I had come to the North for another and, to me, a more glorious purpose. When, therefore, the time approached for the vessel to move away, the hour had also come for me to leave her and take up my abode with the natives, as I had originally proposed. What my plans and intentions were, as noted and recorded at the time, I will now proceed to show.

It was now the 28th of July, 1861. In two or three days the vessel was to leave Rescue Harbour to cruise for whales. I intended, therefore, to make a boat voyage to explore the so-called "Frobisher Strait," which had been proved to me, by Innuit testimony,* in the fall of 1860, while in Rescue Harbour, to be a bay. The course I purposed to pursue was down and across Field Bay to Lupton Channel and Bear Sound, and thence along the northern coast of the misnamed "strait" to its termination, and thence, if possible, down Kingaite (*Meta Incognita*) side; then crossing over to "North Foreland," and returning to Field Bay by way of the south side of the "dreaded land," and thence through Bear Sound

* See page 126, and the Sketch Chart, page 127, vol. i.

and Lupton Channel. The boat which I now had was not as good by any means as I should have wished, but I was obliged to make it answer. My crew were to be all Innuits. I had arranged for Ebierbing and Tookoolito, Koodloo and Jennie his wife, and probably Jennie, sister of Ebierbing, to be of the party, with Suzhi also, who was likely to be exceedingly useful, in consequence of her great strength, notwithstanding her weight, which was not less than 200 pounds. I expected to be gone two months, at the end of which time, if the vessel should still be hereabouts, I would again rejoin her to return to the States. I earnestly hoped to succeed in accomplishing all this. God willing, I was resolved it should be done.

The vessel was expected to sail on the 30th. I therefore gathered up some of the things I designed taking with me on my boat voyage, and carried them on shore to Ebierbing's tupic.

On Tuesday, the 30th, A.M. preparations were made to weigh anchor. The time had come for me to leave. I placed such other things as I required in the old, rotten, leaky, and ice-beaten whale-boat with which I was to make my voyage to the head of Frobisher Bay. I also compared my chronometer with the *George Henry's*; my two assistants, Jennie and little Ookoodlear, were in the boat to pull me on shore, and now nothing remained but to take leave of captain, officers, and crew.

It was done. The farewell was uttered. The *George Henry* was under sail, and I set out on my way to Whale Island, to commence life in earnest among the Esquimaux. I took up my abode in the tupic of Ebierbing and Tookoolito, other natives, relatives of theirs, being with us and near by.

As I walked about—the only white man among them—my position seemed, and in reality was, strange. At last alone; the ship gone; all of my own people, my own blood, my own language, departed; and now, by myself, to do whatever work I could. Well, this was what I designed. I would not despond. It was good. Freedom dwells in the North—

freedom to live as one pleases, act as one pleases, and go where and when one pleases; so I determined to look brightly forward, placing all my dependence on God.

I watched the ship's progress. She got along but slowly. There was a light wind from the southeast against her. It was tack, tack, all the day long. Every now and then I ascended a hill on the island to look at her. It was past meridian before she got down as low as Parker's Bay.* By evening she had reached French Head, but late in the P.M. had drifted back, evidently with the tide, to Parker's Bay. White clouds now capped the high land about there, which was the precursor of a storm.

During the day, Sharkey, E-e-u-ar-ping (the latter the youngest son of Artarkparu), and a boat's crew of those Innuits remaining at Rescue Harbour, started off to French Head. Koodloo also, in my boat, with Suzhi and Ookoodlear, with the children, went among the islands ducking, but obtained only two ducks. Wishing to manufacture some balls of the lead which I had with me for my rifle and Koodloo's gun, the thought came into my head that the hull of the *Rescue* had still some hard coal in her, and that, by taking advantage of the low tide, I could obtain it; therefore I and Koodloo, with Suzhi, went in the boat to the "ghost." The tide was still ebbing when we got alongside, but, on examination, it was found that the water inside of her was too deep to *fish* for coal. We therefore started elsewhere to fish for something else, or try for seal. We drew up to the point of an island to gratify the Innuits in killing some little birds about the size of our robins at home, but here called by the natives *sik-yar-ung*. They were too small game for the expense of powder, therefore Koodloo tried to kill them by throwing stones, but failed, though they were by no means shy. We then rowed off to look for seals. Presently we saw one. My rifle was instantly raised, but just as I pulled the trigger a little boy in the boat lifted himself up and unsettled

* Named after Captain John Parker, of Hull, England. Parker's Bay makes westward from Field Bay, and is in lat. 62° 48′ N. and long. 64° 55′ W.

my aim. The seal went off, much to our vexation, as we had nothing on shore to eat except the two ducks. We again saw the seal, but were unable to kill it; therefore we returned to the "ghost," and this time were able to enter her hull. After some trouble I succeeded in procuring about two and a half buckets of hard coal, and having had an old stove placed in my boat when I left the ship to leave on Whale Island, the present acquisition made it very serviceable.

In the evening Sharkey and ten more Innuits returned without any success in procuring food. Thus we had a large company now here, and nothing to eat except the two ducks. True, I had a barrel of sea-bread, about twenty pounds of salt pork, a ninety-pound can of pemmican, ten pounds of coffee, two gallons of molasses, one pound of tea, and half a pound of pepper, all of which, excepting the pemmican, I procured at the ship by exchange. But this stock was for my Frobisher Bay expedition, not for consumption here. Unfortunately, my right-hand man Ebierbing was now very sick, but I was in hopes I should bring him round again in two or three days. I had taken from the vessel my case of medicines, and with these I hoped to do him some good. I took one more look at the ship. There she was, still endeavouring to get out of the bay, but with no wind to help her. I thought she would, perhaps, be out of sight before the morning. Farewell, then, I said in my heart, gallant ship, and may good luck attend you. Good-night to all. I then retired to my Innuit bed, among my honest, kind-hearted Innuit friends.

On Wednesday, July 31st, hardly awake, and still on my sleeping-couch, I heard an exclamation of surprise from Tookoolito, who had gone outside the tupic. The wind was blowing a gale, with rain. Tookoolito's cry was, "Ship coming back!" Up I got, and, on rushing to the skin doorway, true enough, there was the *George Henry* nearly up the bay. I watched her. She advanced still higher up, and presently dropped anchor northwest of us, some two or three miles off. The return of the *George Henry* was wise, for the gale had become furious, and, had she continued on, it might

have driven her on shore lower down the bay. Once more, then, the ship and her company were near me. Little had I expected this when looking at her the evening before.

I may here as well relate something very curious, which I have recorded under this date as having occurred during the previous night. Ebierbing was very ill, and both his wife and his aunt were alarmed. The latter went out at midnight, and brought in Jennie, wife of Koodloo, who is a female angeko, to practise on the sufferer. She took her position at once, sitting, Innuit fashion, in a corner of the tupic, facing from us, and proceeded with her incantations, while deep seriousness fell on all around. As she went on, ejaculatory expressions of approbation were occasionally uttered by the persons present, as also by the patient. Presently Ebierbing became more calm, his pains seemed to decrease, and finally he fell asleep, and actually slept well! This is strange, most "passing strange;" yet it is a fact that the ankooting does seemingly benefit the patient, acting as a charm. The mind being diverted from all thought of the clay house to something above which the *soul* aspires to reach, makes one forgetful that there is anything like pain in his or her system.

This people, knowing that I did not make fun of them or taunt them for believing as they do, had confidence in me, therefore I was a privileged one in their midst when ankooting was going on. It is against their customs to have any but the family present, but hitherto I have always had access to their meetings.

Let Christians plant a colony among the western Innuits, as has been done in Greenland, and *in time* this people will become converts to Christianity, for that is the only true religion; and the truth, when properly presented to honest minds, will be received with open hearts.

Jennie is not only a good angeko professionally, but also of pleasing features, and would pass for handsome with many judges of beauty.

On the 1st of August the weather still continued bad, with

rain and mist. I was obliged to open my case of pemmican, and in doing so, found under the top a card, incased in tin, reading thus: "George Schlee, Cincinnati, Ohio. Farewell!" Though I am unacquainted with the person whom this name represents, yet this told me that some one in the employ of H. W. Stephenson, of Cincinnati—the maker and sealer up of my pemmican cans—had kind thoughts and good wishes for me, though a stranger to him. "Farewell" is a word of rich import from well-known friends, but from a stranger, whose soul may be beating in unison for the same noble cause to which one devotes his life, the word becomes almost sacred to the life and heart of the adventurer.

The next day Ebierbing still continued very sick. Several of the natives took a boat and went up to the ship; and I heard that she was to remain in the bay, seeking a secure harbour higher up. Later in the day I saw her under sail, but the fog soon closed her from my view.

An extract from my journal of this date (Friday, August 2d) runs thus:—

"This morning for breakfast cold rock pemmican. It goes better this way than when made into soup. The two families already mentioned as members of the expedition trip I purpose to make seemed to like it. A very little of this solid, rich food satisfies one's appetite. This article is eaten, not because it tastes good, for it does not, *but to live.* It is almost like eating tallow candles. One must have a sharp appetite to eat pemmican in the usual way it is prepared. In the manufacture of mine I used the best of beef and beef suet in the place of what is generally used, to wit, beef and hog's fat. The composition consists of an equal weight of beef (dried and granulated) and beef suet, which are incorporated while the latter is hot, and then put up in tin cans and hermetically sealed. Thus made and put up, it will keep good for years. One pound of my pemmican is equivalent to two and a half pounds of fresh beef-steak. Four pounds of fresh beef, on being dried, is reduced to a pound."

At 2·30 P.M. I went up to make my call on Captain B——

in his new harbour, two and a half miles off, taking with me Koodloo and other Innuits as my boat's crew. We soon arrived, and after the first greeting between us, I mentioned my desire to take Koojesse with me instead of Ebierbing, who was too sick to go on my Frobisher Bay trip. The arrangement was made, so far as concerned Captain B—— (he having pre-engaged Koojesse's services), and, after a short stay on board, I departed.

There was some difficulty in getting back to my Innuit home, owing to both wind and tide being against me, and, when the island was reached, my boat could not be hauled up on account of low water. I was therefore obliged to keep on the watch nearly all night, to guard against the danger of losing her.

The night was a stormy one; the rain, at times, descending in torrents, and the wind blowing furiously. Every now and then I enveloped myself in an oil-suit, and went down to watch the condition of the boat. The tide would soon be up so far as to enable us to draw her on the beach; so, thinking that all was right, I laid myself down to rest.

About 2 A.M. of the 3d, however, I was aroused by invalid Ebierbing, who said that, from the noise, the sea was beating on shore. Immediately I went down to the boat, and, finding it in a precarious condition, called up all the natives, and with their aid at once had her dragged above reach of the sea. This done, I again retired to my couch, and slept soundly till the musical voice of Angeko Jennie once more aroused me. Looking round, I saw she was renewing her professional practice over her patient. Tookoolito and Suzhi were seriously, I may say *solemnly* engaged in the exercises, enthusiastically making their responses to Jennie's ejaculations. The effect upon the suffering patient, Ebierbing, was, as before, quite beneficial.

On Sunday, the 4th of August, while in the tupic, I learned something that surprised me. On the previous day myself and some Innuits had gone ducking and sealing without any success. Now I was told that our ill luck was on account

of our working during Ebierbing's sickness, as all of the natives, including intelligent Tookoolito, sincerely believe. They consider that it is wrong to work when one of their number is sick, and especially to work on skins that are intended *to keep out water;* for instance, it is wrong to work making kum-ings (outside or water-proof boots) and covering for boats.

The way I happened to find this out was as follows: I had arranged for Koodloo to make a sealskin covering for Ebierbing's kia, and to put it on. This morning, as nothing else could be done on account of the bad weather, I asked Tookoolito if Koodloo could not proceed with it. To my astonishment, she replied that "Innuits could not do such work at the present time." Her answer seemed to me so strange that I made farther inquiries of her, when she told me that "if they worked on the skins for the kia, Ebierbing would never get well; he would die. The '*first Innuits*' adhered to this custom, and they must too. All their people believe this, and could not help it. Many Innuits had died because of the working on skins for kias and kum-ings while one of their number about them was sick at the time." She added, "The reason why Koodloo could not shoot anything yesterday, though close by some ducks, was because wrong was done in working while Ebierbing lay sick."

"But," said I to Tookoolito, as I was engaged chafing Ebierbing's side and back, and applying liniment, "what are you doing now but working?"

She replied, holding up her hands full of needles that were flying swifty in knitting, "*This is not work.*"

Her answer nearly made me laugh aloud; but I repressed the feeling, and quietly accepted her definition of what was or was not work. I was also told that during Ebierbing's sickness the angeko must do no work on any account.

We were now living on pemmican and coffee. I dealt out enough bread for Ebierbing, as he was sick, but there was no supply for any of us yet. Sunday night was a stormy one, with the wind from the northeast blowing almost a

gale. Everything was in a wet state, outside and in, except bedding and clothing. A flood of water occupied half of the tupic.

It would astonish most people at home to see how comfortably I lived with the Innuits, like one of themselves. While I jotted down notes, or more fully wrote out notes previously made, Suzhi chanted some Innuit tune, and Ebierbing and Tookoolito enjoyed what among civilized white folks would be a "tea-table chat." We lived also, at times, on pemmican and kelp, a sea-weed gathered by the Innuits when the tide is out. These people are not *exclusively* flesh-eaters, for in the summer-time they occasionally gather and eat a few berries and leaves of stunted wild plants that grow sparsely in these regions. Both summer and winter they collect kelp, and eat it, but only as a sort of luxury, except in cases of great scarcity of food, and then they fall back upon this resource. I have acquired a taste for this sea-weed, and eat it as they do, raw or boiled, in which latter state it is more tender.

The stormy weather continued some days, and no work could be done. On Tuesday, August 6th, the wind blew a gale, with rain. On Wednesday we had a little better weather, and I went over to the ship again to see Captain B——. I hoped to set out on my trip up Frobisher Bay within a day or two. On Wednesday evening, during ebb tide, the "ghost" of the *Rescue* drifted out of the harbour into the bay, and went seaward. I thought this was probably the last we should see of her. On the same evening I communicated to Ebierbing and Tookoolito my intended immediate departure, and informed them that I had made arrangements with the captain for their removal nearer the ship, so that Ebierbing might receive some better attention. They were sorrowful at my leaving, but hoped to see me again before many weeks.

I then requested Ebierbing to assist me in persuading Koodloo and his nuliana "Jennie" to accompany me, which would just complete my now proposed crew. I soon found that both Ebierbing and Tookoolito were very loth to have

the angeko (Jennie) leave while Ebierbing was sick. I therefore gave her up, accepting Koodloo's offer to go without her.

On Thursday morning, the 8th of August, I found that Ebierbing had slept better than for several nights past. At 9 A.M., while Koodloo was on the top of our island (Whale Island), he cried down to Tookoolito, who was making our morning coffee, under the lee of some rocks, that a boat was coming from the ship. I ran up, and was delighted to find it so, for I knew by this that the proposals I had made to the Innuits Koojesse and Charley, whom, with their wives, I wanted for my crew, had been accepted; and yet I was pained, as I thought of the necessity of leaving behind my faithful friends Ebierbing and Tookoolito. I hastened back, took my cup of coffee and dish of lump pemmican, and breakfasted.

Well, the boat arrived, and brought me a note from Captain B——. I told Ebierbing that we could now remove him and his effects; that Captain B—— had kindly responded to my request, and sent down for him, and that so good an opportunity ought not to be lost. He was willing to do as I advised; but Koodloo was slow to move. Meanwhile almost a gale had sprung up in the east, rendering it inexpedient to venture to take Ebierbing to the ship in his weak state. As it was necessary to visit the ship prior to my final departure on the proposed voyage, I left Ebierbing and Tookoolito with the assurance that I would call again the next day, and that they would be removed as soon as Ebierbing could bear it and the weather should permit. We arrived on board just at noon. Shortly after, Koojesse and Charley came aboard from the Innuit village near the ship, when I soon found that they were fearful I wished to prolong my stay at the head of Frobisher Bay until the cold weather, and, if so, they were not disposed to go. I therefore explained to them that I should probably return in about a month, or, at farthest, in less than two months. They were then quite satisfied, and agreed to accompany me. My journal of this day, August 8th, 1861, concludes thus :—

"As I meet Koojesse and Kooperneung (Charley), I find them in capital spirits. At tea their wives Tu-nuk-der-lien and Ak-chuk-er-zhun are aboard, and appear in good new dresses, and hair dressed in 'States fashion.' Converse with them of the voyage we are about to make to '*wes-see-poke*' (far-off land). I am highly elated, my crew so far excellent. Captain B——, with whom I have counselled, advised me to take Ebierbing's aunt, Koo-ou-le-arng (Suzhi), making, with Koodloo, a crew of six—five at the oars and one boat-steerer, leaving me free to be constantly on the look-out. The only objection to Suzhi is that she is very heavy, weighing not less than 200 pounds—the very heaviest Innuit of the country.

"All arrangements are now made to start from the vessel early to-morrow morning. Breakfast is ordered by Captain B—— to be in readiness at 5 A.M. The Innuits are to strike their tupics, and have them in the boat, and be alongside at that hour. The weather is now good, and to-night gives every indication of a fair day to-morrow. May it prove so. I have taken out of the ship's "run" a can (ninety pounds) of pemmican, and one cask of "Borden's" meat-biscuit (about one hundred pounds), brought with me from home. These I shall carry along in the boat, being the most condensed form of valuable provisions. Not that I expect these will be the only provisions I shall have, for there is reason to suppose we shall acquire much in going up Frobisher Bay in the way of ducks, seals, and reindeer, the latter when we arrive at the head of Frobisher Bay.

"At a late hour I turn in, to rise early, that we may be off to reap the benefit of a fair tide not only in going down to, but proceeding through Lupton Channel. An ebb tide will favour us much in getting to the channel, and the flood in getting through it."

CHAPTER IV.

Departure on Boat-voyage to explore Frobisher Bay—An Innuit Crew—Author the only White Man—Innuit Mode of drowning Ducks—Joyousness of the Crew—A Bear-hunt in the Water—Author's narrow Escape—Land on Oopungnewing—Visit Niountelik—Explore the Island—Important Discovery—"Sea-coal!"—Proof of Frobisher's Expedition having visited here—Joy of the Author—Corroborative Testimony of Innuits from Tradition—Return to Oopungnewing—Great Feast on the Bear—Innuit Customs—Bear's Bladder and Charms—Polar Bear's Liver poisonous.

"*Friday, August 9th,* 1861.—I was up in good season, and got everything in readiness; then started off in a boat a company of young Innuits—'trundle-bed Innuits,' as Captain B—— called them—who slept aboard the *George Henry* last night, to call up Koojesse, and Kooperneung, and their nuli-anas (wives).

"Breakfast was ready at the appointed moment, and the Innuits of my company ready for it. This despatched, my bag and baggage were placed snugly in the boat, along with the already well-packed assortment such as Innuits have. As usual in starting off, I compared chronometers. . . . . .

"All in readiness and aboard, we start, purposing to stop at Whale Island for Koodloo, Koo-ou-le-arng (Suzhi), and my things, as well as to bid my Innuit children, Ebierbing and Tookoolito, good-bye. All hands were on deck to witness our departure. Captain B——'s smiling face, of course, was not wanting in the picture the scene presented. As the boat was pushed out into fair water for a 'white-ash breeze,' standing with steering-oar in my hand, I asked Captain B—— if—'in the name of God and the Continental Congress'—I should take possession of the country I was about to visit and explore, planting the American flag upon it.

"He answering affirmatively, I then bade him and all

adieu, expressing the hope that when I returned I should find every cask of the *George Henry* overflowing with oil, and all her decks filled high with bone.

"We started from the vessel at 6·14 A.M. and arrived at Whale Island at 7. I found the Innuits, my friends Ebierbing and Tookoolito, expecting me. They seem to regret they cannot accompany me on this trip. I was glad to find Ebierbing improving. Having spent a few moments with them, I told them that, to make out my crew, I must have Koo-ou-le-arng, Ebierbing's aunt, if they could spare her. In ten minutes she was ready for the journey of two months. I called on Koodloo, who made all haste in preparing to accompany me. Jennie, Koodloo's wife, as I have said, could not be spared, as Ebierbing and Tookoolito thought her indispensable in her profession as an angeko for the former while he is sick.

"As we (Koodloo and I) had not succeeded in getting anything of consequence in the way of fresh provisions for Ebierbing and Tookoolito during my stay upon Whale Island, I left them the remainder of the can of pemmican on hand, also a small portion of the bread, coffee, and tea of the allotment to me for my Frobisher Bay trip. Captain B—— is to send a boat from the *George Henry* for these Innuits, also for Koodloo's wife and children, to remove them to the place where the other Innuits are, near the present position of the vessel."

* * * * * *

It was 8 A.M. when we left Whale Island, Rescue Harbour, under sail. My company consisted of Koojesse and his wife Tu-nuk-der-lien ("Belle"), Koo-per-ne-ung ("Charley"), and his wife Ak-chuk-er-zhun ("Susy"), Kood-loo, and the widow Koo-ou-le-arng ("Suzhi"). They were all in excellent spirits as well as myself. In about forty minutes a boat came alongside manned with Innuits, who were on their way across the bay for a tuktoo hunt.

From the ship to Whale Island, and also from Whale Island out into the bay, we encountered much ice that the

wind and tide had driven in from Davis's Straits. Between Parker's Bay and French Head we made an island which I found to be entirely of rock, without a particle of vegetation or of soil. An impenetrable fog had surrounded us nearly all the afternoon, and the boat compass was in constant use until toward evening, when the fog began to lift. Charley shot a seal at a long distance with my rifle. We now had a raw seal feast. As we approached Lupton Channel—which it was doubtful if we could get through, on account of the quantity of ice—we passed a berg, which Tunukderlien ascended. At 6·44 P.M. we reached the entrance of Lupton Channel, and found a strong tide running into Field Bay, whirling, foaming, roaring, and boiling like a caldron. As we laboured on, at our right were the iron cliffs of Bache's Peninsula,* and conspicuous among them was a bold rock terminating like a chimney-top. On the left Jay Lok's Land, the "much-dreaded land" of the Innuits; and looking forward down the channel, we saw the bold front of Ellis Island. By dint of hard pulling we at last got through the channel, but I had to give up all idea of reaching Cape True that night, as had been my intention and hope. We therefore stopped at 8 A.M. in a small cove on the southeast side of Bache's Peninsula, and opposite to Ellis Island, and there made our first encampment.† Ducks were abundant, and the Innuits shot several. We found wood plentiful, from the wreck of the *Traveller*. We were closely packed this first night out in our large tupic, after a glorious supper of seal, ducks, and coffee.

Here we found relics of former Innuit encampments, circles of stones, bones of seal, walrus, &c. We saw a white whale making its way up the channel.

Next morning, Saturday, August 10th, 1861, at 8 A.M. we proceeded on the voyage. In passing down through Bear

* I have named this peninsula after A. D. Bache, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey. It is bounded by Field Bay, Lupton Channel, Bear Sound, and Chapell Inlet.

† First encampment in lat. 62° 33′ N. long. 64° 43′ W.

PASSING THROUGH LUPTON CHANNEL.

Sound, soon after leaving, I witnessed a novel proceeding on the part of my companions. It consisted in drowning some of the ducks that played about us in large numbers. This cruel method of obtaining game was used to save shot and powder, and the manner of accomplishing it is as follows:—

A flock of ducks was seen swimming some distance ahead of us. As we approached, most of them flapped their wings and flew away, but the rest dived below the surface of the water. One of them was selected for the subject of Innuit amusement, thus: whenever it popped its head out of water, the natives made a great noise, accompanied with every conceivable motion, throwing about their hands and arms to frighten the bird down again. On its reappearance, wherever it showed itself, the boat was steered by Koojesse toward it. Then the same noise and frantic gestures were repeated, and continued without intermission, so as to allow not one moment's breathing-time to the terrified duck. Koodloo stood on the bow of the boat, pointing out the course taken by the duck, which could be easily traced in the clear waters below, and on the instant of the sign being given, Koojesse most expertly turned the boat in the direction indicated. In seven minutes the duck gave up the chase. It came to the surface utterly exhausted, and was easily captured by Koodloo, who hauled it in with his hand.

The joyous feelings displayed by the Innuits over this capture, which was to them a source of amusement, was hardly less than if they had killed a *Ninoo*. The rocks and hills bordering on Bear Sound resounded with their joyous shouts and boisterous laughter. Echo sent back their merry voices, until I myself, though vexed at any delays that might retard us, could not help joining in the hilarity of the scene.

This way of securing ducks was continued for some time, and ended with what was to me an affecting trait of nature, always touching to the heart. One of the ducks caught was a mother, with its young still unfledged. The parent was dying, and the fledgling, at each gasp of its mother, would place its beak in contact with that of its parent, as if soliciting

food, and then crouch beneath the old duck's wings to nestle there. Again and again was this done, as if trying all its power to attract the watchful attention of its mother; but it was soon left alone, and Tunukderlien then took care of it.

So much time had been consumed in drowning ducks and in sealing that the tide was now against us, forcing us to hold over a while; therefore we landed on Lefferts Island,* which is in the midst of Bear Sound. Here I took a walk back upon the island while the Innuits were feasting on ducks and seal. At meridian I took observations for latitude, and soon after we again started, making our way down on the west side of the sound. The ducks we now saw were innumerable; the water and air were black with them.

On arriving at Cape True, the old whaling dépôt, we rested awhile, and I examined the now deserted place. Of course no white man's tent or Innuit tupics were to be seen, but several fragments denoted what had existed there.

Frobisher Bay had no ice upon its waters except a few bergs, and not a ripple disturbed its glassy surface. This compelled us to use the oars for some time after leaving this place, and what with the many stoppages made for game by my Innuit companions, and a fog that afterward settled upon us, it was a tedious passage to our second encampment, which was at Cape Cracroft,† a point of land connected by a narrow neck with Blunt's Peninsula,‡ instead of at Niountelik, as we had expected.

We passed the night as the previous one, and the next morning again proceeded direct for Oopungnewing Island. The same kind of tantalizing but exciting chase after ducks delayed us considerably, until when about two miles from

* So named by me after Marshal Lefferts, of New York City. This island is the largest in Bear Sound.

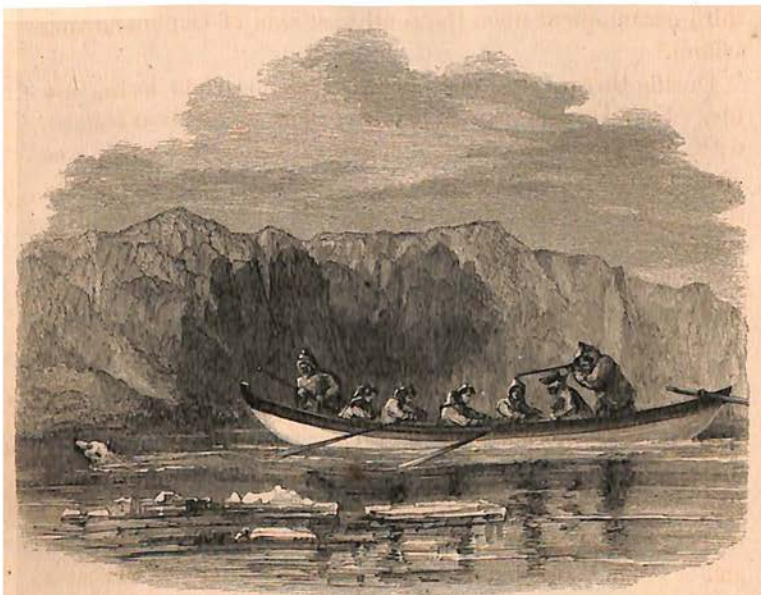
† This cape, at the south-east side of the entrance to the Countess of Warwick's Sound (of Frobisher), I name after Miss Cracroft, niece of Lady Franklin. It is in lat. 62° 41′ 30″ N. long. 65° 07′ W.

‡ The land bounded by Bayard Taylor Pass, Field Bay, Chapell Inlet, and Frobisher Bay, I have named after Edward and George W. Blunt, of New York City.

Oopungnewing. Koojesse was steering, when, suddenly taking up my spy-glass, and directing it to some islets near Oopungnewing, he cried out, "Ninoo! Ninoo!" This was enough to make each of the boat's crew spring into new life, for of all game that they delight in *Ninoo* is the chief. They started ahead with fresh vigour, the women pulling hard, but as noiselessly as they could, and the men loading their guns ready for the attack. I relieved Koojesse at the steering-oar.

When we first saw Ninoo we were about two miles distant from him, and I could perceive this "lion of the North" lying down, apparently asleep; but when within half a mile Ninoo saw us, raised himself upon his haunches, looked around, then fixedly at us, and off he started. Immediately the men began to make some most hideous noises, which arrested Ninoo in his course, and caused him to turn round. This was what we wanted, to gain time in the chase which had now begun. But Ninoo was not so easily entrapped. His stay was only for a moment. Off he went again, flying over the island, and quickly disappearing. Then, with a strong pull, and a firm, steady one, the boat was sent swiftly along. Presently a point of the islet where we had seen Ninoo was rounded, and again we beheld him far ahead of us, swimming direct for Oopungnewing. This encouraged the Innuits. They renewed their shouts without intermission. Every now and then the object of our pursuit would wheel his huge form around, and take a look at his pursuers; and now the chase became very exciting. We were gaining on him. Ninoo saw this, and therefore tried to baffle us. He suddenly changed his course, and went out directly for the middle of the bay. In an instant we did the same, the old crazy boat bounding forward as swiftly as our oarsmen could propel it in the heavy sea that then prevailed. But we could not gain upon him. He seemed to know that his life was in jeopardy, and on he went without any more stopping when he heard a noise. The "voice of the charmer" no longer had charms nor aught else for him. He had to make all speed away; and this he did at about four miles per hour, striking out

more and more into the open bay. Once he so changed his course that by some dexterous movement of ours we succeeded in cutting across his wake, and this gave us an opportunity to fire. We did so, but only the ball of Koojesse's gun took effect. Ninoo was struck in the head, but the poor brute at first merely shook himself and turned his course from down the bay in a contrary direction. The shot, however, had told. In a moment or two we could see that Ninoo was getting enraged.



WOUNDED NINOO TOWS HIS OWN CARCASS FOR US.

Every now and then he would take a look at us and shake his head. This made the Innuits very cautious about lessening the distance between him and the boat. Again we fired. One or more shots took effect. Ninoo's white coat was crimsoned with blood about his head, and he was getting desperate. His movements were erratic, but we finally drove him in the direction of Oopungnewing, our policy being to make him tow his own carcass as near the land as would be safe to prevent his escape, and then to end his life. This was

accomplished when within about one eighth of a mile from the island. The last shot was fired, and Ninoo instantly dropped his head without making another motion.

We now pulled to him. He was quite dead, and we at once took him in tow by fastening a walrus thong around his lower jaw, its huge tusks effectually serving to keep the noose from slipping off. Thus we towed our prize along, until, reaching the land, we hauled him on shore, and made our third encampment upon the southwest side of Oopungnewing Island.*

During this chase I had a narrow escape from losing my life. Koojesse was seated on the locker at the boat's stern, with gun cocked and levelled at Ninoo, when, just as he was about to pull the trigger, I, intent upon the bear, suddenly rose, right in a line with his aim. It was but a second of time that saved me. Koojesse had just time to drop his gun, as frightened as man could be at the danger in which I had unknowingly placed myself.

While we were firing at the bear, Tunukderlien and another of the women, for some reason unknown to me at the time, lay down in the boat completely covered with tuktoo skins.

As soon as we landed I went to the top of the island to make observations and look around, but the vast swarms of musquitoes attacked me with such violence that I was almost desperate. After catching a few sights for time (longitude) and a solar bearing, and taking a round of angles, I beat a hasty retreat. So tormented was I that I thought I had lost as much blood during the time I was up there as the Ninoo we killed.

Musquitoes are fond of white men's blood. They can smell it a long way off, I am sure, for they came in swarms from every direction, and made me the centre-point of their bill presentations. When I got back to the encampment I

* Oo-pung-ne-wing is near the west side of Countess of Warwick's Sound, and is one mile and a half long, and one mile wide. It is like all the land of that country—rugged rocks and mountainous. This island is in lat. 62° 46′ 30″ N. long. 65° 17′ W.

must have looked very hideous, for my hands and face were blotched all over.

I found the Innuits had skinned Ninoo, and were feasting on its delicious meat—beef-like, bright red, and juicy. I made a hasty meal, and, without further delay, prepared to gratify my now cherished and eager desire to penetrate the mysteries hanging over the Frobisher expeditions. I now copy from my journal :—

"*Sunday, August* 11*th*, 1861. * * * * * * * * I soon made up a company to go with me to Niountelik. It consisted of the women of the crew, Koo-ou-le-arng, Tu-nuk-der-lien, and Ak-chuk-er-zhun. Of course I was boat-steerer. It was near six P.M. Rescue Harbour time, before we got under way. As we rounded the northwest point of Oopungnewing Island, a fresh breeze from the northeast met us. Before making half a mile it increased to almost a moderate gale, making progress difficult for us. By turning the boat off the course I desired to pursue we were able to make better headway, being under the lee of the island Niountelik. Before getting across the channel between Oopungnewing and Niountelik, I began to think, as my crew was so small, I should be obliged to turn back. Indeed, the wind began to blow so furiously that I had thoughts that we might be blown out into the Bay of Frobisher, which often has all the characteristics of an open sea ; but, being shielded by the island, we coasted along the base of the bluffs on the southern side of Niountelik till we arrived at a small bight well protected from all wind. Into this I directed the boat, which greatly relieved all of us from the dangers through which we had just passed. This bight is partly surrounded with a high, steep sand-bank, most of it, however, by bluff rocks. I did not consider it safe to leave the boat without a party to care for it, as there was a heavy sea from the south, therefore I requested Tunukderlien and Akchukerzhun to remain by or in it till I and Koo-ou-le-arng (whom I wished to accompany me as guide, as she had often visited the island in her young days) could make a search over the place and

return. Climbing the steep bank, though a feat not easily accomplished, was soon performed. When up we directed our steps along a narrow, smooth, grassy, slightly inclined plain, hemmed in by rough old rocks. Thence we turned to the left, mounting the rocks leading to the highest part of the island. We kept our eyes fixed on the ground over which we made our footsteps, anxiously searching for fragments of brick, which I thought must somewhere be found on Niountelik. I had understood Koo-ou-le-arng to say that she had seen brick on this island, therefore every few minutes I said to her, '*Nou-ti-ma brick?*' (where is brick?) To make her understand '*brick*,' I took up a small stone spotted over with a peculiar red moss, calling her attention to the *red;* and then, taking off her head ornament —'*kar-oong** (a rounded, polished piece of brass in the form of a semicircle, fitted to and worn on the head by the Innuit women as an adornment), I made motions as if polishing it, for I knew, from information I had gained from time to time, that Innuits had procured pieces of brick on or somewhere in the neighbourhood of the island on which we were, and used them specially for brightening their ornaments, to wit, hair-rings (*toong-le-lé-une*), finger-rings (*nuk-guer-ming*), and kar-oongs.

"Koo-ou-le-arng knew by my description what I desired to find, but did not seem to recollect where she had seen brick: though, from her expressions and conduct, I was satisfied she had seen *mi-e-oo-koo-loo* (small) pieces somewhere in the vicinity. Gaining the top of the island, we made search there for relics, but found none. I looked specially for some signs of a stone monument, which I conceived Frobisher might in his day (if he visited this island) have erected, this being the highest point of the whole island. But none whatever could I find. Thence we directed our way down on the west side to a small grassy slope, not far from the termination of the island. Here we made careful search, but without finding anything that I so ardently

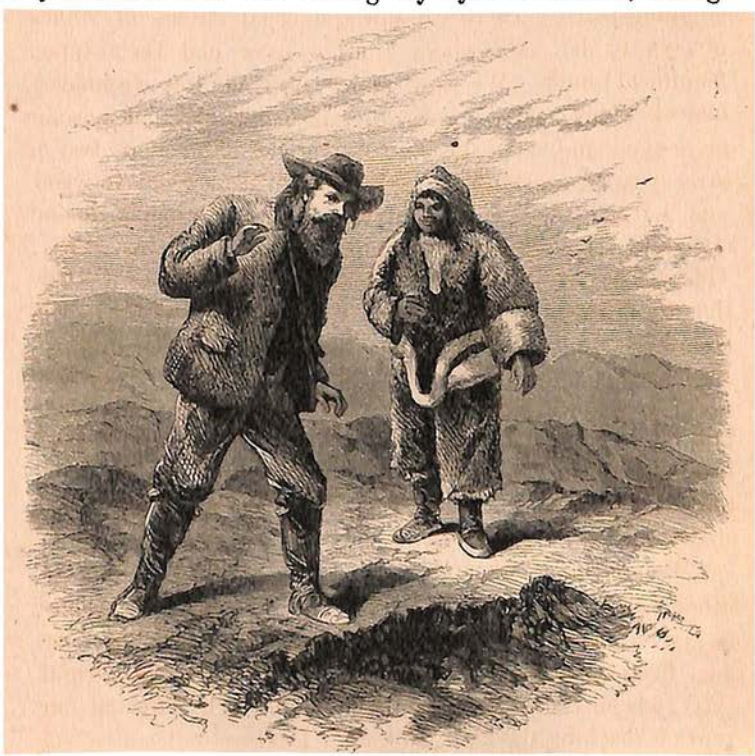
* For the way this ornament is worn, see head of Nikujar, page 154.

wished. Thence we commenced to make a circuit of the island, moving along as near the coast as the bluff rocks would permit, keeping the main island at our right—that is, continuing northwest, then around to the north, thence northeast and east. At the northwest end of the island we found abundance of evidence that Innuits had made Niountelik a stopping-place. There we saw the usual circles of stones, always to be seen where Innuits have had their tupics (summer tents). We saw seal, walrus, tuktoo (reindeer), meituk (duck), and various other bones in abundance, some moss-aged, and some nearly fresh, of not more than two or three years' exposure. Here we found also pieces of wood, some with the ends charred, small pieces of tuktoo skins, and one relic of civilization—a piece of an old calico dress! This did not excite me as a matter extraordinary, as I knew that the whalers now visit every year the inlet at the north, called 'Northumberland Inlet' (the 'Cumberland Straits' of Davis), and distribute freely among the Innuits various articles of civilization, especially cast-off calico dresses that they have brought from the States or from England, which are highly prized by the Innuit women. It is rare to find, at the present day, a native family that does not possess something of the kind.

"We continued on around the island, finding, every few fathoms in our progress, numerous Innuit relics. At length we arrived at a plain that extended back a considerable distance from the coast. Here we recognised, at our right, about sixty rods distant, the point to which we first directed our steps on reaching the high bank after leaving the boat.

"I was several fathoms in advance of Koo-ou-le-arng, hastening on, being desirous to make as extended a search as the brief remaining daylight would allow, when, lifting my eyes from the ground near me, I discovered, a considerable distance ahead, an object of unusual appearance. But a second look satisfied me that what I saw were simply stones scattered about and covered with black moss. I continued my course, keeping as near the coast as possible. I was now nearing the

spot where I had first descried the black object. It again met my view; and my original thought on first seeing it resumed at once the ascendancy in my mind. I hastened to the spot. 'Great God! Thou hast rewarded me in my search!' was the sentiment that came overwhelmingly into my thankful soul. On casting my eyes all around, seeing



THE DISCOVERY OF FROBISHER RELICS NEARLY THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD, SUNDAY, AUGUST 11TH, 1861.

and feeling the character ('moss-aged,' for some of the pieces I saw had pellicles of black moss on them) of the relics before and under me, I felt as—I cannot tell what my feelings were. What I saw before me was the *sea-coal* of Frobisher's expedition of 1578, left here near three centuries ago!

"Koo-ou-le-arng, seeing that I had discovered something

that made me joyous (even unto dancing), came running with all her might. Though she and other Innuits have known all about this coal being here (as I find by what she and Koojesse inform me to-night), yet not a word * had ever been communicated to me about it. I had, by perseverance, gained information during the year of brick and heavy stones (the latter, of course, 'I thought to mean iron), but nothing of coals.* As soon as Koo-ou-le-arng came up, I held out my hand to her, which was full of coal, asking '*Kis-su ?*' (What is this ?) She answered, '*Innuit kook-um.*' By this I took it that the Innuits *have* sometimes used in cooking. Said I, '*Innuit, ikkumer e-a-u ?*' (Did the Innuits ever use this for a fire to cook with?) '*Armelarng*' (Yes) was the instant response. I then asked, '*Noutima ?*' meaning, 'Where did these coals come from ?' Koo-ou-le-arng's response was, '*Kodlunarn oomiarkchua kiete amasuadlo echar*' (A great many years ago, white men with big ship came here). This answer made me still more joyous. From what I find on my return to Oopungnewing, Koo-ou-le-arng has communicated to her Innuit friends some of my conduct while on that coal-pile. She said that I acted just like an angeko, and that I had done one thing an Innuit could not do—that I had danced, and laughed, and made a complete somerset on the coal!

" And why did I feel so happy ? Because of the discovery I have made to-day of what is a confirmation of the testimony —oral history—I had acquired by great perseverance from the Innuits, that a great many years ago—many generations ago—*kodlunarn oomiarkchua* (white men with big ship) came into this bay (Tin-nu-jok-ping-oo-se-ong); because of the chain that I felt was now complete, that determined this to be the bay that Frobisher discovered in 1576, and revisited consecutively in the years 1577 and 1578, and that Niountelik,†

* When I wrote the original, of which the above is a verbatim copy, I had forgotten the mention of coal in the communication made to me by old Ookijoxy Ninoo, recorded on the 11th of the previous May. See page 280.

† This conclusion was too hasty, as I discovered on my return from the head of Frobisher Bay, when I visited Kodlunarn Island.

the island of my visitation to-day, was the identical one on which Frobisher landed with the object of establishing winter quarters for the colony of a hundred men that he brought here in his last voyage, to wit, in 1578!

"The account which Frobisher gave of his discovery was so indefinite that the civilized world has remained in doubt for nearly three hundred years of its locality. Even to this day geographers know not its location. Some one has made a guess, and approximated to the fact—simply approximated. In a few days I trust I shall return, either confirming it to be a 'strait,' as it is called, or with the full conviction that this water is a bay, which I believe it to be, from what the Innuits have told me.

"I now resume the incidents of this day. A few minutes after Koo-ou-le-arng's arrival at the coal-heap, I proceeded to investigate more searchingly into the probable time it had been there, and all other matters pertaining to it.

"I first dug down in the centre to ascertain its depth; found it to be one foot in the thickest part, and thinning off to an edge at a distance of five to ten feet from the centre. On walking around, I found that the winds, mostly those from the northeast, north, and northwest, had scattered the coal (chiefly small pieces) over a great extent of ground. In fact, wind from the opposite points would carry such coal as it could lick up into the water of 'Countess of Warwick's Sound,' as Frobisher denominated the water at the northwest, north, northeast, east, and southeast of Niountelik, for the coal deposit is close by the bank bordering the sound.

"To satisfy myself fully that this coal must have been where it lies for a great many years, I dug around and beneath the clods of thickly-matted grass—around and beneath stunted willows and 'crowberry' shrubs—around and beneath mosses. Wherever I made these excavations I found coal. Many places overgrown with grass I examined, digging down a depth of several inches, and overturning sods exhibiting coal at the base, then a layer of sand and coal, then another layer of two or three inches of sand, overtopped by interlocked

roots, whence extended thrifty grass. The roots of the stunted willows, half an inch in diameter at the base of the trunk, pierced down into sand, and thence into coal! On examination of many pieces of coal, bedded—some in grass, some in sand, and some in moss—the upper side, exposed to the air, I found to be covered with pellicles of black moss, such as one finds upon the rocks of ages.

"I am convinced, from what I have seen to-day, that this coal has lain there for centuries. If it was placed there by Frobisher (and I have no doubt that it was), then the time of its deposit was but eighty-five years after the discovery of America by Columbus.

"We continued our search for other relics. I desired very much to find even the smallest fragment of brick; but the shades of night prevented a thorough search; therefore, filling my pockets with the sable relics, which drew a hearty laugh from Koo-ou-le-arng, I reluctantly turned from this deeply interesting place, and led the way across the island to the boat. We found everything all right, and ready for a quick sail to our third encampment, Oopungnewing. Getting out of our boat harbour, the wind filled our sails (it was still blowing hard,) and away we bounded. Now and then a gust came that almost threw our craft on her beam-ends. While Koo-ou-le-arng steered, I held on to the sheets, ready to 'douse,' or let go, on the instant of any sudden or violent blast. Several times during our passage free play was given to the sail; but in good time, and safely, and with a thankful heart, on my part at least, for the discovery I this evening have made, we arrived back.

"Koojesse, Kooperneung, and Koodloo had an excellent hot supper ready for us on our arrival. There, upon the clean, tide-washed rocks of Oopungnewing, the cerulean dome, pierced with star-points, for our canopy, we made a feast on sweet, juicy fresh 'beef'—*Ninoo*. Incomparable is the relish with which I have partaken to-night of the polar bear-meat, with its two-inch coating of fat, white as the driven snow.

"The fresh meat of Ninoo, with which we have been blessed

to-day, exceeds 800 pounds. Every one of my company participates in my joy in making the discovery I have to-day.

"A heavy sea has been rolling in all day from the south. We have had a hard tug to-night drawing up the boat above the reach of the tide.

"Now we have a Ninoo, of course the Innuits will inflate the bladder, and attach it, with several peculiar charms, to a staff, which must be kept in a prominent position—in the boat while we are voyaging, and on the tupic while encamped. In accordance with Innuit custom, it must be thus exposed for three days and three nights.

"We leave a considerable portion of the Ninoo here on deposit against our return. The bear's length was eight feet; it was not of the largest size; its condition was fine, very fat, and its meat as tender and palatable as any beefsteak I ever ate. The liver of the polar bear is never eaten by the Innuits. Of course they know the general effect of eating this part to be as if one were poisoned. They say it makes them feel very sick, especially in the head, the hair dropping off, and the skin peeling from their faces and bodies. They do not allow the dogs to eat it, because it makes them also sick, and causes all their hair to come off. They either bury the liver or cast it into the sea. Even after this precaution, dogs sometimes succeed in getting hold of it, and it really poisons them."

CHAPTER V.

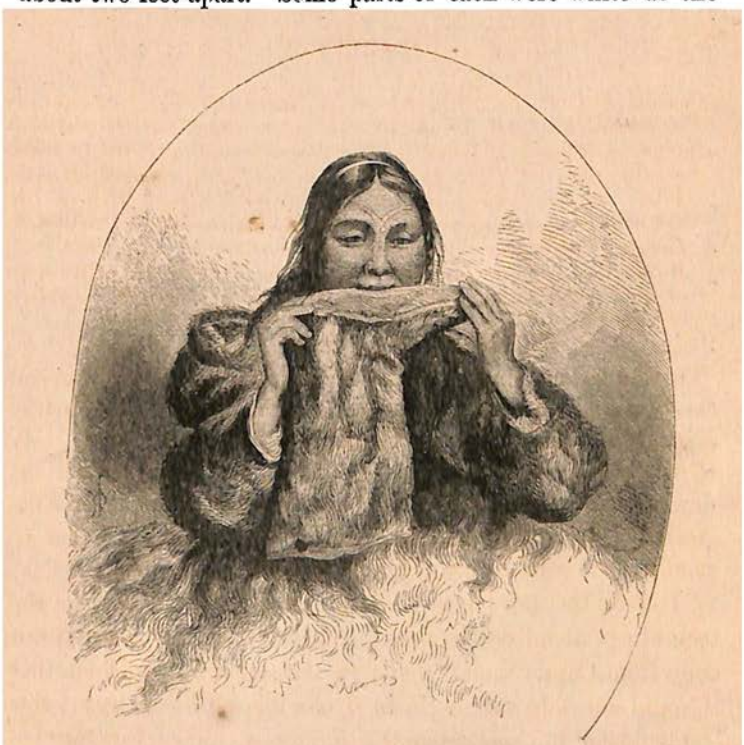
Chewing old Boots—Formation of Icebergs—Innuits good Anatomists—Koojesse draughting the Coast—Sarah G.'s Cape—Iron Island—Arrive at Jones's Cape—A Settlement of Innuits—Native Monuments—Dental Mill for trying out Oil—Arrive at Ming-u-toon—Great Rise and Fall of Tides—Bones of the Whale and other Animals—A Grave—Laborious and difficult Work—Arrive at Waddel Bay—Meeting with old Artarkpaw—A persevering and industrious Cripple—Proceed toward his Village—Annawa and other Natives there—Women busily engaged in sewing Skins—A Good Feast—More information about Frobisher's Expedition—Ascend a Mountain—Remarkable Features about it—Large Caverns—The Aurora—Curious Phenomena.

THE following day, Monday, August 12th, 1861, Suzhi and myself remaining at Oopungnewing, the rest of my company set out in the boat for the main land on a tuktoo hunt. My time was occupied in taking observations, writing, and examining the island, while Suzhi was busily engaged in dressing sealskins for jackets, and "milling" old native boots—that is, making the soles soft and pliant by *chewing* them.

During the day I heard some extraordinary noises, like the rumblings of an earthquake. I had noticed the same on our way from Cape Cracroft, but now the sound was so loud that I could not help asking Suzhi if she knew what it was. She replied that it came from the Kingaite side of the waters; and, from what I afterward learned, it must have been caused by large masses of ice—icebergs—from Grinnell Glacier falling into the sea. The distance traversed by the thundering sound thus occasioned was about forty miles. At other times, while in this bay, I have felt the earth tremble from the same cause.

In the evening Suzhi and I took a walk round to the north side of the island. We had not gone far when she asked me, in her native tongue, "Do you see walrus?" pointing to a long white line running up the mountain's side. I looked, and at

first supposed it to be a vein of quartz running up among the dark, moss-covered rocks; but, on closer inspection, I found it to consist of over a hundred walrus jawbones, placed in line about two feet apart. Some parts of each were white as the



SUZHI'S BOOT "MILLING."

snows of Kingaite, but a considerable portion was covered with thick black moss. What this singular arrangement meant I had yet to learn.

We next came to a spot situated by the margin of a grass-plot, completely covered with bleached bones of seals, walrus, whales, and tuktoo. Ask an Innuit to what animal this and that bone belonged, as you pick them up, and he or she will tell you at once, the people being in reality good natural anatomists.

We passed on half a mile, and reached a point of high land, which looked out toward Niountelik, but could see none of our party returning. It was then ten o'clock; the night was fine, and a few stars were visible, but it was not yet late enough in the season to bring out the host there is above. Koojesse and his party returned about midnight, but wholly unsuccessful, though they had seen eight tuktoo. This, however, was not of serious importance, as we then had an abundance of provision.

We resumed our voyage on the morning of the 13th. Twice before leaving the island I again heard the loud thunderings already alluded to, and felt the vibrations of the very earth itself. What could this be? Was there a volcano on the Kingaite side, or were its mountains of ice falling from their precipitous heights?

It took a long time to strike tupics, and get everything into the boat and in order. Last of all Suzhi brought aboard the Ninoo's bladder and the charms, and placed them at the bow of the boat, mounted on a stick. Without them I strongly doubt whether the Innuits would have considered it safe to go on. Our course at first led toward Sarah G.'s Cape* (Twerpuk-ju-a), the way by which I went when making a hurried visit four months previous. Strangely enough, as it now seems to me, and no doubt to my readers also, I felt as safe and contented as though I were with civilized men instead of being alone among the wild, independent natives of that frozen land. I even did not hesitate to depend upon them occasionally for some of the work I wanted done in the way of delineating the coasts as we passed along. Koojesse—the really gifted Esquimaux—now and then acted as my assistant draughtsman, his sketches, however, being afterwards carefully examined by me. While I sat in the boat's stern steering—a position which allowed me to have good views of the

* This cape, at the west entrance to the Countess of Warwick's Sound (of Frobisher), I have named after Mrs. Henry Grinnell. Sarah G.'s Cape is two miles northwest of Oopungnewing, and is in lat. 62° 74′ 30″ N. long. 65° 26′ W.

land—he sat before me actually laying down most correctly upon paper the coast-line along which we sailed, and with which he, as well as Sushi and Tunukderlien, was perfectly familiar. There was not a channel, cape, island, or bay, which he did not know perfectly, having visited them again and again.

One unacquainted with a new country would often make great mistakes by charting nearly everything as main land, where portions of it might be islands, failing also to give proper depths of inlet coast, unless he had time to visit every locality. On my present trip up the bay I had not that time, and therefore I reserved—to be made, if possible, on my return—a closer examination of places now draughted down under my eyes. During all this voyage, however, I kept up a constant record of distances run and courses steered, and made as frequent landings for taking observations for latitude, longitude, variation of the compass, &c. as the circumstances would admit.

Between Oo-mer-nung Island and Iron Island—the former in Wiswell Inlet * and the latter near Peter Force Sound †—a heavy sea prevailed, rolling in from the northwest, and it was astonishing to see my heavily-laden boat ride so well over the dashing, heaving, irregular waters that came upon us.

Iron Island is an interesting place, and I gave it the name because of the resemblance of its rocks to oxydized iron. Innuit monumental marks, made of the huge bones of the whale, were upon the island. Here also, on our landing, was found an excellent piece of timber—live oak—which probably belonged to the wrecked *Traveller*, already alluded to. It was dry, and so large and heavy that one of the Innuits could only just carry it. We took it away in the boat to use

* This inlet I name after William Wiswell, of Cincinnati, Ohio. It is on the north side of Frobisher Bay, extending north twelve miles from Oomernung, a small high island on the east side of the entrance of the inlet, in lat. 62° 50½′ N. long. 65° 26′ W.

† A beautiful sheet of water, mostly surrounded by rugged mountains, and thus named by me after Peter Force, of Washington, D.C. The entrance to his sound is in lat. 62° 55½′ N. long. 65° 48′ W.

for fuel; and on sawing off a portion, I found it as sound as it had ever been.

The place where we determined to make our next or fourth encampment was called by the natives *Toong-wine;* this I named Jones's Cape,* and here we expected to find a settlement of Innuits. Before we reached it a breeze sprung up and helped us on. A snug little harbour appeared ahead, and an Esquimaux was observed on an eminence near the shore, eagerly watching us. As we drew near, all the inhabitants appeared to be out on the rocks to await our arrival; and when we landed, such as were able cheerfully assisted in getting up our tents and in other work. Most of those I now saw were familiar faces. They belonged to the party which I had visited the previous April farther up the bay. But Sampson was now away on a tuktoo hunt. He had recovered from his illness already mentioned; the report of it brought us was doubtless exaggerated, being founded on an incorrect idea of the disease. The old ladies whom I then met—Shell-uarping, mother of Kookin, and two of her friends—who were so pleased at my eating with them in the genuine Innuit style, were here, and gave me a hearty welcome. Ookgooalloo was sick, and I therefore visited him as soon as I could. I was guided to his tupic by his groans; but when I entered and asked the name of the sufferer before me, I was surprised to learn that it was my old friend, so sadly changed. Sickness seemed unusually prevalent; indeed, the only three men of the place were so feeble that not one of them could go out hunting or sealing.

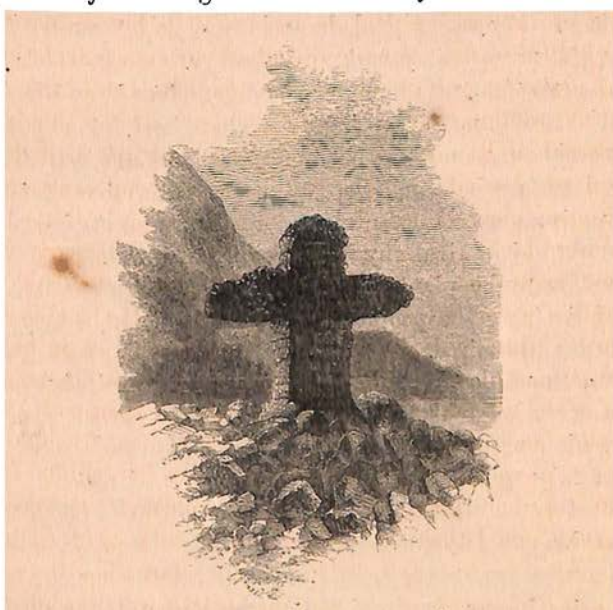
At this spot were some remarkable monuments of stone, one being in the form of a cross, and about six feet high.

In the evening, being in want of oil for my lamp, I went to Koojesse's tupic to obtain some. There I beheld a scene for a picture:

Koodloo and Charley made search, found seal-blubber, brought it in, and passed it to Suzhi, who was in tuktoo, as I

* So named after John D. Jones, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Jones's Cape is in lat. 62° 55′ 30″ N. long. 65° 45′ W.

may say—that is, a-bed. Of course, like all Innuits when in bed, she was entirely nude; but she immediately rose on her elbows, and proceeded to bite off pieces of blubber, chewing them, sucking the oil out, then spirting it into a little cone-like dish, made by inverting the bottom of my broken tin lamp



INNUIT MONUMENT AT TOONG-WINE—JONES'S CAPE.

In this way she obtained with her dental "mill," in less than two minutes, oil enough to fill two large-sized lamps. Koodloo and Kooperneung were standing up in the tupic at the time, I was seated with Akchukerzhun at my right, on tuktoo, by Suzhi's head, waiting for my lamp, while Koojesse and his partner, Tunukderlien, were at my left, wrapped in Innuit slumbers. It was a novel scene, that of Koo-ou-le-arng's operations in grinding blubber for oil; in particular, the incidental exhibition of what Burns describes as

"Twa drifted heaps, sae fair to see,"

exaggerated in size, as is the case with most Innuit women, struck me forcibly. The whole scene, though so strange to me,

was taken by the Innuits as an every-day affair, and quite a matter of course.

The Innuits certainly show peculiar skill in thus expressing oil without allowing a particle of moisture to come in contact with it. It may be doubted that such a thing is possible, but so it is. My replenished lamp burned brightly, allowing me to write up my diary with great facility.

Jones's Cape was really one of the finest places I had seen in the North, not excepting even Greenland. Force's Sound is nearly surrounded by magnificent mountains, and is sheltered from winds and heavy seas by a number of islands. There is an excellent entrance for ships, and the harbours, I thought, might rival any in the civilized world. If a colony should ever be planted in those regions for the purpose of Christianizing the people, Jones's Cape presents many of the advantages desired.

On the following morning, August 14th, I took Koojesse and ascended a mountain in the rear of our encampment. The view was very extensive, and I could plainly see more than fifty miles of Kingaite coast, the nearest point being distant some thirty miles. On my way I observed a considerable quantity of the stone I had noticed upon Iron Island, and I also saw many small pieces of limestone on the very summit, about a thousand feet above the level of the sea.

I remained at Cape Jones until noon for the purpose of obtaining a meridian observation. While making this I was amused to see the astonishment depicted in the countenances of the Innuits of the settlement around me—as far, at least, as they ever do exhibit unusual interest in any subject.

At 12.30 P.M. we again set out on our expedition, directing our course westerly across the east arm of the bay. The natives assembled in large numbers to bid us *ter-bou-e-tie*, which may be rendered thus: "Good-bye, our friends. May you fare well." We rowed for about half an hour, when, finding the sea too heavy for our frail boat, we hoisted sail and steered direct to the middle of the island—Nou-yarn. At about 2.30 P.M. we stopped at a point of the island, and

Koodloo went ashore, shortly returning with a shoulder-load of live oak for fuel, which was clearly part of the *Traveller* wreck.

From Jones's Cape we had a hard and tedious passage across the mouth of the sound, consuming two and a half hours in making good three miles. The wind freshened to a strong breeze, and for an hour we were in the "suds." Every few minutes a "white-cap" was sent with all force into our boat, thoroughly wetting us and everything. Tunukderlien was kept constantly baling, and Kooperneung tucked his nuliana under the folds of his oil jacket to keep her from the overleaping waves. The sheet was not made fast, but was kept in the hands of some of the lady crew, ready at any moment for the word—Let go!

The passage was by no means free from danger; but God rules the waves, and He brought us safely over. A light shower of rain soon came, accompanied by the glorious bow of good promise, which presented a vivid contrast with the dark moss covering of the rocky mountains forming the background of the picture. At about 3 P.M. we reached Brewster's Point,* the southeastern extreme of Barrow's Peninsula,† where we made our fifth encampment.

That night, looking with my spyglass over the snow mountains of Kingaite, I saw what I at first thought to be the fires of a volcano. After consultation with Koojesse and Kooperneung, I concluded it to be the light of the declining moon reflected from the snow. The effect was strikingly peculiar, the light being red, but in form like a comet's tail.

The next day, August 15th, a head wind condemned the boat's crew to a hard pull; and, as they made slow progess, I took my compass and tripod, and walked along the southern coast of Barrow's Peninsula, directing Koojesse to come for me when I should signal him. Charley likewise had gone

* I named this point after A. Brewster, of Norwich, Connecticut. It is on the west side at the entrance to Peter Force Sound, nearly on a parallel with the place of fourth encampment, and is in lat. 62° 55′ N. long. 65° 51′ W.

† Named by me after John Barrow, of London, England. It is bounded by Newton's Fiord, Peter Force Sound, Frobisher Bay, and Hamlen's Bay. (*Vide* Chart.)

ahead with his gun to hunt tuktoo. The boat kept close in shore until we came to Hamlen's Bay,* which had to be crossed. Here I embarked with Charley, and with a fair breeze we sped across at the rate of about five miles an hour. On the west side of the entrance to this bay were some islands, between which and the main land was a channel; and, in order to get to the northward and westward (which, being the general trend of the coast thus far, I had reason to suppose to be probably its direction to the head of the bay), we must pass through this channel. We should have done so without delay but that the ebb of the tide had left it dry. Not being aware of this, I told Koojesse to go on. With a twinkle in his eye, he said, "Well, you tell 'em so—we try." Accordingly we went on until, rounding an island that was at the mouth of the channel which is called by the Innuits *Tin-ŋe-took-ke-yarn* (Low-tide Land), I saw we were on the verge of dry land. A rise and fall of twenty-five feet in the tide made that impassable at low water which six hours before was a deep channel.

Koojesse, on seeing my surprise, looked at me with such a merry laugh that I could not rebuke him had I been so inclined. We turned the boat round, and formed our sixth encampment upon Blanchard's Island.†

In the early part of this day, while yet close to Brewster's Point, and while walking on the beach, I met with remains of many Innuit habitations of former days, when they used to build them of earth and stone. Bones of the whale, and of all other animals that principally serve the Innuits for subsistence, lay there in abundance, many of them very old, their age probably numbering hundreds of years. One shoulder-blade of a whale measured five feet along its arc, and four feet radius. Whale-ribs, also, were scattered here and there, one of them being eight feet in length. I also noticed there

* Named after S. L. Hamlen, of Cincinnati, Ohio. This bay runs up almost due north, and is five miles across at its mouth. The centre of its entrance is in lat. 62° 58′ N. long. 66° 10′ W.

† So named after George S. Blanchard, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Our sixth encampment was in lat. 62 58′ N. and long. 66 17′ W.

several graves, but nothing, not even a bone, within them. An old drift oil-cask was also there, sawn in two; one half was standing full of water, the other half was lying down. I gathered up the oak staves and heads for fuel.

Next morning, Friday, August 16th, when I awoke, I found the tide ebbing fast, and it was therefore necessary to get under way at once. In a quarter of an hour we had everything on board, and set out for the desperate work of running the "mill-race" of waters pouring over the rocks, whose tops were then near the surface. If we could not succeed in the attempt, we must either wait until next tide, or make a long *detour* outward around several islands.

It was an exciting operation. Koojesse stood on the bread-cask that was at the bow of the boat, so that he might indicate the right passage among the rocks. Occasionally we touched some of them, but a motion of the boat-hook in his hand generally led us right. There was a fine breeze helping us, and we also kept our oars at work. Indeed, it required all the power we could muster to carry us along against so fierce a tide. At one time, thump, thump, we came upon the rocks at full speed, fairly arrested in our progress, and experiencing much difficulty in moving forward again. But, favoured by the breeze, we at last got through this channel, and soon stopped at an island to take our much-needed breakfast. That despatched, we again pushed on, keeping along the coast. The land was low, with iron-looking mountains in the background. But some spots showed signs of verdure, and altogether, the day being fine, the scene was charming.

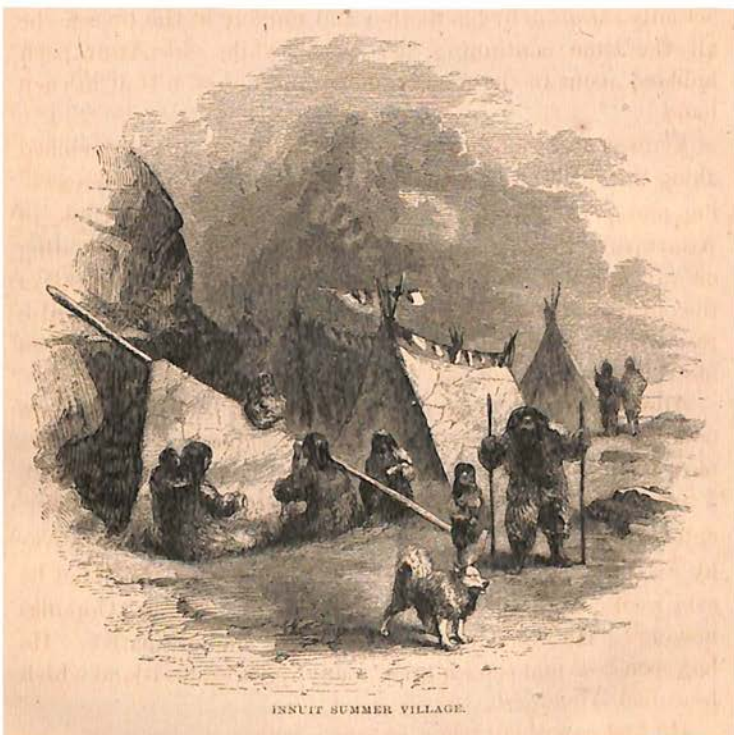
By evening we had arrived at Tongue Cape, on the east side of the entrance to Waddell Bay,* and there made our seventh encampment. The whole of the next day was spent by the male Innuits in hunting tuktoo, and by the women in sewing skins and attending to other domestic matters. As usual, I was occupied with my observations.

On Sunday, August 18th, we left our seventh encampment

* Named after William Coventry H. Waddell, of New York City. Its east side (Tongue Cape) is in lat. 63° 11′ 30″, and long. 66° 48′ W.

and proceeded along the coast. As we neared Opera-Glass Cape, a point of land on the west side of Waddell Bay, round which we had to pass, a kiąk was observed approaching; and in a short time, to my great surprise, the old Innuit Artarkparu was alongside of us.

This man was the father of Koojesse's wife, and therefore the meeting was additionally pleasant. He was, as may be recollected, an invalid, having lost the free use of his lower limbs by a disease in his thighs; yet he was rarely idle, every day going out sealing, ducking, or hunting for walrus and



INNUIT SUMMER VILLAGE.

tuktoo. In the winter he moved about by means of sledge and dogs, and no Innuit was ever more patient or more successful than he. Artarkparu had come out from a village not far off, and to that place we directed the boat. We found

four tupics erected there, and many familiar faces soon greeted me. Annawa was among them, and also Shevikoo and Esheeloo. The females were busily occupied in sewing skins—some of which were in an offensive condition—for making a kia. A small space was allotted to them for this purpose, and it was particularly interesting to watch their proceedings. The kia covering was hung over a pole resting on the rocks, every thing being kept in a wet state while the women worked, using large braided thread of white-whale sinews. As I stood gazing upon the scene before me, Annawa's big boy was actually *standing* by his mother and nursing at the breast, she all the time continuing her work, while old Artarkparu hobbled about in the foreground by the aid of a staff in each hand.

Venison and seal-meat were hung to dry on strings stretched along the ridge of each tupic, as shown in the opposite engraving, and provisions were clearly abundant. In the tupic of Artarkparu, Koojesse and Tunukderlien were at home feasting on raw venison, and with them I was invited to partake of the old man's hospitality. Before returning to the boat I also received, as a present, a pocketful of dried tuktoo meat, given me by Annawa.

After a short stay and friendly adieu, we again departed on our way; but just then I thought it possible that old Artarkparu might be able to give me some information. Accordingly I turned back, and, through the aid of Koojesse as interpreter, entered into a conversation with him. We seated ourselves by his side, and the first question I put to him was, Had he ever seen coal, brick, or iron on any of the land near Oopungnewing? He immediately answered in the affirmative. He had seen *coal* and *brick* a great many times on an island which he called *Niountelik.*

He first saw them when he was a boy.

He had also seen heavy pieces of iron on the point of Oopungnewing, next to Niountelik.

"No iron there now, somebody having carried it off."

"Bricks and coals were at Niountelik."

I then asked him, "How many years ago was it when the Innuits first saw these things?"

His reply was, "Am-a-su-ad-lo" (a great, *great* many). His father, when a boy, had seen them there all the same. Had heard his father often talk about them.

"Some of the pieces of iron were very heavy, so that it was as much as the strongest Innuit could do to lift them."

"Had often made trials of strength, in competition with other Innuits, in lifting. It was quite a practice with the young men to see who was the strongest in lifting the '*heavy stone*'" (Innuits so call the iron).

"On the point of another island near by, an oo-mi-ark-chu-a (ship) was once built by kodlunas (white men) a great many, many years ago—so the Innuits of a great many years ago had said."

I took from the boat a little bag which contained some of the coal that I had gathered up with my own hands at Niountelik, and asked him if it was like that he had seen.

He said, "All the same."

I then asked him "where it came from."

His reply was, "He supposed from England, for he had seen the same kind on English whaling vessels in Northumberland Inlet."

This information I obtained from the old man; and I could not help noticing how closely it corresponded with that given to me by Ookijoxy Ninoo some months before.

The whole interview was particularly interesting. I felt as if suddenly taken back into ages that were past; and my heart truly rejoiced as I sat upon the rock and listened to what the old man said of these undoubted Frobisher relics.

After this interview with Artarkparu, we started at 2.45 P.M. along the coast, closely examining its features, and noting down everything of importance which we saw. The land was bold and high, with much of the iron-rust look about it. Scarcely any vegetation was perceptible. Numerous islands bordered the coast; and, as I looked across the outer waters,

VIEW AT CAPE STEVENS AND WARD'S INLET

it seemed as if a complete chain stretched across the bay to Kingaite.

On reaching the spot which we selected for our eighth encampment—Cape Stevens*—I left my crew to unload the boat and erect tupics, while I ascended a mountain that flanked us. On the top I found numerous shells and fossils, some of which I brought away. On descending I took the opposite or north-east side, next a bight that made up into the land. This side of the mountain was almost perpendicular. The winter forces of the North had thrown down to the base a mass of stone, which enabled me to pass upon a kind of causeway to the foot of another mount toward the tupics. There I could not help pausing and glancing around in wondering awe. I cannot put on paper the feelings which struggled within me as I made my way over that débris, and looked above and around me. God built the mountains, and He tumbleth them down again at His will! Overhead was hanging the whole side of a mountain, ready, as it seemed, at any moment, and by the snap of one's finger, to fall! I felt as if obliged to take light and gentle steps. I breathed softly; and, as I looked and looked again, I praised God for all His mighty works.

I ought to say that, on a better view of this mountain, I perceived on its perpendicular side large caverns, with huge projecting rocks hanging directly over them.

I returned to the tupics; and that night, as I lay on my back by our camp-fire, viewing the glorious heavens, I beheld the aurora in all its wondrous beauty. In the vicinity of the moon, where the aurora was dancing and racing to and fro, it was strangely grand. But the most remarkable phenomenon of the kind I ever witnessed was the peculiar movement of the clouds overhead. For some length of time they moved by "hitches," passing with the wind slowly, and then stopping for a few seconds. I called the attention of the Innuits to it, and they noticed this as something they had never seen

* Named by me after John A. Stevens, Jun., of New York City. Cape Stevens is in lat. 63° 21′ N. and long. 67° 10′ W.

before. It seemed as if the clouds were battling with an unseen enemy, but that the former had the greater power, and forced their way by steps along the vault above. These clouds were white, and of the kind classified as cumulus. I thought it a very strange matter, and, according to my idea, the aurora had something to do with it.

TUNUKDERLIEN (wife of Koojesse).

CHAPTER VI.

Encampment on Rae's Point—A Seal Feast—Reindeer Moss abundant—More traditional History—A Two-mile Walk over Rocks—Jack the Angeko—The two Boats and two Kias—Picturesque appearance of the Women Rowers—The Flag of the Free—Icebergs on the Rocks—Visit the Island Frobisher's Farthest—The great Gateway—President's Seat—Beautiful and warm Day—Abundance of Game—Seals and Reindeer in abundance—The Roar of a Cataract—Waters alive with Salmon—Discover the Termination of Frobisher Bay—Enter an Estuary—A Leming—Tweroong sketches Kingaite Coast—Reindeer Skins for Clothing—Luxuriant Fields—Reindeer Tallow good—Innuit Monument—Ancient Dwellings—Sylvia Grinnel River—A Pack of Wolves—Glories of the calm clear Night—Aurora again—A Land abounding with Reindeer—Blueberries—Method of taking Salmon—Bow and Arrows.

On the following morning, Monday, August 19th, 1861, we were in readiness to leave our eighth encampment, and pursue our journey. Starting at 10.15, we crossed the mouth of a deep bay, across which, and about ten miles up from our course, lies a long island, called by the natives Ki-ki-tuk-ju-a. Koojesse informed me that he had been to that "long island," and that the bay extended a considerable distance beyond. The shores of this bay I found to trend about N.N.W. Koojesse also said that it was one day's journey to the head of it from the island. From this, and other data which he furnished, I concluded, and so recorded it in my journal at the time, that the bay is from twenty to twenty-five miles in extent.*

Unfortunately for my desire to get on, a number of seals were seen, and my crew were soon engaged in pursuit. This delayed us some time; and when another similar stoppage took place, I felt that it was hopeless to think of going far that day, and accordingly landed, while the Innuits followed

* I effected a complete exploration of this bay and the island named on a sledge-journey which I made in the spring of 1862. This, however, will come in its proper place in the sequel of my narrative.

what they supposed to be seals, but which, as will shortly be seen, were quite another sort of game.

I walked among gigantic old rocks, well marked by the hand of Time, and then wandered away up the mountains. There I came across an Innuit grave. It was simply a number of stones piled up in such a way as to leave just room enough for the dead body without a stone touching it. All the stones were covered with the moss of generations. During my walk a storm of wind and rain came on, and compelled me to take shelter under the lee of a friendly ridge of rocks. There I could watch Koojesse and his company in the boat advancing toward what was thought an ookgook and many smaller seals. All at once what had seemed to be the ookgook commenced moving, and so likewise did the smaller seals. A slight turn of the supposed game suddenly gave to all a different appearance. I then perceived a boat, with black gunwales, filled with Innuit men, women, and children, and also kias on each side of the boat. Seeing this Koojesse pulled in for me, and we started together for the strangers. A short time, however, proved them to be friends. The large boat contained "Miner," his wife Tweroong, To-loo-ka-ah, his wife *Koo-muk* (louse), the woman Puto, and several others whom I knew. They were spending the summer up there deer-hunting, and had been very successful. Soon after joining them we all disembarked in a snug little harbour, and erected our tents in company on Rae's Point,* which is close by an island called by the natives *No-ook-too-ad-loo.*

The rain was pouring down when we landed, and the bustle that followed reminded me of similar activity on the steamboat piers at home. As fast as things were taken out of the boats, such as had to be kept dry were placed under the shelving of rocks until the tupics were up. Then, our encampment formed, all parties had leisure to greet each other, which we did most warmly.

* Named by the author after Dr. John Rae, the well-known English arctic explorer. Rae's Point, place of our ninth encampment, is in lat. 63° 20′ N. long. 67° 33′ W.

Tweroong was very ill, and appeared to me not far from her death. Her uniform kindness to me wherever I had met her made her condition a source of sadness to me. I could only express my sympathy, and furnish her with a few civilized comforts brought with me. She was the mother of Kooperneung, one of my crew, by her first husband, then deceased.

A great feast was made that evening upon the rocks. A captured ookgook was dissected by four carvers, who proved themselves, as all Innuits are, skilful anatomists. Indeed, as I have before said, there is not a bone or fragment of a bone picked up but the Innuits can tell to what animal it belonged. In the evening I also took a walk about the neighbourhood, and was astonished to see such an abundance of reindeer moss. The ground near our tents was literally white with it, and I noticed many tuktoo tracks.

Our stay at this encampment continued over the next day, and I took the opportunity of questioning Tweroong, who was said to know much about the traditions of her people, as to any knowledge she might possess concerning the coal, brick, and iron at Niountelik. Koojesse was my interpreter, and through him I gained the following information :—

Tweroong had frequently seen the coal there, and likewise heavy pieces of stone (iron) on an island close by. She had often heard the oldest Innuits speak of them. The coal and other things were there long before she was born. She had seen Innuits with pieces of brick that came from there. The pieces of brick were used for brightening the women's hair-rings and the brass ornaments worn on their heads.

She said old Innuits related that *very many* years ago a boat, or small ship, was built by a few white men on a little island near Niountelik.

I showed her the coal I had brought with me from Niountelik, and she recognized it directly as some like that she had seen.

Owing to the condition of my own boat, I was anxious to have the company of another craft in my voyage up the bay. I accordingly effected an arrangement with the Innuit

"Miner" and his party to keep along with me; and on the following day, August 21st, at 9 A.M. we all set out from the encampment to pursue our journey.

While Koojesse and my crew were loading the boat, I ascended a mountain close by, and, after as good a look around as the foggy weather would allow, I began to descend by another path. But I soon found that the way I had chosen was impracticable. The mountain-side was one vast rock, roof-like, and too steep for human feet. Finally, after a long, hard tug down hill, up hill, and along craggy rocks, I gained the beach, and hailed the boat, which took me on board after a walk of two miles.

We made what speed we could to the westward and northward, having to use the oars, the wind being right ahead. In an hour's time we came to an island, where the other boat was stopping awhile. Here I saw "Jack," the angeko, performing the ceremony of ankooting over poor sick Tweroong. The woman was reclining on some tuktoo furs in the boat's bow, while Jack was seated on the tide-wet rocks, making loud exclamations on her behalf. It is very strange what faith these people place in such incantations. I never saw the ceremony otherwise than devoutly attended to. I then took my usual exploring walk upon the island, seeing the bones of a huge whale, portions of which were covered with moss, and the rest bleached to a pure white, but all as heavy as stone.

When we again started, the sight of the two boats and two kias pulling side by side was particularly interesting. There were fourteen souls on board the other boat, men, women, and children, the women pulling at the oars; in each of the two kias was also an Innuit man. The raven hair of the females hanging loosely about the head and face—the flashing ornaments of brass on their heads—their native dress—their methodical rock to and fro as they propelled the boat along, formed, indeed, a striking picture. All were abreast, the two boats and the two kias, and pulling in friendly competition. "Miner" had a flag of checked red, white, and black at the bow of his boat, and the glorious ensign of the United States

was streaming to the breeze at the bow of mine. To me the scene was one of indescribable interest. In that region—never before visited by white men, except when Frobisher, three centuries ago, set foot there—it was perfectly novel in its features, and I was truly thankful that I had been blessed with the privilege of raising the "Flag of the Free" in that strange land.

Our progress during the day was not very great, owing to the frequent stoppages of my Innuit crew. Let me be ever so anxious to get on, or to do anything in the way of making observations, if a seal popped up his head, or anything appeared in the shape of game, away they would go in chase, utterly regardless of my wants or wishes. They mean no ill; but the Innuits are like eagles—untameable.

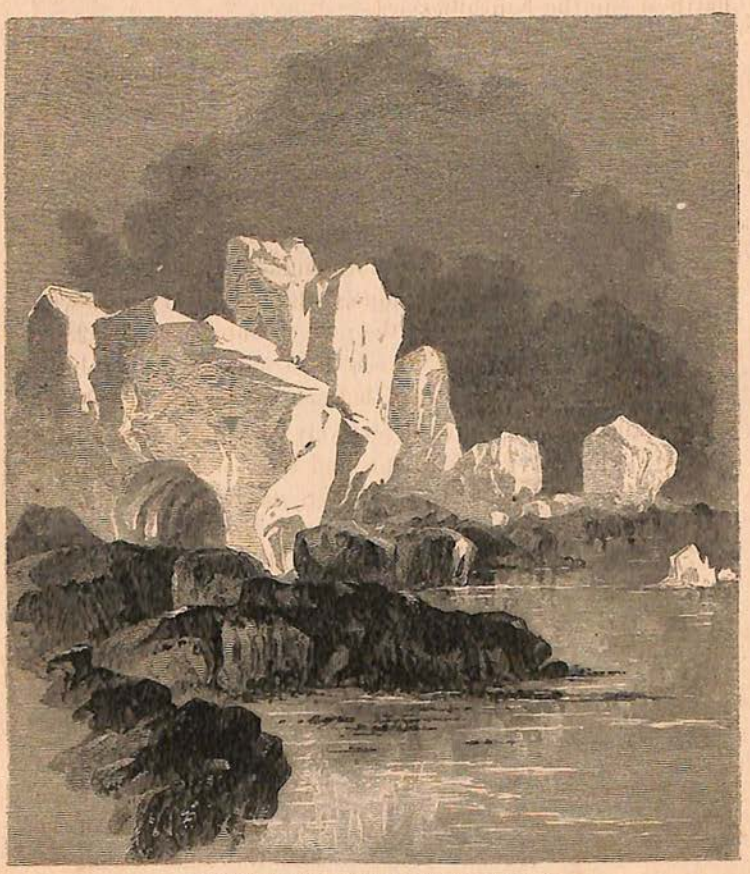
Before reaching our tenth encampment* that night, which was similar to the previous one, we passed numerous small bergs, left high and dry on the rocks near the coast by the low spring-tide, as seen in the following engraving.

On the following morning, August 22d, we again set out, making our way among numerous islands, and along land exhibiting luxuriant verdure. Miner's boat and company proceeded on up the bay, while Charley and I were set ashore on the north side of the island "Frobisher's Farthest," leaving instructions with the rest of the crew that we would make our way in two or three hours northerly and westerly to the upper end of the island, where we would get aboard. The place where we landed was very steep, and the ascent was laborious. I had belted to my side my five-pound chronometer, and also a pocket sextant. In my hand I carried a compass tripod and azimuth compass. Charley had his double-barrelled gun, ready for rabbits or any other game.

After getting to the summit the view was very extensive. To the N.W. the appearance was as if the bay continued on between two headlands, one the termination of the ridge of

* In lat. 63° 32′ N. long. 67° 51′ W. by a small cove one mile north of the *important* island I have named "FROBISHER'S FARTHEST," called by the Innuits Ki-ki-tuk-ju-a.

mountains on the Kingaite, *Meta Incognita* side, and the other the termination of the ridge running on the north side



ICEBERGS ON THE ROCKS.—GREAT FALL OF TIDE.

of Frobisher Bay. The coast of Kingaite was in full view, from the "Great Gateway" * down to the "President's Seat,"†

* The opening between the two headlands alluded to above, which are about ten miles to the north-west of the head of the Bay of Frobisher, I named the "GREAT GATEWAY."

† The most conspicuous mountain on the coast of Frobisher Bay I named President's Seat, after the chief executive officer of the United States government. President's Seat is in lat. 62° 39′ N. long. 66° 40′ W.

a distance of one hundred nautical miles. A line of islands —their number legion — shoot down from "Frobisher's Farthest" to the Kingaite coast.

At noon and afterward the weather was exceedingly beautiful, and the water as smooth as a mirror. Kingaite side was showing itself in varying tints of blue, its even mountain range covered with snow, throwing a distinct shadow across the surface of the bay. The sun was warm, and yet casting a subdued light on all around. The rocks and mountains upon our right were bare, and of a red hue, while far to the south-east were the eternal snows of the Grinnell glacier.

We encamped,* as before, among the friendly Innuits who had accompanied us, and on the next morning (August 23d), at an early hour, I went by myself for a walk among the hills. Mountains near the coast on that side of the bay had disappeared, the land being comparatively low and covered with verdure. I was delighted to find this such a beautiful country; the waters of the bay were teeming with animal life, and I thought that here was indeed the place to found a colony, if anyone should ever renew the attempt in which Frobisher failed.

Before I came back from my walk I perceived the camp-fires sending up their clouds of smoke, and I was soon after partaking of a hearty breakfast, cooked and served in Innuit fashion. Abundance was now the rule. Seals and blubber were so plentiful that quantities were left behind at our encampment. Even whole seals, with the exception of the skins, were frequently abandoned. Thus these children of the icy North live—one day starving, and the next having so much food that they care not to carry it away.

We started at 10 A.M. and passed in sight of more low land, some of which was covered with grass. Seals and ducks were so numerous that it was almost an incessant hunt —more from habit, on the part of the natives, than from necessity. The signs of reindeer being in the neighbourhood were such that the males of my boat's crew landed to seek

* Our eleventh encampment was in lat. 63° 38′ N. long. 68° 10′ W.

them. Some of the Innuits of the other boat had done the same, and frequent reports of fire-arms gave evidence that the game was in view. Presently Koojesse returned, having killed one of the largest of the deer, and after some trouble we got some portions of it on board—saddle, skin, hoofs, horns, and skull. My boat soon after carried at her bow not only the American flag, but also the noble antlers of the deer. I felt at home, with the flag of my country as my companion and inspiring theme.

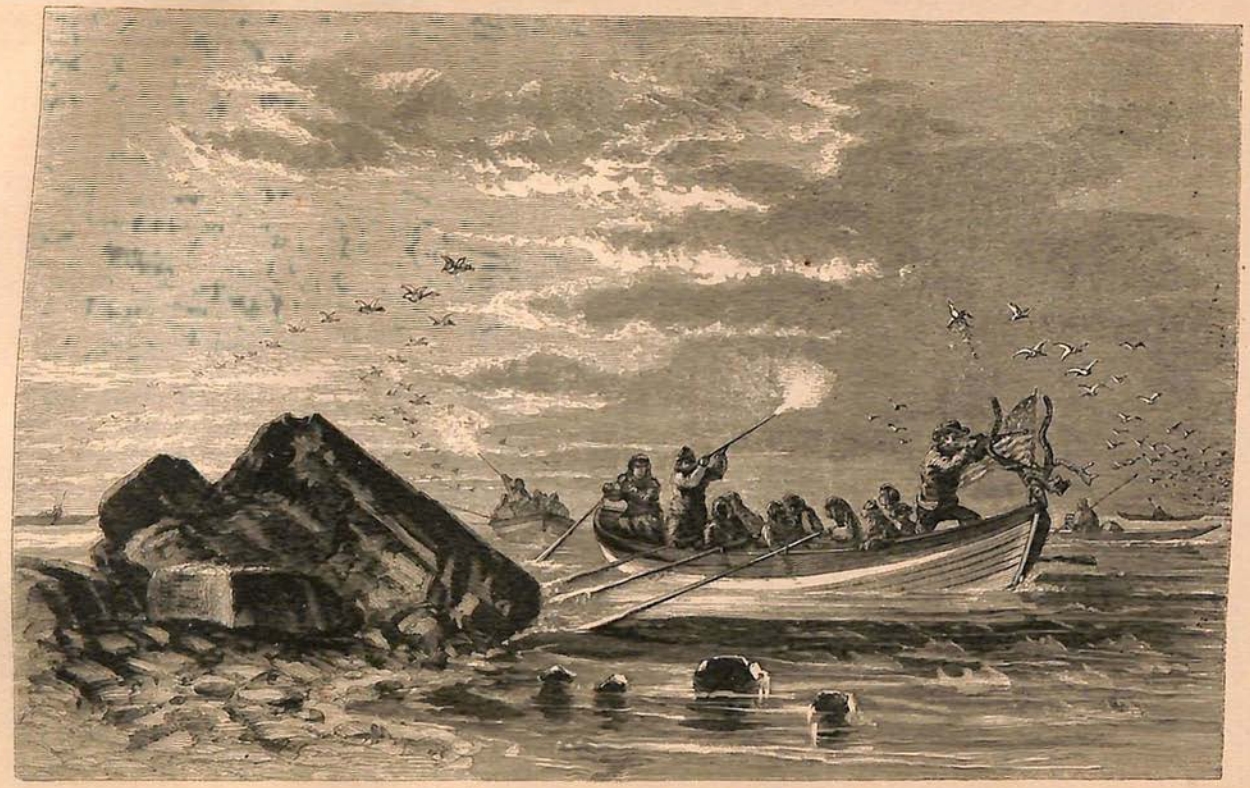
Early in the day, before the shooting of the reindeer, I heard what seemed to be the roar of a cataract, and perceived that we must be approaching some large river. Presently I was astonished by Suzhi saying to me, "*Tar-ri-o nar-me*" (this is not sea-water). She then took a tin cup, reached over the boat's side, dipped up some of the water, and gave it to me, after first drinking some herself, to show me that it was good. I drank, and found it quite fresh. It was clear that the river was of considerable size, or it could not throw out such a volume of fresh water to a considerable distance from its mouth against a tide coming in.

After a while we came to an estuary where the waters were alive with salmon. My Innuit crew were in ecstasies, and I too was greatly rejoiced.

On a point of land at the mouth of this fine river we pitched our tents,* and away went the men for another hunt. They were out all night, and on the next morning, August 24th, returned with two more deer. This, with what had been shot on the previous day, made our list of game four reindeer, besides several seals and sea-birds. We might have had more, but the Innuits were now indifferent to everything but the larger sort.

While at this, our twelfth encampment, there was quite an excitement occasioned among the Innuits by chasing a "rat."

* Our twelfth encampment was in lat. 63° 43′ 30″, long. 68° 25′. It was on the west side of Sylvia Grinnell River, on a narrow strip of land called *Tu-nu-zhoon*, the south extreme of which is *Ag-lc-e-toon*, which I named Tyler Davidson Point, after Tyler Davidson, of Cincinnati, Ohio.



ESTUARY OF SYLVIA GRINNEL RIVER, FROBISHER BAY

There they were, when I went out of my tent, with clubs and stones, ready for battle with the little animal. But lo! in a few moments the rat proved to be a leming—an arctic mouse. It was hunted out of its hiding-place and speedily killed. Shortly after another one was seen, chased, and killed in like manner. Both of them had very fine fur, and two of the Innuit women skinned the pretty little animals for me. I asked Tweroong if her people ever ate such creatures. With a very wry face, she replied in broken English, "*Smalley*" (little, or seldom).

While we stayed here, Tweroong employed herself in my tupic drawing, with remarkable skill, a rough outline of Frobisher Bay, Resolution Island, and other islands about it, and the north shore of Hudson's Strait. Too-loo-ka-ah also sketched the coast above and below Sekoselar. Every half minute he would punch me with a pencil I had given him, so that I might pay attention to the Innuit names of places. As soon as he had sketched an island, bay, or cape, he would stop, and wait until I had correctly written down the name. At first he was very loth to make the attempt at drawing a map, but the inducement I held out—some tobacco—succeeded, and, for the first time in his life, he put pencil to paper. His sketch was really good, and I have preserved it, together with Tweroong's, to the present time.

The whole of this day, August 24th, and the following day, were passed at the same encampment. All the Innuit men went out hunting, and killed an abundance of game, now valued not for food, of which there was plenty, but for the skins, of which there was very soon quite a large stock on hand. The women were employed in dressing these skins,* and in such other work as always fell to their lot. I was engaged in my observations and in making notes. The weather was delightful, and the scenery around fine. But as I am now writing of that period when I was able to determine the

* The skins of the reindeer killed in August and September are valued above others, for the reason that winter dresses can be made only of them. At the time mentioned they are covered with long, thick, and firmly-set hair.

question as to Frobisher "Strait" or Bay, I copy my diary as written on the spot.

"*August 25th*, 1861, 3.30 A.M.—Another and another is added to the number of beautiful days we've had since starting on this expedition. Can it be that such fine weather is here generally prevailing, while bad weather everywhere else north is the ruling characteristic?

"This certainly is a fact, that here, at the head of Frobisher Bay, a milder climate prevails than at Field Bay and elsewhere, or the luxuriant vegetation that is around here could not be. The grass plain, the grass-clothed hills, are abundant proof of this. I never saw in the States, unless the exception be of the prairies of the West, more luxuriant grasses on uncultivated lands than are here around, under me. There is no mistake in this statement, that pasture-land here, for stock, cannot be excelled by any anywhere, unless it be cultivated, or found, as already excepted, in the great West.*

"How is it with the land animals here? They are fat—'fat as butter.' The paunch of the reindeer killed by Koojesse was filled to its utmost capacity with grasses, mosses, and leaves of the various plants that abound here. The animal was very fat, his rump lined with tood-noo (reindeer tallow), which goes much better with me than butter. Superior indeed is it, as sweet, golden butter is to lard. The venison is very tender, almost falling to pieces as you attempt to lift a steak by its edge. So it is with all the tuktoo that have as yet been killed here. Rabbits are in fine condition. Not only are they so now, but they must be nearly in as good order here in winter, for God hath given them the means to make their way through the garb of white, with which He clothes the earth here, for their subsistence.

"Koodloo returned this morning with the skins and tood-

* To a person going to the arctic regions direct from the pasture-land of the Middle States, this passage of my diary would naturally seem too strong; but when one has been for a year continually among ice, snow, and rugged rocks, as was the case with me, the sight of a grassy plain and green-clad hills could hardly fail to startle him into enthusiastic expression.

noo of three reindeer, which he has killed since his leaving the boat on Friday noon. In all, our party of hunters have killed eleven reindeer, but very little of the venison has been saved—simply the skins and tood-noo. . . . . This afternoon the wife of Jack has been ankooting sick Tweroong. The sun set to-night fine. I never saw more beautiful days and nights than here—the sky with all the mellow tints that a poet could conceive. The moon and aurora now make the nights glorious.

"*Monday, August 26th.*—This morning not a cloud to be seen. Puto visited me, the kodluna infant at her back. I made her some little presents—pipe, beads, file, and knife, and a small piece of one of the adjuncts of civilization—soap. Somehow I thought it possible that I had made an error of one day in keeping run of the days of the month, but the lunar and solar distances of yesterday have satisfied me that I was correct. I started on a walk up the hills. I came to an Innuit monument, and many relics of former inhabitants—three earth excavations, made when the Innuits built their houses in the ground. I now see a company of eight wolves across the river, howling and running around the rocks—howling just like the Innuit dogs. Now beside a noble river. Its waters are pure as crystal. From this river I have taken a draught on eating by its banks American cheese and American bread. The American flag floats *flauntingly* over it as the music of its waters seems to be 'Yankee Doodle.' I see not why this river should not have an American name. Its waters are an emblem of purity. I know of no fitter name to bestow upon it than that of the daughter of my generous, esteemed friend, Henry Grinnell. I therefore, with the flag of my country in one hand, my other in the limpid stream, denominate it 'Sylvia Grinnell River.'

"For the first half mile from the sea proper it runs quietly. The next quarter of a mile it falls perhaps fifteen feet, running violently over rocks. The next mile up it is on a level; then come falls again of ten feet in one fifth of a mile; and thence (up again) its course is meandering through low level land.

From the appearance of its banks, there are times when the stream is five times the size of the present. Probably in July this annually occurs. The banks are of boulders the first two miles up; thence, in some cases, boulders and grass. Two miles up from where it enters the sea, on the east side, is the neck of a plain, which grows wider and wider as it extends back. It looks from the point where I am as if it were of scores and scores of acres. Thence, on the east side, as far as I can see, there is a ridge of mountains. On the west side of the river, a plain of a quarter to half a mile wide. This is a great salmon river, and so known in this country among the Innuits. At our encampment I picked up the vertebræ of a salmon, the same measuring twenty-one inches, and a piece of the tail gone at that.

"On returning from my ramble this afternoon up Sylvia Grinnell River, saw the wolves again on the other side. They have been howling and barking—Innuit dog-like—all day. I hear them now filling the air with their noise, making a pandemonium of this beautiful place. I now await the return of Koojesse, Kooperneung, and Koodloo, when I hope to have them accompany me with the boat into every bay and to every island in these head-waters of the heretofore called 'Frobisher Strait.'

"The hunting-party has not yet returned; possibly it may continue absent a week. When these Innuits go out in this way they make no preparations, carry no tupic or extra clothing with them. The nights now are indeed cold; near and at the middle of the day, and for four hours after, the sun is hot. This afternoon I started with my coat on, but, getting to the top of the hill, I took it off and left it.

"*August 27th.*—A splendid sun and a calm air this day. To-morrow I hope to be off, even if Koojesse and party are not back, looking here and there, and taking notes of the country; I can *man* a boat with the Innuit *ladies* here if I can do no better. Puto came in with her infant on her back, and in her hand a dish of luscious berries that she had picked this afternoon, presenting the same to me. Of course

I gave her some needles and a plug of tobacco in return. The berries are of various kinds, among which are blueberries—called by the Innuits *Ki-o-tung-nung*—and *puong-nung*, a small round black berry that has the appearance, but not the taste, of the blueberry.

"This evening, while in the tupic doing up my writing for the day, I was visited by several of the Innuits, among whom were Suzhi and Ninguarping, both well acquainted with this part of the country. I tried to get the former, when she first called, to sketch me Kingaite side of Frobisher Bay, as well as the coast about here; but she, having never used the pencil, felt reluctant to attempt its use, so she called loudly for Ninguarping, who soon came running with all haste to answer to her call. She told him what I wanted, and that he must assist her. I gave him paper and pencil, and he proceeded, giving me very good ideas of the Kingaite side.

"The night is glorious! The sun left the sky in crimson, purple, and all the varied shades that go to make up one of God's beautiful pictures in these regions. The moon now walks up the starry course in majesty and beauty, and the aurora dances in the southern sky.

"*Wednesday, August 28th.*—Another day of beautiful, glorious weather. Jack called on me early this morning, presenting me with two reindeer tongues. Last evening I received another bountiful present from an Innuit of ripe poung-nung. They taste very much like wild cherries. But what carries me nearest home is the blueberry, it is so like in looks and taste to what we have. Ninguarping and Jack brought me in this afternoon a present of two fine salmon, each measuring twenty inches in length. The Innuits call large salmon *Ek-er-loo*; small salmon, *Ek-er-loo-ung*. Salmon are caught by the Innuits with a hook affixed upon a stick, which answers for a handle. They are also caught by spearing them with a peculiar instrument which the Innuits manufacture for themselves.*

* There is a third method of catching salmon much practised: a kind of trap, called *tin-ne-je-ving* (ebb-tide fish trap), is made by inclosing a small

"On the return of the party, the seal which Kooperneung shot coming in was made the subject of a feast. He (Kooperneung) went around and invited all the men Innuits here, who soon came, each with seal-knife in hand. They squatted around the seal, and opened him up. A huge piece of toodnoo (tuktoo tallow) in one hand, and seal liver in the other, I did justice to the same and to myself. The Innuits and myself through, the ladies took our places. They are now feasting on the abundance left. Seal is the standing dish of provision among the Innuits. *They never tire of it;* while for tuktoo, Ninoo, ducks, salmon, &c. they soon find all relish gone.

"Too-loo-ka-ah shot his deer with Koojesse's gun. He usually uses only bow and arrows, the same being in universal use among the Innuits on the north side of Hudson's Strait. This evening I got Toolookaah to try his skill in using these instruments—bow and arrow—in making a mark of my felt hat one hundred feet off. The arrow shot from his bow with almost the speed of a rifle-ball. The aim was a trifle under. He missed 'felt,' and lost his arrow, which is no small matter. Its force buried it in the ground, covered by the luxuriant grass, and all our long search proved unsuccessful. The arrow is made with great pains, pointed with iron, spear-shaped."

space with a low wall, which is covered at high tide and dry at low water. The salmon go into the pen over the wall, but are left by the receding tide till it is too low to return the same way, and they thus become an easy prey.

CHAPTER VII.

Peale Point—Bishop's Island—Land on Kingaite—A new Country—Night at the Camp—Sunlight on the Mountains—Talk with sick Tweroong—The Bible—Innuit Ideas of Heaven and Hell—Foggy Day—Aggoun—Not a Tuktoo, but a Goose—Vexatious Delays—A Day of Trials and Discoveries—Arrive at West side Head of Frobisher Bay—Jordan's River—Hazard's Banks—Explore the New Land—Beautiful Cascade—Brent Geese—Silliman's Fossil Mount—Romantic Pass, the Great Gateway—A White Whale—An Innuit's ill Humour—His savage Attack on his Wife—Another Walk to the Falls—Start on Excursion to the Great Gateway—Arctic Owl—Fossils—Author sick—Kind Attention of Tweroong—Dish of Salmon—Laughable Incident—Koomuk and Pepper—Visit to Silliman's Fossil Mount.

It was on Thursday morning, August 29th, 1861, when we made preparations to leave our twelfth encampment to cross over to the westward to Kingaite, along the head of the Bay of Frobisher. Before I proceed with my narrative, let me bring forward an extract from my journal written the evening previous:—

"Indeed we are in a land and by waters of plenty. I am constantly overwhelmed with presents of the very best of choice eating—tuktoo tongues, toodnoo, venison, ducks, seals, and salmon. Kooperneung this moment (8 P.M.) comes in, saying that Koojesse is near by. *Now for the trip across the head of Frobisher Bay to Kingaite side.* . . . 8·30 P.M. Koojesse has just arrived; brought four tuktoo skins, showing that he has killed as many reindeer. What a pity that such excellent meat as venison should be abandoned! He has seen nothing of Koodloo, who still remains out. The weather continues fine, and indications are every way favourable of its continuance."

Thursday morning Koodloo had not returned from his prolonged tuktoo hunt. Arrangements having been previously made with him that, in case he returned and found us gone,

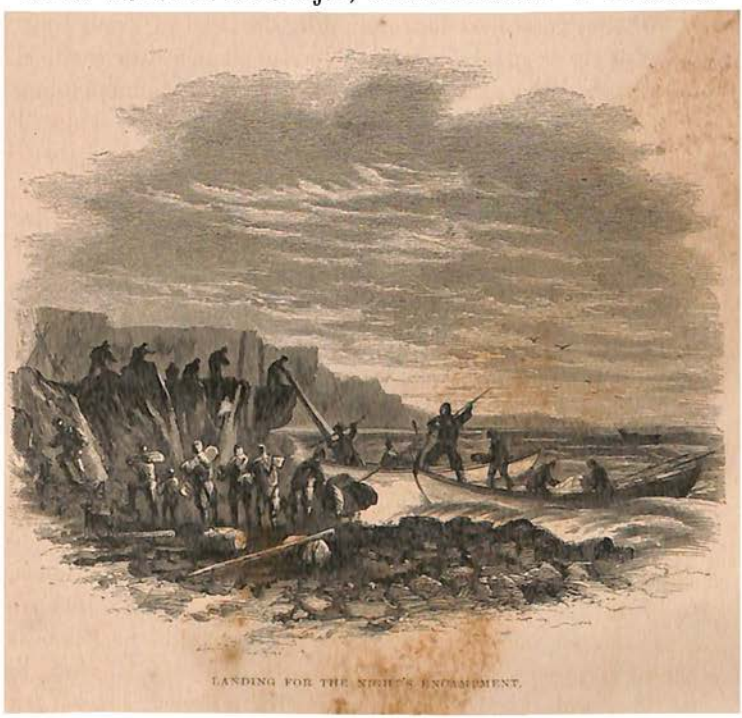
he should make his way over the land terminating Frobisher Bay to Kingaite, where he would find us, we decided to strike tupics, pack boats, and push on. At 10·30 A.M. the two boats and two kias were under way, our course nearly due west, to a point of land called by the natives *Kou-mark-bing*—named by me Peale Point*—that shoots down abruptly some three miles from the most northerly extreme of Frobisher Bay.

We soon passed an indentation in the coast of about three miles, at the head of which was a grassy plain, a little inclined from the water's edge to the hills that flank it, and extending back for about a mile. As we approached Peale Point I found it fringed with many islets, and, on arriving there, landed for making meridional observations. Peale Point consists of rugged rocks, which, though not of great height, are yet considerably more elevated than any part of the land at the head proper of Frobisher Bay. Here we found on the sandy beach large and remarkable time-worn boulders, nearly white, and numerous tuktoo tracks. I noticed, also, the usual signs of Innuit encampments, such as circles of stones, bones of various animals, &c. On reaching the lower group of islands near the cape, Koojesse, who was in his kia, came alongside. I asked him, "*Nou-ti-ma?*"—where now? He pointed toward a long island out of our regular course across the bay. I told him I wished and expected to go direct to the opposite side from our last encampment—to go to *Ag-goun*, the west side of the head of the bay. He replied that we could not get there, as the tide would be too low for the boat before arriving. I thought differently, and said I wished to go there and spend a day or two. He, however, seemed not disposed to please me, and remarked that I could see the whole head of the bay from the point where he desired to go. I answered that this would not do; *I must go where I wanted to.* If he wished to visit the point named, well and good; he might go there and spend the night, but on the morrow I must have him and the others proceed with me in the direc-

* Named after Washington Peale, of New York City. It is in lat. 63° 43′ 30″ N. long. 68° 33′ W.

tion I wished. He agreed to this, though evidently considering it useless, so long as I could see the termination of the bay.

According to my original purpose, I thought it well to attempt to go back by the Kingaite side, that is, opposite to my upward route. At all events I would endeavour to get as far as the island Kikitukjua, Gabriel's Island* of Frobisher



LANDING FOR THE NIGHT'S ENCAMPMENT.

which is not far from the locality where "Sampson" and his people were located during my visit to them in the previous winter. It is true that I had intended to revisit the coast on that side; but still enough had been done, with sufficient accuracy, for the civilized world to gain a knowledge of the general situation of Frobisher Bay. At least, the opinion

* The centre of Gabriel's Island is in lat. 62° 51′ N. long. 66° 22′ W.— *Vide* Chart.

that these waters are a strait ought not any longer to be entertained.

At 4 P.M. having made a distance of six miles from Peale's Point on a course S. 40° W. true, we entered a channel, with Kingaite on our right and Bishop's Island* at our left. The coast on each side was steep, but in many places covered with grass and the usual vegetation to be found here in the North. The entrance to this channel was about half a mile wide; but, on making a quarter of a mile, it brought us into a harbour that appeared to be a fine one, not less than two and a half miles in diameter. Thence we passed on a course nearly south to the west side of the harbour, where we landed, and there made our thirteenth encampment† on Kingaite.

Throughout this day, on approaching the islands or main land, I noticed that the water seemed very shallow, and it was certain that no large-sized ships could attempt to reach the head of Frobisher Bay with any degree of safety.

Before arriving at the place of our encampment, I saw the tupics of our other Innuit friends and the curling smoke of their fires. As I landed Koodloo greeted us. He had just come in from his hunt, having shot and secured skins and toodnoo of four deer. This made *thirteen* that my three men had killed within four days. On making up to our intended encampment, all hands commenced unloading the boat, the females, as was customary, acting as pack-horses in conveying everything up the steep rocks beyond reach of the tide; then they selected a convenient spot and erected the tupics.

A few moments after our arrival, with the "stars and stripes" of my country in one hand and my spyglass in the other, I made my way to the crest of a high hill in the rear of our encampment. Before starting, the sun was down—to us; but, as I reached the summit, his glorious rays burst upon me.

* Thus named after R. M. Bishop, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The centre of this island, which bounds the north and eastern side of the harbour of the thirteenth encampment, is in lat. 63° 37′ N. long. 68° 35′ W.

† Our thirteenth encampment was in lat. 63° 36′ N. long. 68° 43′ W.

And how glad was my heart as I planted the flag of America upon that mountain-top, and beheld it fluttering to the breezes of heaven in the sun's light. The red, white, and blue—the argent stars—seemed gifted with a speaking spirit that said, "God hath ever blessed, and ever will bless this emblem of freedom and power!" Yes, said I, mentally, that banner now floats where white man never stood before. The American flag precedes all others in proclaiming that this is the inceptive moment when civilization, with all its attendant virtues, makes hither its advance.

RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

How soul-inspiring was the scene before me as, drinking in the sweets presented to my eyes, I wended my way from one mountain-top to another. It was night when I got back to our encampment, and I was immediately greeted with two welcome presents of *blueberries*. Tweroong brought hers in a gold-banded *china* saucer. And a most strange sight it was, here amid the gray old rocks, and among this iron people, to see such an emblem of civilization as a *tea-saucer*. It was brim full of ripe, luscious berries, which were then very abundant.

As I descended from the mountains I saw that the white

clouds were kissing their tops. I knew this was an omen of bad weather. A thick fog soon settled, and this, on the following day, August 30th, turned into cold and wet, confining me the whole time to our tent. During the day Puto was in our tupic cutting out a jacket for Kooperneung's wife. The skins were of a kind of seals called by the natives *kus-se-gear*, which has softer hair than some other species, and visits salt and fresh water alike. These skins being beautifully mottled and glossy, make fine-looking dresses, and are much prized by the Innuits. Koomuk, wife of Toolookaah, both of Sekoselar, brought me a huge reindeer tongue. In return I gave her some beads, which greatly delighted her. Tweroong was there at the time, and I asked her what she had done with the beads I had recently presented her. Her reply was that she had given them to the angeko for his services in her sickness. As she was a truly generous, kind-hearted woman, I selected a few more and gave them to her, and in returning the remainder to a little tin case, in which I kept my journal, observation books, and a few other precious things, my eye rested on the Bible. I took it out and held it up before the women, saying, "This talks to me about *Kood-le-par-mi-ung* (heaven)."

If a flash of lightning had come down into the tupic with all its blaze it could not have had a more sudden effect than what I said and showed to them. At first they looked affrighted, but the next instant smiles of great joy appeared upon their countenances. I never shall forget that moment. Tweroong was sitting by my side on some furs spread upon the ground, making a sketch for me of the coast on the north side of Hudson's Strait, while Koomuk was lying on the grass by the tent door, with her head inside, facing us. On the instant that I said the Bible talked to me of heaven they both sprang up, apparently banishing all thought of everything else from their minds, and expressed a wish that I should *talk* to them about what it said to me. My imperfect knowledge of their language, however, precluded me from telling them much that it did say. Neither could I do more, when Tweroong

asked me if it talked about *Ad-le-par-me-un*, pointing down, than to answer in the affirmative, bringing forth more surprise from them. I need hardly say how much I longed to possess the power of communicating to them the truthful beauties of our Christian faith; of dwelling upon its heavenly Founder, and of telling them of God. Perchance the day may yet come when these people shall no longer be without some one who can do so.

On Saturday, August 31st, the weather was thick and foggy. In the morning I had a good wash with snow—not snow of this season, however. What its age was I know not; perhaps it belonged to many winters ago; but, notwithstanding, it was fresh and white, and it gave me clean, cool hands and face, which is a luxury in the North as well as in any other place. By the side of this friendly snow-drift was abundant vegetation, green and fruitful, and blueberries all around. I picked some with rather cold, stiff fingers, and made a capital feast. I had not found any place where there was a greater variety of vegetable growth within the same space. In a little spot, not over four feet square, one could count more than fifty different kinds of vegetation. Mosses, grasses, berry-bushes, flowers, willows, and many other plants, could be enumerated as abounding in that little plot. But all these were quite diminutive; for instance, the blueberry-bushes were only from an inch to two inches in height.

On this day I made arrangements with Miner and Koojesse for the whole company in the boats and kias to return by the Kingaite side. It was agreed that we should proceed first to *Aggoun*—the Innuit name of the west side of the head of Frobisher Bay—and thence return and follow down the coast of Kingaite. The chief reason for my making such an arrangement was that, by having *two* boats, should a mishap occur to one, the other would be our "*Rescue*."

We started from our thirteenth encampment in the afternoon, leaving behind two of the Innuit tents erect, and some sundries, to be called for on our return from Aggoun. Our course was direct for the northwest end of Bishop's Island,

upon which I landed. From its top the whole head of Frobisher Bay, from Sylvia Grinnell River, north-east side, to Aggoun, west side, was in view. It is fourteen nautical miles across. The termination is not by deep bays or fiords, but by slight indentations, the greatest not exceeding three miles. Bishop's Island was well covered with vegetation, especially with reindeer moss, the ground, in many parts, being quite carpeted with it.

As we descended the side-hill leading to the boat, I found the women busily engaged with their cups in blueberry picking, pulling them now and then by the handful, the berries were so large and abundant. Before long the party came on board, bringing with them quarts of the luscious fruit, with which they entertained us very agreeably, the whole scene carrying me back at once among the friends of my youth.

Innuits will always be Innuits. When we left our thirteenth encampment, one of them had gone off with his kia to an island to hunt some tuktoo, which had been seen two hours before. A part of the company had been left with the other boat to await the return of the deer-hunter, while the rest of us went on slowly, stopping at Bishop's Island, as above related. We had but just re-embarked, when Koojesse, looking through his spyglass back toward the encampment, announced that the other party had a tuktoo in the water—a live tuktoo! This fired every Innuit; all the powers of reason could not keep them from going to see the fun; and so about we went, and in a moment they were all pulling back as for dear life. The sequel was more amusing and satisfactory to me than to my Innuits. When they came near enough to see their *live tuktoo*, it turned out to be only a *goose!*

After sundry other vexatious delays of a similar nature we were fairly under way, and the scene was for a time pretty indeed. The boats were alongside of each other. The Innuit women were at the oars. In the jacket-hood of Puto was her child, the constant, measured rock of the body in pulling the oar being equal for sleep-giving to any patent Yankee cradle ever invented. The gilt head-bands of the ladies glittered

and flashed, and the whole picture was peculiar and charming.

At about 6 P.M. we stopped for our fourteenth encampment,* the fog shutting us out from all view except of the coast on our left. The place where we encamped was on the Kingaite side of Frobisher Bay, at the base of a long straight bank of sand and shingle, from thirty-five to forty feet high, the top being a grassy slope which extended back some three hundred fathoms to the mountains.

"*September* 1*st*, 1861.—A day of trials and discovery. At last I am where I have long desired to be. *From my own vision, 'Frobisher's Strait' is a myth.* It only exists in the minds of the civilized world—*not in fact.*

"I find this side still more interesting than the other. Here, at the west extreme, are far more extensive plains of grassy land than elsewhere. Koojesse has this moment passed to my hands what I think will prove to be rare geological specimens—fossils."[10]

But let me give the day's occurrences in a methodical form; for I wrote the above, and much more, in my diary while sitting on the rocks that are at the head of Frobisher Bay, after several hours' severe labour.

The morning commenced thick and foggy, with occasional glimpses of finer weather. I ascended to the plain in the rear of the fourteenth encampment, at the top of the sand and shingle bank, and saw much vegetation, with numerous signs of reindeer in the neighbourhood. Then I examined wherever I could; but my view was very limited, as numerous islands bounded the vision toward the bay. At low water frequent shoals are exposed, and even to navigate our boats thus far we had been obliged to wait for the tide at half flood.

When I desired to get under way, I found that Koojesse, without saying one word to me about it, had gone out on the mountain tuktoo hunting. Kooperneung had also taken Miner's kia, and had set out in advance after seals. Thus was I perpetually annoyed by the freaks and vagaries of this free

* Our fourteenth encampment was in lat. 63° 41′ N. long. 68° 48′ W.

and independent people. At last, however, at 1 P.M. we left our encampment and proceeded up the west side of the bay, toward its extreme head, called by the Innuits *Aggoun*.

I had a boat's crew of women; for Koodloo, who had frequently proved himself a lazy dog, sat in the bow with his oar peaked, leisurely reclining on his thwart. Having gone for some time in a northwesterly direction, I turned the boat toward the shore (Kingaite side), intending to land and visit a remarkable ridge of what seemed to be sand, stretching a mile or so along the coast. Before getting near the shore, though, I could see that the water was becoming very shallow, the bottom being of fine sand, and the boat soon grounded. As I could not make a landing, I concluded to push on, for I felt sure that we were very near the termination of Frobisher Bay. I reckoned without my host, however, in thinking to get on without trouble. The Innuits of my boat looked back to the craft of "Miner," and declared that the latter was making an encampment about a mile behind. I found the crew bent on going thither, but I was determined this should not be. I asked Suzhi, "*Noutima Aggoun?*"—where is Aggoun? She pointed to where Miner was. I knew this to be but a trick to get me back. I felt that I could manage women at least, and cried out *A-choot!*—pull ahead—returning a decided negative to their prayers to go back. With some difficulty I brought them to their working senses.

Finally we reached the estuary of a river—Jordan's River,* as I have named it—and, after crossing it, landed on its eastern side. We were then obliged to wade quite a distance to the shore proper through mud that was nearly knee deep. On a small grass-plat of Hazard's Banks† we made our fifteenth encampment.

Leaving the Innuits to unload the boat, I started off on a tramp of discovery, and continued my course up the river,

* Named after Daniel B. Jordan, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

† The land on the east side of the estuary of Jordan's River I have named after Charles S. Hazard, of New York City. Hazard's Banks are in lat. 63° 46′ N. long. 68° 52′ W.

which at first ran in a northwest direction, and then, for a short distance, more northerly. As I walked along, charmed with the prospect before me, I came across a skull, which I took up for the purpose of ascertaining from the Innuits to what animal it belonged. I afterwards found that it was that of a white whale. I saw around me, as I advanced, that vegetation was abundant, and signs of animal life were very numerous. As I rounded a rocky eminence by the river side, at a distance of a mile from where I had left the boat, a beautiful cascade, at the head of tide-water, was before me, and at its base a little sheet of water nearly covered with Brent geese.

From this point an extensive and picturesque scene burst upon my view. Before me were long and wide plains, meadows of grass, smoothly-sloping hills, and a range of mountains beyond, which, parting in one particular spot, formed, as it were, a natural gateway, that might almost lead, in fancy, to some fairy land beyond. At my left, across the river, was a ridge of white, which I afterward named Silliman's Fossil Mount,* and behind it the unbroken front of a line of mountains extending northwesterly to the opening which I have called the Great Gateway. On the other, or northern side, the mountains continued from this singular opening on by Frobisher Bay to the locality around Field Bay, far to the southwest and eastward. Flocks of little chirping birds greeted me at every turn, and nowyers and ducks were in numbers before my eye. Words cannot express my delight, in view of this scene, as I stood by the waterfall, beholding its white spray, and the clear, limpid stream of the river.

The fall is about twenty-five feet in three or four rods, and at no place over four feet descent at once. The river is not so large as the Sylvia Grinnell, and yet, though the season is evidently a dry one, much water flows along, and at certain portions of the year this stream must discharge a large

* Thus named after Benjamin Silliman, Jr. of New Haven, Conn. This fossil mount is on the west side of the termination of Frobisher Bay. It is in lat. 63° 44', long. 68° 56'.

quantity. The banks in some places are of fine sand, and in others, farther up, of ledges of rocks that are from fifty to sixty feet high. I wandered about for two hours, and then returned to our camp.

Miner's boat was out at the time, but I soon saw it approaching at great speed, its crew shouting lustily. In a moment I perceived the cause of their excitement. A white whale was swiftly making its way through the waters toward the main bay. The Innuits were after it, and their shouting voices made the neighbourhood ring again; but it escaped, and the boat came to our encampment, the occupants in no good humour. One of the men, Charley, clearly proved this. His wife was helping to unload the boat, and had to walk through deep mud with a heavy load upon her shoulder. Suddenly, for some unknown cause, Charley, with great force, threw his seal-hook directly at her. It caught in her jacket. Turning round, she *calmly* took it out, and then walked on again. It was a cruel act of the man, but these Innuits always summarily punish their wives for any real or imaginary offence. They seize the first thing at hand—a stone, knife, hatchet, or spear—and throw it at the offending woman, just as they would at their dogs.

Two of our party were still absent. Koojesse, however, made his appearance on the opposite side of the river, and it was necessary to send the kia to fetch him off. Now a kia has but one hole in its covering for the person who uses it; therefore, if a second person is to be carried anywhere, he or she must take a position directly behind the other occupant, lying flat on the face, perfectly straight and still. It was in this manner that Koojesse, and afterward Toolookaah, were brought off.

I had another walk up to the falls, and again the scene appeared to me as one of the most beautiful I had ever beheld. I felt like those old Icelanders who visited the regions west of them, and, because of more verdure seen than in their own country, exclaimed, "This is Greenland!" In the present case, my feeling was that no more appropriate name could be

given to the district before me than "Greenwood's Land," in honour of Miles Greenwood, of Cincinnati, Ohio. I think no one, not even an English geographer, will question my right to name this land. At the head of Frobisher Bay—now positively determined to be such, and no longer a "strait"—exists this beautiful and fertile district, and I considered the name of Greenwood to be especially appropriate.

On the morning of September 2d, after breakfast, reindeer were seen on the plain across the river, and immediate chase was given by some of our hunters. Two were speedily captured, and all hands soon began the task of skinning the animals and preparing food. While the people were thus occupied, I started, accompanied by Tunukderlien and Toolookaah, for an excursion inland toward the Great Gateway. We arrived at a place opposite the falls, and there, seated on the green carpet of nature, the woman commenced sewing, while I occupied myself with my journal. Koojesse, who was to go with me, shortly arrived, crossing the river to us by fearful leaps from rock to rock over the rushing stream. Soon after, Toolookaah—who had gone across the river to a feast at the place where the reindeer were killed—rejoined us, and we again proceeded on our exploring trip; but in a short time rain fell, and we had to take shelter under a huge boulder rock, distant from the tupics six miles. Finally, as a heavy storm set in, spoiling my excursion for the day, we returned to the encampment. During our journey a white owl was seen; also partridges and other wild game. Several rare specimens of fossils were also picked up, and in every direction I found abundant evidence of a region fertile to the explorer.

The two reindeer shot this morning were mother and young. The latter was fired at first. The parent then hastened to her offspring, and this enabled the shrewd Innuits to kill the doe. It is the general custom among this people, in chasing the deer, to kill the fawn first; then it is rare indeed that the mother is not also secured.

For some time past I had been suffering from painful boils,

and the morning of September 3d found me quite ill, and confined to my fur bed inside the tupic. I felt no inclination to eat until the kind-hearted Tweroong came in, with her pretty china tea-saucer full of golden salmon, smoking hot. The very sight of it made me better. It was delicious, and seemed to fairly melt in my mouth. It did me much good, and I could not help thinking of my present situation as contrasted with that of other civilized men. There, alone, among a people termed "unenlightened, savages, and degraded beings"—away by myself in a newly-discovered region, that is, in a district previously untrodden by my own white race—confined by sickness within a shelter that scarcely protects from rain and wind—everything dripping wet—suffering from the pain of my body, and having no person to procure me what I might want, I am unexpectedly visited by a woman of the land, bearing in her hand a beautiful emblem of civilization filled with the most dainty dish—boiled salmon—fresh from the river I had just discovered. Truly woman—a good woman—is an angel wherever she is. The vision of Tweroong will long live in my memory. God bless the kind-hearted Innuit for her thoughtfulness, and her care of the white-man stranger in her own wonderful land.

During the day Koojesse was using in his soup some pepper which I had brought with me as a condiment. Koomuk desired to taste it, and Koojesse at once gratified her wish. He sifted some into her open hand, and she immediately lapped it up in one dose. The next moment all the contortions, grimaces, jumping, and spitting that could be imagined followed. The woman seemed as if struck with sudden madness, and, when once more calm, declared that nothing should ever induce her to put such vile stuff in her mouth again. An hour later, Toolookaah, Koomuk's *wing-a* (husband), was served in a similar way. He came into the tent, and, seeing that something from my well-seasoned dish was still left, he desired to have it. What he thus coveted was merely salt and pepper, articles to him unknown. He, thinking it to be a delicacy of the white man's, licked it all up in quick time. The

result may be imagined. Though myself sick, I could not control my laughter, in which "Miner" and the other Innuits joined on beholding the poor man's terror and dismay, added to the most comical contortions of his countenance. In Koomuk's case she had only pepper, but Toolookaah had a double dose—pepper and salt—and he suffered accordingly.

The next day, September 4th, I was still confined to my tent by sickness. The abscess on my shoulder had become so painful that every remedy in my power to apply was resorted to. At length a salve formed of reindeer tallow gave me some relief. During this time every kind attention was paid to me by the Innuit women, especially Tweroong, who frequently brought various cooked dishes to tempt my poor appetite. Oh, woman! thou, indeed, canst rob pain of its sting, and plant refreshing flowers in its place. Thy mission is a glorious one. Even among the rudest tribes of the earth thy softening hand and kindly heart are found. No land, however distant, however repulsive, limits thy noble deeds. Thy words may be few, but they are musical to one sick in body or wearied in mind; thy good works may be silently done, but they are lasting and immeasurable.

A very high tide occurred on the morning of September 5th. The weather was pleasanter, but many signs were manifest which urged me to return to the ship. The Kingaite mountains were topped with white, and the cold was sensibly felt in the night time; but my sick state still prevented me from moving out on any land excursion, as I wished. The same morning "Miner," with his wife and crew, left for the place of our thirteenth encampment.

I here bring forward a few extracts from my journal:—

"*Thursday, September 5th.*—. . . To-morrow we leave our fifteenth encampment for the place of the thirteenth. There I shall find my good-souled Innuit friend Tweroong, who will prepare me something good. I do not like to leave here till I have done more work; but I must go, sick as I am.

"The weather now indicates a favourable change. The

evening is pleasant. I pray God to bless me with restored health.

"This evening, at high tide, I and Koojesse were going to take the boat and ferry the river, that I might visit the remarkable phenomenón of these regions—the Sand Mount; but I have sent for him to come to my tupic, saying I could not go—was not able, indeed.

"The snow that fell last night, and which whitened the mountains of Kingaite this morning, has disappeared during the day.

"*Friday, September 6th.*—Another terrible night of struggle with pains. When shall I be well again? The fine weather of to-day has been of some benefit. God be praised.

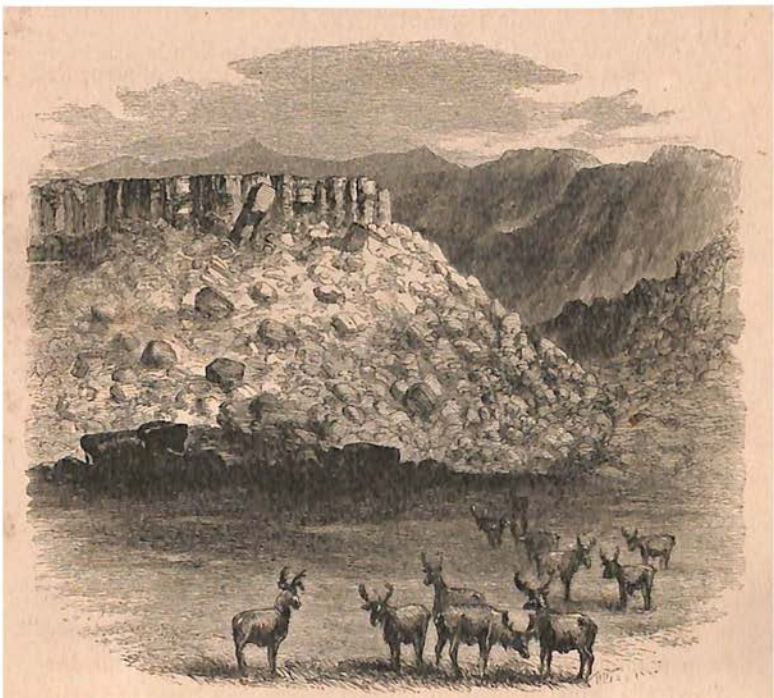
"This morning, at an early hour, I was up. I might as well have been up all night; for, though down on a soft tuktoo bed, and dry, yet I could get no sweet sleep.

"When the tide was up sufficient to set the boat afloat, I got Koojesse and Koodloo to ferry me across the river, that I might visit the peculiar sight which had been constantly staring me in my face during my five days' stop at the fifteenth encampment. I visited that phenomenon; I mounted it, and went around it also. It is a mount of marine fossils in limestone, half a mile long, and over a hundred feet high. It presents something of the appearance given in the engraving opposite, the long line of Kingaite mountains behind stretching away to the Gateway north-west.

. . . "The débris of the fossils begins at or near the top of the mount, falling at such an angle as broken stone from a mountain always makes—an inclination of about 40°. Above the talus, or heap of broken stones, is a mass of fossils in limestone, strata-like. A smaller mount* of the same character is close by, but all in débris. It seems to have been divided from the main by the rushing down of waters from the mountains behind. A small stream comes down the mountains, passes along, and finally makes its way out

* The small mount referred to is not represented in the illustration, but is to the right, or north-west of the main one.

between the two fossil mounts. This is also indicated in the course of this stream, as an acre or more of the plain is covered several feet in depth with the washed-down débris of fossils. I picked up several specimens, and have them with me. The top of Silliman's Fossil Mount is covered with boulders and grass. Even when close to the small mount it looks like sand, but on examination it is fine broken limestone and fossils.



SILLIMAN'S FOSSIL MOUNT.

"Having spent two hours on and around this interesting mount, I made my way over the plain of grass between said mount and the river, and cried to those at the fifteenth encampment. Soon Koodloo, with two of the lady portion of the crew, put out after me. I had my arms and pockets full of specimens, and a hard, weak, weary time did I have of it.

"I had thought to cut in stone, somewhere near the fifteenth encampment, my name, or something to indicate my visit here (to the head of the Bay of Frobisher), but I had not the tools to do it with. This thought occurred to me on the idea that some of civilization who may yet make a voyage here might have this proof that I had preceded him or them.

"But the description of the river, the falls, the fossil mount, the miles of exposed bottom at low tide, will answer as well. What better proof do I want?

"When we got back to the encampment the tide had begun to fall. This indicated that, if we would get away to-day, we must make haste. The tupics I found all struck, and everything ready for departure. I made the observations which commence this day's record, and then we were ready for our homeward voyage by way of Kingaite side. What deep regrets thus to depart from this interesting land that I have denominated Greenwood's Land!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Greenwood's Land—Numerous Rocks—Furious Tides—Narrow Escape—Preservation Island—Beginning of Winter—Ice Forming—Visit the principal Islands at Head of the Bay—Koojesse a skilful Boatman—Nearly wrecked—Saved by the Rising Tide—Departure Homeward—The Kingaite Coast—Boisterous Weather—Detained on a Rugged Island—Difficulties with the Innuit Crew—Freedom and Independence—Land.

My desire was to have continued here much longer, and thoroughly to have examined the vicinity of the natural "Gateway" already mentioned; but my companions were urgent to go, and I was obliged to yield. Accordingly, on the morning of September 6th, 1861, our tupics were struck, and we set out on the return journey.

It was 9·37 A.M. when we left our fifteenth encampment, and at ten o'clock we landed Koojesse and Koodloo on the opposite side of the estuary. They were desirous of going on another tuktoo hunt across the mountains, and were to rejoin us at the place where our thirteenth encampment had been made, the point to which we were now bound. There were thus left in the boat with me only the three women of my crew, and I was not free from anxiety till we had passed a point of land which I called the "Little Peak," and which was by the water's edge, surrounded by dangerous shoals. Then I supposed we had got over the critical portion of our way.

When abreast of the fourteenth encampment, and near a small island about one mile from that station, I found we were being carried along by the ebbing tide at a rapid rate, but I then apprehended no danger. Suzhi, who was experienced in boating, joyously called my attention to the swiftness of our progress, saying, with a sweeping motion of her hand, "*pe-e-uke!*" (good.) But soon this feeling of pleasure was destroyed. It was not five minutes after Suzhi's exclamation when we were all struggling for dear life.

The island we were approaching was small, and it seemed to us that it mattered little on which side of it we should pass. On standing up, however, and looking ahead, this opinion was changed. I saw that rocks began to peer out in the channel between the island and the mainland, and we therefore steered for the other channel. But all at once, and only half a mile ahead, rocks appeared above water right in our course. This led us quickly to look over the boat's side, to see if we could see the bottom. To our dismay, jagged rocks showed themselves almost within reach of our hands, the boat meanwhile being carried along at a mill-race speed by a fierce rushing tide. It was enough to make one feel how feeble a creature man is at such a time. The Innuits were terribly alarmed at the sight ahead and under us. The rocks showed how fearfully fast we were going. On smooth water the speed is not so perceptible: but where objects, and especially dangerous objects, are visible ahead, around, and under you, such swift motion is not only seen, but felt. So it was then with us. Immediate action, however, was necessary; and seeing what I thought to be an eddy not far off, I at once turned the boat's head in that direction.

By the time we reached this eddy we had been swept down some distance, and in order to clear the threatened danger from the rapids ahead, I reversed our course, and tried to pull back. The tide was now falling rapidly, and we rowed for our lives; but all we could do was to hold our own. Our greatest exertions could not advance us one step away from the danger. Every moment I looked over the boat's side to see how far we might hope to escape the rocks; and it was truly awful as I caught sight of what was beneath us. The tide was rushing as if in the maddest fury. We could not clear ourselves. Our strength was fast failing, and if the boat were allowed for a moment to sweep with the tide, we should be lost. No chance seemed possible unless we could make the island itself. But how to reach it was the question. The tide rushed along its side as fiercely as where we then were,

with a noise which could be heard in all directions. Still, we had no alternative.

Placing the boat's head in such an oblique direction as to make allowance for the current, we pulled toward a bight of the island, where there seemed to be smoother water. The next moment, however, the boat was whirled round, stem for stern, in such a manner as to take all power out of our hands. Then again we thought ourselves lost; but the very movement which thus terrified us really threw us into such a position that a few strong pulls sent the boat within that island cove,

A DESPERATE PULL.

where all was still as a summer lake. "Heaven be praised!" said I; and there was occasion for gratitude, for not ten minutes after nearly all the rocks in the course we had made were above water. Soon after getting on shore, the boat was left high and dry by the receding tide, and in another hour we could see the bottom of the bay for miles, one mass of boulder and shingle. The different islands could now be visited by walking to them dry-shod. No ship, and hardly a boat, except with much care, could venture up the side of the bay. It was only by watching, and taking advantage of the tide, that even our small boat could be navigated to the head of Frobisher Bay.

I may here mention the singular action of the tides. While on our way hither I had heard the roar of waters, as if a heavy surf were beating on the shore, and I several times asked Suzhi what it meant. Her reply was "*Tar-ri-o,*" meaning "the sea;" but as no severe storm had raged sufficiently to cause such an uproar of the waters, I replied, "*Tarrioke na-me. Koong!*"—not the sea; it is the river. Thereupon she appealed to her companions, both of whom confirmed her statement, saying it was the sea. When we were upon the island I was convinced that they were right. The sea—that is, the waters of the bay—came rushing up on the flood tide, and went out with the ebb in the impetuous manner already described. It will be recollected that I doubted Koojesse's judgment on the day we left our twelfth encampment, and crossed with a view of proceeding to Aggoun. He objected to making the attempt, asserting that there would be difficulty in doing it, owing to the shallow water and the tides. I now knew that he was right, and I well understood why the Innuits dreaded the trip, and held back. In commemoration of our providential escape, I called this place "Preservation Island."

We remained on that island six hours, and at 6 P.M. resumed our trip. I found that the tide was quite eight feet higher when we left than when we put in to our place of refuge. How it could be so, and still be rushing past the island with such velocity that little headway could be made against it, I cannot explain. When the tide turned from ebb to flood we could see it coming in afar off. Its roar was like that of the sea raging in a storm. On it came with great volume and velocity. A person situated midway between some of the islands about there when a flood tide is commencing would have to run at full five miles an hour to escape being overwhelmed. The flood tide, indeed, seemed even swifter than the ebb. How long and anxiously I stood on Preservation Island, watching that incoming of the mighty waters! How I gazed at the boiling and the seething, the whirlpools—waterfalls—mill-races made by the tide as it rushed along!

The sun was fast sinking behind the mountains of Kingaite, and the air was becoming cold. I once thought we should have to stay there for the night, but it was evident that such a course would be our destruction, as the island would undoubtedly be submerged at high water. Waiting, therefore, would not do; and, accordingly, we pushed off at the time I have mentioned.

My continued illness made me almost incapable of exertion; yet it was necessary to work, and to work hard. I steered the boat, and also aided Tunukderlien at the oar nearest me. I had constantly to keep a good look-out ahead for shoals. These, however, were foam-crested, showing where danger was to be avoided. And thus on we went, pulling rapidly down to the point of destination under difficulties that few can understand. Darkness coming on, our bark a frail boat, our crew Innuit women, and myself almost incapacitated by illness, it is easier to imagine than to describe my feelings while we were thus making the passage from the head of Frobisher Bay to the place where our whole party had to encamp.

Suzhi was so powerful at her oar that she often pulled the boat half round, and I had to guard against this by my twenty-two feet steering-oar. But all were earnest in the endeavour to reach a good landing before the tide again turned; for if we should not accomplish this, nothing, in all human probability, could save us.

At length we arrived in safety at the place of our thirteenth encampment, the point we desired to reach, and where we now made our sixteenth encampment. Here most of the company were awaiting our arrival.

On the 7th of September I kept myself quiet; indeed, I was obliged to do so. The abscess on my shoulder was so painful that I could not stir without difficulty. I thought of the many obstacles I had encountered in the prosecution of my discoveries, but consoled myself with the reflection that, at all events, something had been done since my leaving the United States. Overwhelmed with disappointment at not

being able to proceed on my voyage to King William's Land, I yet had some gratification in the knowledge that my present voyage had not been wholly lost. I had, at least, established a geographical fact, that "Frobisher Strait" is nothing but a *bay*. While I was reclining on my couch suffering severe pain, I said to myself, Perhaps the kind friends at home, who have helped me in my exertions, may consider that, under all the circumstances, I have not thrown away my time and labour, and may still give me their friendship and support. If so, I shall be well repaid.

This day "Miner" and his crew departed for the purpose of hunting more game and securing furs for the winter. The males of my party—much to my annoyance—had left me two days before, on the chase.

On the next day, September 8th, I felt that winter had indeed begun. Ice formed at night, and a severe snow-storm that morning set in. We were still detained by Koojesse and his comrades, who continued absent; and for two days I was confined to my tent, with only occasional walks in the vicinity. On the 10th of September I went over the mountains westward to make a survey, as far as possible, of the whole of this locality. On my route I met Koojesse and Kudloo, just returning from their four days' hunt. Koojesse was so much fatigued that he could hardly speak. Both of them had packs of skins upon their backs, which they soon threw off, and then sat down to rest. Their first call was for tobacco, but, much to their disappointment, I had none with me. Poor fellows! they had been without a "smoke" or a "chew" for two days, and were suffering much from the want of it.

I found that Koojesse had the skins of four tuktoo, and Koodloo of three. For these seven skins they had been four days and three nights out, ascending mountains, wading rivers, sleeping out in snow-storms, their garments wet, with no spare ones to put on, and exposed to every change and privation. These Innuits do indeed toil for their winter clothing. I asked Koojesse how they managed in such

stormy weather as we had experienced, and with the nights so dark. He replied that when each had killed one or two deer, they were all right. They stacked their guns, or, if near rocks, selected a suitable spot for a temporary tupic, made of the skins with the hair-side in. They then wrapped themselves in a tuktoo skin, and so slept warm and soundly. Helping them with their burdens as far as my weak state would permit, I continued on my trip of observation and discovery, while the two Innuits returned to the encampment, where, much to their vexation, they learned from the woman that a bear had been seen close by. My walk alone, of six miles or more, resulted in my making the discovery of the two streams which flow into the Bay of the Two Rivers.

That night another severe snow-storm came on from the south-east, and toward noon of the 11th the wind shifted to the north-west. The weather then moderated, and I set out in the boat, accompanied by Koojesse and Koodloo, for the purpose of visiting the islands inclosing a kind of harbour, on the shores of which we were encamped. The wind was blowing strong in our favour, and we therefore made sail, intending to keep under canvas the whole way. We had only one oar available, the rest having been used as frames for the tupics. As we sailed along, how exhilarating was the scene! The boat seemed to fly, so buoyantly it sped on its way. Koojesse steered, and well did he guide us between rocks and sand-pits in our course. Bounding over the crested waves, and lifting itself clear of everything but spray, our frail bark soon carried us to the point I wished to reach. It was on the east side of the harbour, on Bishop's Island, that I landed with Koojesse, while Koodloo remained in the boat to keep it from grounding, as the tide was already on the turn, and going out swiftly.

Our steps were rapid as we went over the banks of snow, up one hill, and then across a valley, and thence up to the crest of another hill—Mount Observation, as I called it—whence I could obtain a good view. Here I took several observations, as fast as I well could, noting them down at the time. The view from this point was extensive. It included

the whole coast that terminates Frobisher Bay. I embraced that as the last opportunity I would have of linking together, by the use of my survey instruments, many important places in that locality. Some of the observations I there made for relative geographical positions include the following points: the Great Gateway; Hazard's Banks, place of fifteenth encampment; Peale Point; place of twelfth encampment, by Sylvia Grinnell River; place of fourteenth encampment; place of thirteenth and sixteenth encampments; island "Frobisher's Farthest;" and a long line of coast down on the Kingaite side.

Having accomplished my purpose, we then quickly returned to the boat. Again we made sail; but hardly had we started, when, in an instant, we were aground. Out jumped Koojesse, who, with two or three good "*heaves*," cleared the shore, and once more away went. But soon—ahead, here, there, everywhere—shoals appeared. Koojesse, however, now showed himself to possess much of the daring and fearlessness of a skilful sailor. He was the wild spirit guiding us safely through many dangers. His skill, however, could not save us from a peril into which we now ran, and out of which we escaped only by the care of a merciful Providence. The tide proved too strong for us, and we found ourselves, near nightfall, driven on a small rocky island of the harbour by our sixteenth encampment. We at length made our slow and tedious way in the midst of a strong gale, among dangerous shoals and threatening waves. At times, driven out of our course by the force of the wind, we would lose all the ground we had gained, finding ourselves really farther from home than when we started; and at last we were on the point of giving up in despair of reaching our encampment that night, when the tide turned. Even with this favouring us, we sped along in imminent peril; and now, while I write, the thought of that moment comes to me with a thrill of excitement. As we flew over a rocky bottom that almost kissed our keel, I exchanged looks with my companions that expressed more than words could have said; and as now and then our boat would ride with a shock upon some boulder in its course, all

hands would work with a silent energy which spoke volumes regarding the critical posture of our affairs. Our satisfaction and my gratitude may be imagined when we at last reached the spot we called home, and found hot coffee, besides all the comforts of Innuit life, awaiting us at the hands of Suzhi.

Thursday, September 12th, was the thirty-fifth day from the ship and the seventh at the sixteenth encampment. On that morning I determined no longer to delay, but at once to return to the *George Henry* (if she had not sailed), going down by the Kingaite side of Frobisher Bay. Accordingly, at 10 A.M. we all started on our homeward journey. The tide at starting was just sufficient to float us over the rocks, and we had a breeze to help us, but the weather was unfavourable. In some places we could see a snow-storm raging, and every sign of winter was now perceptible. Our trip that day was along the Kingaite coast, and after a few hours' sail we reached an island I have named Tweroong,* on which Miner's party had encamped, where we also pitched our tents for the night, making our seventeenth encampment.

The next day (September 13th) we were confined to our tents on a small rocky island by a heavy gale and a furious sea; but on the 14th the weather became more moderate, and we resumed our boat-voyage, crossing over from the island to Cape Rammelsberg,† on the Kingaite side, that I might examine it.

While we were there, a fine-looking tuktoo was discovered lying on one of the little plains. Kooperneung at once went off with his double-barrelled gun to secure it. I could see the royal antlers of the noble animal as it quietly reposed, unconscious of its fate. As Kooperneung approached it scented a foe, started up, and away it went at full speed; but too late. One report—another. The tuktoo was a prize, having rushed on its fate in fleeing towards a rocky pass where the cunning Innuit had secreted himself.

* After the noble-hearted Innuit woman Tweroong. This island, place of our seventeenth encampment, is in lat. 63° 28′ N. long. 68° 21′ W.

† Named after Frederick Rammelsberg, of Cincinnati, Ohio. This cape is in lat. 63° 21′ 30″ N. long. 68° 20′ W.

We made our eighteenth encampment about four or five miles from this place, at Cape Caldwell,* and on the morning of September 15th proceeded on our way. I may here observe, that few of those who read this book can have any conception of the many difficulties I had to encounter in my task. Innuits are Innuits, and such they ever will be. They are independent of every other human being, and will never brook control, no matter what engagements they enter into. At this particular time of which I am writing—and, indeed, during all my work at the head of Frobisher Bay, and on my way thither and back—I was completely at the mercy of Koojesse and his companions. He especially would do just as he pleased; and if I attempted to show opposition or express a determination to do as *I* might wish, ominous looks and sharp words met me. Several times I felt obliged to submit, for I knew my life was wholly in their hands.

When Koojesse, who steered the boat, was directing our course away from the Kingaite side, and when I requested him to remain where I wished to make an examination, he curtly and even savagely replied, "You stop; I go." I was forced to smother my anger, and submit to the mortification of being obliged to yield before these untamed children of the icy North. Reflection has, however, convinced me that I can hardly blame them, as I then felt inclined. They are born free as their native wilds; they have no one to control or check them; they roam about as they will; and, while they have to find subsistence as best they can, it would be almost too much to expect any subservience from them to a stranger, especially when he is alone. They are in so many points naturally noble in their character, and I received so much kindness at their hands, that it would be unjust to make their obstinate self-will, when on excursions with me, a cause of great complaint. I mention the matter, however, to show that I was unable to accomplish as much as I wished, owing to this very cause.

* I have named this cape after John D. Caldwell, of Cincinnati, Ohio. It is in lat. 63° 23′ 30″ N., long. 68° 17′ W.

CHAPTER IX.

Land on an Island—Innuit Insolence—Leave Kingaite Coast for the North Side of the Bay of Frobisher—Extraordinary Scenes—Singular Customs—Drinking Deer's Blood—More Ankooting—Mystical Songs—"Fool's Gold"—Parting with old Too-loo-ka-ah—Arrival at Niountelik—Proceed to Kodlunarn, or "White Man's" Island—Important Discoveries—Ship's Trench—Ruins of Stone Houses—Coal and Tile—Return to Niountelik and Encamp—Cruise in "Countess of Warwick Sound"—Arrive at Tikkoon—Discovery of a heavy Piece of Iron—Passage across the Sound—Proceed up Victoria Bay—Precipitous Mountains—Ekkelezhun—A fine and secure Harbour—Discovery of several Tons of Coal and Flint-stones—Return to Niountelik.

THAT the reader may be advancing with me as I proceed with my narrative, and, at the same time, get an idea of some of the trials referred to near the close of the preceding chapter, I will here introduce the following extracts directly from my "rough-and-ready" note-book, written at the moment and upon the spur of the occasion:—

"*August 15th*, 1861.—Start from eighteenth encampment at 6·15 A.M., wind light from the west, and cloudy. Both boats and two kias under way. 'Miner' has just shot a nowyer on the wing from his kia. First pop, down it comes. We are on the rocks first thing; 'bad beginning, good ending.' Under oars; the fifth oar cannot be used on account of the overloaded boat. Another Job's comforter on my shoulder, the sinister. Geese flying to the southward. Little girl Shoo-kok (whalebone) on board our boat. 8·45 A.M. land on a small island to bale the old leaky boat. This moment I ask Koojesse which way now, the many islands ahead making it doubtful which is the better course. He points across the bay to the other or north side. I suspected this was the way he was directing the boat. He acts the *devil* with me. My work on this, the Kingaite side, is ended. I said to him I cannot do the work I wanted to. . . .

"I must submit, hard as it is. Why did not the fellow tell me this morning what he was intending to do? A few of the Innuits concert and act without saying one word to me. I will try and settle accounts with them when I get to the ship, especially with Koojesse. This I write in my note-book as I stand on this rocky, tide-washed island, in the midst of a snow-storm, everything around closed from my view. Now the thickness lifts a little, I proceed to triangulate. Start 8·20 A.M. Really I never took such insolence from any white man, nor will I while I have a right arm to defend my honour, as I took from Koojesse when he told me a few moments ago that *I* could stop and go along down Kingaite side. . . . He knows that I am in his and his Innuit friends' power, and he uses it. . . . But I am silent in words; a thundering, however, is going on within. Its mutterings will be kept till I get to the ship, *if I ever do*. I must say that I believe my life is in danger; but God is with me here and everywhere. If I die at the hands of this treacherous people, I die in faith that I am in the performance of my duty. God deliver me from such scenes as I have witnessed among the men Innuits I have with me. Consultations, *savage* looks, are now and then to be seen. . . .

"The sooner I am back the better. There may be a time when I can again enter this bay to do the work for which I engaged my present company, but it will have to be with a company of *civilized* men.

"Nine A.M. now crossing toward a long, high island that trends in the same direction as Ki-ki-tuk-ju-a (Frobisher's Farthest). The head of Frobisher Bay not seen now, the sea or water of the bay to the north-west being the horizon. A remarkable sand or fossil mountain island, by Kingaite side, two miles off at our right, bearing W.N.W. by compass; I cannot determine its true character with 'spy.' A line of islands now seen that runs across Frobisher Bay from Frobisher's Farthest to Kingaite side. The trend I will determine soon, and make a record of it.

"Snow-squall continued but four minutes. Very cloudy.

Sun shining occasionally on the mountains each side of Frobisher Bay. . . . Stop at meridian on an island after passing through a channel, the island of the group running from Frobisher's Farthest to Kingaite, and here ascended a high hill to triangulate.

"... As we came up the channel between the islands that lie across the Bay of Frobisher, found the tide (which was ebbing) to run very swiftly. Made no headway for full half an hour, though under sail and oars. Through this channel the ebbing tide was running toward the head of Frobisher Bay—a curious feature, but accounted for by the position of the islands each side the channel."

After spending half an hour on the island, we directed our course for the north side of the bay, which we made in one hour; thence we coasted along toward Rae's Point, where we arrived at 3·15 P.M. and made our nineteenth encampment at the place of our ninth.

During the evening the Innuits fired many salutes, and there was clearly some demonstration making, though I could not tell whether it was to invite the good spirits or to repel the bad, of whose presence thereabouts I suppose the angeko had told them.

It would seem from the shouts of men, women, and children, and the reports of the guns, as if the 4th of July had come again. Jack's wife kept up a kind of shouting and howling till past midnight. After she had continued it for over two hours, with a voice that made the mountains about ring, Jack joined her, he being an angeko. At midnight there was a round of guns. Charley was in the same tupic as myself, having been asleep until the firing aroused him. He sprang up, and was but a moment in getting ready to join his people. Soon Jack, with his howling wife, came down from the hill where they were, and marched around, keeping up the same hideous noises—so loud and broken, that only throats of brass, and cracked ones too, could equal them. It was a miserable, sleepless night for me—in Bedlam, and racked with pains.

A remarkable feature of the mountains of Kingaite is that they are covered with snow, while those on the opposite side of the bay, near the coast, are wholly destitute of it. On arriving at the latter from Kingaite I at once felt the great difference of temperature, it being much warmer.

I may here mention, as another illustration of the peculiar customs of the Innuits, that when they kill a reindeer, after skinning it, they proceed to cut off bits of different parts of the animal, and bury them under a sod, moss, stone, or whatever happens to be at the exact spot where the deer was shot. On two occasions I noticed this. Once they cut off a piece of the paunch, then a bit of the nose, next a portion of the meat, skin, and fat, burying these portions together, as just described. I asked one of them if such a custom was always practised by the Innuits when they killed tuktoo, and the answer, given in a very serious tone, was that it had always been so.

On the previous day, when Charley killed the deer at our eighteenth encampment, I noticed that, on its being skinned, there was a greenish appearance about the legs and lower parts of the body. This made me remark to Koojesse that I thought the tuktoo must have been sick. He said "no;" but that the peculiar look was from the deer's having been swimming much of late in the cold water of the bay, during his passage from point to point.

The following day, September 16th, we resumed our voyage, but could not get far, owing to severe stormy weather, which compelled us to make our twentieth encampment on Mary's Island,* on the west side, and at the entrance of the inlet which I crossed on the morning of August 19th (*vide* page 99, vol. ii.). Here we were detained two days, and I was now so enfeebled by sickness that it was difficult for me even to write. The Innuit women, particularly Tweroong, were very attentive to me, but the men seemed to consider my sufferings as of little importance. Their demoniac yells, during a con-

* So named by me, after one of the daughters of Augustus H. Ward, of New York City. Mary's Island is in lat. 63° 22′ N. long. 67° 38′ W.

tinuation of the same kind of exorcisms already described, were truly frightful, and to one sick as I was all but maddening.

Fortunately, the next morning, September 18th, we were again under way on the homeward trip. A fair wind sent us rapidly along, and we passed our late encampments, as also many other places familiar to me from our visits when coming up. At one place—west side Waddell Bay—Koojesse and the other Innuits landed to go in chase of some deer seen in the distance. We slowly followed in the boat, and came to a cove in the coast, where we saw them with a prize in hand. This deer—which made up the number thirty-nine now killed by my three hunters—was a very fine one, and in a short time we were all feasting on portions of its meat. When this deer was opened, old Toolookaah, with his broad hand, scooped up the warm blood and drank it, to the quantity of nearly two quarts. I joined in the eating, and partook of some toodnoo and marrow, the latter blood-warm, from the mashed bones of the tuktoo's legs. The most delicious part of the deer is the toodnoo or fat which is on the rump, and it is this part the Innuits first seek. After our feast, we packed up the remains and again started, arriving about dark at the place of our twenty-first encampment, on the south side of Tongue Cape —the same cape where we had our seventh.

The following day, September 19th, we made good progress downward, with nothing particular to note except the following incident :—

Jack's wife, who was on board pulling at an oar, was suddenly taken with what I at first supposed to be a fit. She broke out into the wild singing which I have already spoken of as pertaining to the practice of ankooting. The scene at that moment in the boat was a strange one ; Jack was steering, Annuarping sat close wedged by my side, Ninguarping was between Suzhi and the angeko*tress*, holding the little dog *Neitch-uk*, two women were pulling at the oars, Koodloo sat upon a huge pile of skins at the bow, and the little boy reclined where best he could. They all started into immediate

action the moment Jack's wife began her mystical song. As she sent forth her unmelodious voice—her lips sounding like so many fire-crackers on a 4th of July festival at home—one and then another of the Innuits took up a responsive chorus to her incantation. As she sang in this wild and singular strain, her arms worked stronger at the oar, and she seemed as if suddenly possessed of a demoniac strength. There was a startling vehemence about her; and when the others joined in chorus, it was as though unearthly visitants had taken possession of them all. All night, when we again encamped, the strange ceremonies were continued. Jack took up the preaching—if it can be so termed—while the women sang, and the men loudly responded to their angeko. Thus it continued till a late hour, and, with intermissions, through the two following days. They seemed to regard it as a duty, somewhat as we hold sacred certain observances on set occasions.

September 20th and 21st were but a repetition of preceding days, presenting difficulties in getting the male Innuits to work as I wished, forcing me to submit in almost everything. Perhaps, had I been in robust health, I could have managed them better, but I was too sick and feeble to contend. Once, when Koojesse acted in direct opposition to my desires, I turned upon him, and in sharp tones insisted on his doing as I wished about the boat. I spoke firmly, and with a show of determination. It had some good effect. He steered in the direction I wanted to go, and was as friendly afterward as though no hard words had passed between us. All this time the other Innuits continued at the oars, apparently as indifferent as though nothing was occurring; but I must confess that I myself did not feel quite easy in my mind as to the possible consequences.

On the 20th we had a few minutes of excitement, which occurred thus: Miner's party had made a landing before my boat could get up, and I shortly after saw Tweroong sitting upon the tide-washed rocks in such a position that I thought she must be searching for some lost article. By the time we effected our landing, every Innuit of the other party was

gathered round her in great commotion, some of them trying to break off pieces of the rocks about. I asked Koojesse what all that hubbub meant... He said Tweroong had found *gold!* This word started me at once. I threw my cloak from my shoulders and leaped over the bow, landing on a sand-beach, knee-deep in sea-water. I was followed by my whole crew, for I had communicated the *yellow fever* to them, and, bounding from rock to rock, we arrived at the desired spot. A huge, heavy "yellow boy" was soon in my hand. *Gold, gold,* indeed, was now in the list of my discoveries! Ought I not to be satisfied, after all my trials and perplexities? But, on the first touch of my knife, I found that I had only *fool's gold,* and I brought away but small specimens of this precious metal.

A short distance from Gold Cove we made our twenty-third encampment, on the south side of Jones's Cape, not far from the fourth encampment. At this place old Toolookaah and his wife left our party. He intended to remain at that spot until his son, who was with Sampson up an inlet near by, should return. I made him a present of matches and tobacco, and gave his wife two papers of needles. In parting with him I said, "Toolookaah, I may not see you again. Soon I shall go to my own county—America; but I hope by-and-by to meet you in *Kood-le-par-me-ung* (heaven)." A tear started in his eye and trickled down his iron face as we pressed hands and said the final word, "*Ter-bou-e-tie!*" (farewell.)

Our twenty-fourth encampment was made on an island called Oo-mer-nung, at the entrance of Wiswell's Inlet, and on the following day, at 10 A.M. we were again under way for Niountelik, then only a few miles off.

After landing upon Niountelik, and taking an observation of the sun at the spot where I first discovered the coal, we proceeded toward an island, on which, according to Innuit tradition, the *kodlunas* built a small ship *amasuadlo* (a great many) years ago. The heavens were cloudless, there was a fine breeze from the northwest, and the boat bounded along

rapidly toward the island. Around us was high land, white with its winter dress, and beneath, an immense forest of sea vegetation, over which we sailed. We soon reached the shore, and I immediately landed to examine the place as well as the short time at my disposal would permit.

I soon came across an excavation, which was probably the commencement of a mine dug by Frobisher, though the Innuits, judging only from what they saw, called it a reservoir for fresh water, a quantity of which collected in it at certain seasons. This excavation was at some distance from the ruins of the stone houses, and was eighty-eight feet long and six feet deep.

On the shore of the north side of the island I found also an

ONE OF FROBISHER'S GOLD MINES, CALLED BY THE NATIVES SHIP'S TRENCH.

excavation which I called a ship's trench, for the Innuits said that was where a ship had been built by the white men. It had been dug out of stone, which was of such a nature as to yield to the persevering use of pickaxe, sledge-hammer, and the crow-bar. The bottom of the trench, which was one hundred and ten feet in length, was an inclined plane, running from the surface of the ground to a depth of twenty-five feet at the water's edge.

On the top of the island I found the ruins of a house, which had been built of stone, cemented together with lime and sand.

The foundation still remained, and was of "lyme and stone." It was about twelve feet in diameter, and every portion of it was covered with aged moss. From appearances, some of the stones had been turned over, as if done by Innuits seeking treasure.

A few feet east of this house was a sort of stone breastwork, such as the natives erect for shelter when hunting, and also a pile of stones, which might have been made, as I thought, by Frobisher's men, to cover some memorial left by them when trying to escape in their ship.

Much of the island was covered with shingle, and this, on the north side, was so compact, and of such even surface, that it reminded me of the small cobble-stone pavements in cities.

I collected as many relics from these ruins as we could possibly carry, and, with Koojesse, returned to the boat. On our way he said to me,

"The men who built the ship, and started with it, all died —*died with the cold.*"

I asked him how he knew this; and he replied that "all the old Innuits said so."

This agreed precisely with what old Ookijoxy Ninoo told me the previous winter in the oral history she then communicated to me, and I felt convinced that all the evidences before me could refer to no other than Frobisher's expedition, and the men left behind by that explorer. She said that the five men built a ship, and found so much ice that they could not proceed, and finally all froze to death.

This island is generally called "*Kod-lu-narn,*" because *white men* lived on it, and built stone houses, and also a ship. The ship was built for the object of escaping from this region. In the previous winter, while passing on our way from the ship to Oopungnewing—an island three miles southwest from Kodlunarn—Koojesse had pointed out this latter island, and said that white men once built a ship there. I gave little heed to his statement at the time, because I knew that to build a ship such materials were required as the regions thereabout

were quite destitute of. But when I heard the history of Ookijoxy Ninoo, I saw at once the probability there was that Koojesse was right.

From what I saw that day, I was fully convinced that many, very many years ago, men of civilization did live upon the island called by the Innuits *Kodlunarn*, and that they did build a vessel—probably a schooner—there.

The evidence was contained in the following objects which I saw around me, viz.:—

Coal; flint-stone; fragments of tile, glass, and pottery; an excavation which I have called an abandoned mine; a trench made by the shore on an inclined plane, such as is used in building a ship on the stocks; the ruins of three stone houses, one of which was twelve feet in diameter, with palpable evidence of its having been erected on a foundation of stone cemented together with lime and sand; and some chips of wood which I found on digging at the base of the ship's trench.

Upon this evidence, then—coupled with Esquimaux tradition, as given to me by several persons apart from each other, and at different times—I founded my opinions respecting Frobisher's expedition, as I have already stated them.

It was night before we left the island, darkness alone ending the search. We had to row back, the native crew pulling cheerfully as we bounded along. The lights of the tupics on Niountelik were my beacon ahead, and above were the glorious stars in all their beauty, while the silvery moon was rising from behind the mountains of Tikkoon. The time seemed long since all had appeared so fair to me as then; and when we arrived at the tents, I went to my rest truly thankful at having been permitted to accomplish what I had that day been enabled to do.

The following morning, September 23d, I continued my researches in this interesting sound, leaving Niountelik at 8 A.M. There was a strong head wind, but my crew were good at the oars, and away we went merrily toward the mainland beyond Kodlunarn. As we passed across the bay, my heart was greatly elated at the thought of what I was then accomplishing. A

glance at the red, white, and blue cheered me onward in the work of ripping up the mysteries of three centuries. That symbol was my constant, cheering, helping companion night and day.

In about an hour we arrived at the cape of land called Tikkoon, and, upon landing, I proceeded to a small plain about a quarter of a mile from the cape. The Innuits went on before me, I having my compass and tripod in hand to take bearings. All at once—to quote from my diary—

"My attention was drawn to the extreme of the plain, facing Kodlunarn, by the beach, where I saw *Koo-ter-e-nier* (Miner) calling by shouts to the other Innuits and myself, holding up his arms and hands. The Innuits started on a run, and so did I, for I was sure something of interest had been found. Arriving at the spot, what was before me? A relic of three centuries! Iron—time-eaten, with ragged teeth!

"This iron, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, was on the top of a granite rock, just within reach of high tide at full and change of moon. The iron stain from this specimen was in the rock; otherwise its top was cleanly washed.

"This was just what I wanted to find—some of the *heavy stone* which the venerable Innuit woman, Ookijoxy Ninoo, had told me about the previous winter. Of course my heart was a happy one in finding this iron, brought here only eighty-six years after the discovery of America by Columbus.

"The Innuit circles of stones at Tikkoon, indicating this to be a place for the summer residences of the Innuits, were very numerous. I know not where I have seen more numerous signs of Innuits than on the plain a little distant from the cape. Between the plain and the extremity of the cape the usual rough old rocks are the nature of the land. The north side is flanked by high, bold mountains, a bay extending back for a mile or so on the west side. On the east side extends the bay, one branch of which leads toward Field Bay. The plain extends across the cape from one bay to the other, the distance being less than one-eighth of a mile. The "heavy

tone" was found at the coast edge facing *Kodlunarn*, which island is about half a mile off. Bones of ducks, tuktoo, walrus, and whale were numerous all around. Some were very old, being nearly overgrown with grass and moss. I doubt not, two or three centuries old were some of these remains."

BOAT IN A STORM.

On leaving Tikkoon the wind was strong from the north-east, and it soon increased to a gale. Kooterenier (Miner) was my boat-steerer, and well he performed his task in passing

several dangerous places where heavy gusts came rushing down the ravines or over the abrupt mountains. Our boat shipped much water, the mad waves frequently flying over us. Once a sharp gust caught us while under sail, and instantly sent the boat onward toward a dangerous reef of rocks on our lee. In a moment sail was down, oars out, and all hands pulling strong and rapidly to clear the danger. Fortunately, a few moments of hard work carried us free, and we soon after reached Cape *Ood-loo-ong* and landed.

Here I took a few compass bearings, and walked about to examine the spot. Many relics of Innuits were seen here. After remaining there an hour we again started, and proceeded up Victoria Bay, keeping well inshore for smoother water. The scenery was magnificent. Stupendous cliffs rose up almost perpendicular from the water's edge, and mountains towered high above me, the sides of some crumbling as if from age and the work of winter's freezing power. One precipitous mountain, about half way up the bay, had the whole side of it torn from summit to base, and cast down.

As we approached this mountain my eye caught sight of a cave. I landed to examine it, and the moment I set foot on shore I was struck with amazement at the huge rocks, high up and overhanging my head, seemingly ready to totter and fall. The cave was one of those made by the action of ice in winter and the sea and sun in summer. The ice had rent the rocks and fastened upon them ; the sun, with its heat, and the wind, with its power, then went to work, tearing up the frozen masses of ice, and forcing out the rocks, thus leaving the mountain partly disembowelled, as I found it. By measurement, the cave was fifty feet long, by a width of ten feet, and a height of fifteen to twenty feet at the entrance. The strata of rocks were perpendicular. The sides, however, were not as rough and jagged as were the roof and base. Icicles, long, numerous, and large, hung from the top, giving an air of enchantment to the scene.

Returning to the boat, we resumed our hard labour at the oars, the wind being right ahead. We had not proceeded far

before Koojesse sighted a seal floating a little distance off on our right. He instantly prepared for a shot, and stood up in the bow of the boat ready to fire. In another moment, and within twenty-five feet of the seal, crack went the rifle. A floundering commenced, the boat was in an instant alongside of the prey, and Koojesse laid hold of his prize with both hands, the other Innuits immediately aiding him. I shall not soon forget that scene. A line was thrown around the seal's flippers, but the animal was still alive, and struggled so much that all the power we had could hardly get it into the boat. As it was drawn up, the dying seal glanced around and upon us with its plaintive eyes, and its innocent-looking face seemed to plead for mercy, as though it were human. I actually felt a shudder creeping over me as it looked at us; but, on the instant, a knife in the hands of Kooperneung was buried deep in it. Another struggle, and the poor seal lay dead. Koojesse told me that occasionally, on a windy day, seals will thus float upon the surface of the water for the sake of having the wind blow on their backs.

A little later we landed at Ek-ke-le-zhun, a point of interest and importance to me. This place is a tongue of land which juts out nearly half across the bay, and serves to form above it one of the safest and finest harbours I ever saw. The scenery around is grand and impressive, and I saw enough to convince me that it is a most desirable spot for a vessel to anchor in.

While the Innuits were feasting on the seal I took a walk upon the shore. All the land above high-water mark was covered with snow; but, looking attentively on the ground, to my delight I discovered a small, thin lamina of coal. On the day we left Oopungnewing (August 13th), on our voyage up Frobisher Bay, Koojesse told me that he knew of a place not far off, up a bay, where there was a great deal more of the coal such as I had found at Niountelik. My experience, now narrated, shows both that Koojesse was honest in his statement, and also—which is a point of great importance—that the Esquimaux traditionary history, extending back for centuries, is wonderfully accurate.

Imbedded in the rocks I also found some heavy black substances, larger and more numerous than any I had before seen. These I concluded might be the "stone like to sea-coal" described by Frobisher in the account of his voyages. I secured some specimens, which I brought home with me.

But I was not content with the hasty examination thus made. After returning to the boat and lunching on raw seal, I renewed my search, in company with Koojesse and Kooperneung. Soon, by digging under the snow, coal was found in considerable quantities, and also a little pile of flint-stones similar to those discovered in the coal at Niountelik, and in the cement of the stone-house ruins at Kodlunarn.

My feelings were so buoyant and excited at this discovery, and the proof it furnished to my mind that Frobisher had been there, that I could hardly contain myself. But my excitement was considerably increased when Miner, from the top of the highest part of the tongue of land, raised a shout and said he had found more. We rushed toward him, and lo! more and more was indeed found. There was a large space clear of snow, and covered with coal to the amount, I thought, of some five tons. I was perfectly astounded. But I could not lose time. I therefore at once commenced an inspection of the heap, and soon found a large chip imbedded in the coal. This chip, my companion declared, was never the work of an Innuit knife. It had the appearance of having been chopped out of a large piece of oak timber with an axe. I dug down fifteen inches into the coal before coming to any earth. The Innuits willingly assisted me, and, as at Niountelik and Kodlunarn, everything they found was apparently passed to me. I discovered, however, that they pocketed some of the best specimens of the flint-stones, and I had eventually to resort to diplomacy in order to recover them.

Leaving the main pile, I dug in other places through the snow, and found coal extending over a wide area. There could be no doubt that a large deposit was made here, and I could arrive at no other conclusion—from the evidences of

the age of the coal, in the mosses and other signs upon it—than that this was done by Frobisher. I filled a keg with specimens of the coal, the moss, and the lichens, to bring home, and just as I then packed it, so it appeared when opened in the presence of many persons here after my return.

Night was now fast approaching, and I could stay no longer. The Innuits had descended to the boat before I could tear myself away from the interesting spot; and long after we left, and while we were running rapidly out of the bay under a favouring breeze, did I keep my gaze fixed and my thoughts centred upon it.

Our course back was directly across Countess of Warwick's Sound to Niountelik. The wind was strong and in our favour, so that we made rapid progress, and in good time reached the island. But the surf was too high for landing on the weather-side. Accordingly, we went round into the same bight where I landed on the memorable day of my first discovering the coal here.

It was dark when we arrived, and there was much difficulty in getting everything up the abrupt bank flanking the place of landing. My own labour was severe, especially in my then weak state. Many were the struggles I made to carry up safely the chronometer and other important articles. Two hours were occupied in doing this, and in getting up the boat above high water; but at length all was accomplished, and we arrived at the tupics at a late hour, wearied beyond measure with our exertions.

This time no hot coffee or tea awaited me, as heretofore, when Suzhi attended to the matter. My supper was ice-water and molasses, with bread soaked in it, and some dried venison—a poor diet to a cold and enfeebled system.

CHAPTER X.

A Storm—Detained at Niountelik—Examine the Island—Another Deposit of Coal found—Specimens collected—Revisit Kodlunarn—Minute Inspection—More Relics found of Frobisher's Expedition—A large Piece of Iron—The "Ship's Trench"—Depart on return to Ship—Revisit the Whaling Dépôt—Last Encampment by Lupton Channel—Innuit Deposits of Food—Good Faith and Honesty of the Natives toward each other—Avoidance of the "Dreaded Land"—Last Day's Journey—Arrive near Parker's Bay—Anxiety and Excitement as to the Ship—Gain Sight of her—Arrival on Board—All well!

On Tuesday, September 24th, 1861, a snow-storm from the north-east was upon us. This delighted me, for it made a stay of another day necessary, impatient as the Innuits were to get back to the ship. After breakfast, enveloped in my cloak, I sauntered out, determining to give Niountelik a good look. I first proceeded through snow and furious wind to the opposite side of the island, but found nothing worthy of note in my walk there. On my way back, however, by the beach east of the tupics, I found several pieces of coal in the sand, and up a gully much more, with some flint-stone. A little farther on I suddenly encountered another deposit of coal, No. 2 of Niountelik, on the bank, by a cove with a sandy beach, a short distance east of where I had found the first deposit some months before.

At this moment the Innuits came round with the boats, and landed in the cove; and the idea immediately struck me that this was the identical landing-place of Frobisher in 1578. The coal-bed was within thirty feet of high-water mark. Its depth, in the thickest part, was six inches. It was nearly overgrown with grasses, shrubs, and mosses; and some of it was washed down into the sand and shingle of the beach. The flint-stones were numerous, and of the same character as in the two other lots found. Having made a very thorough

examination here, I looked elsewhere over the island. Relics of Innuits were in all directions, but especially on the eastern slope; and some small pieces of drift-wood, overgrown with grass, were met with and secured. After going to the camp for a seal-spear, I succeeded—by dint of great exertion and perseverance, digging through the frozen ground—in obtaining several good specimens of the coal interlocked with moss, grass, and shrubs.

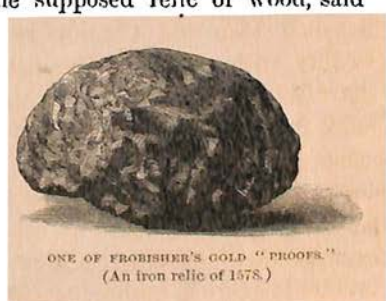
The weather was not propitious on the morning of September 25th, but the Innuits were anxious to get away, and I had to submit. While the boat was being prepared, I went to the highest part of the island and took some bearings by compass, and carried with me, on my return to the boat, more coal and other relics to take home. Miner and his crew were not ready, owing to some of their dogs being missing; but I hurried off, hoping to induce my companions to stop once more at Kodlunarn on the way.

This I was fortunately able to do. I concluded an arrangement with them to stay there for a short time, for which favour I had to give to Koojesse five boxes of percussion caps, Koodloo two, and Charley two. I could not leave this locality without, if possible, making another examination of the "White Man's Island." Moreover, I wanted additional relics from the stone house; and, also, to take some measurements and bearings. Accordingly, after leaving Niountelik, our course was taken direct to Kodlunarn Island, where we landed at the same place as before, and I at once began to examine this interesting locality. I made a very close and minute inspection, taking measurements of distances, so as to be quite sure of the data from which my deductions could be drawn. Rough outline sketches were also made on the spot, and everything was done to insure correctness in my notes and observations. The plan of the island, which is incorporated in the chart accompanying this work, will better serve to convey the general facts to the reader than the most laboured description with the pen.

The result of this, my second examination of Kodlunarn,

brought to light new facts in connexion with the past. A piece of iron, semi-spherical in shape, weighing twenty pounds, was discovered under the stone that had been excavated for the "ship's way," and many other small pieces were also found at the head of the trench. Fragments of tile were found all over the island, and numerous other relics, indicating that civilized men had visited the place very many years ago.

The large piece of iron was found in the following manner: Koojesse and I had been examining the "ship's trench" to see how high up in it the tide at full and change rose, and then, leaving him to search for relics, I ascended the eastern bank, and walked along it to the bluff facing the sea. As I looked down to the base of the tongue on which I stood, I saw, wedged in between two rocks, what appeared to be a stick of timber, about two feet long and six inches square, very old in appearance. I called to Koojesse, and directed him to examine it, as, from where I stood, it was some twenty-five feet perpendicular to the bottom; he hastened down and around, and, on arriving at the supposed relic of wood, said it was a stone. I was surprised and disappointed, and then proceeded with my occupation of pacing off the trench. In half a minute I heard Koojesse shout "*Sheer-eye-un!*" (iron.) I turned round, and saw that he had boldly mounted the steep bank beneath me, using the sharp rocks as stepping-stones, and had his hand resting on a piece of rusty iron just protruding from the débris of stone that had been dug out of the trench, and thrown up, making a bank. Koojesse continued shouting "Iron! big iron! Can't stir him!"



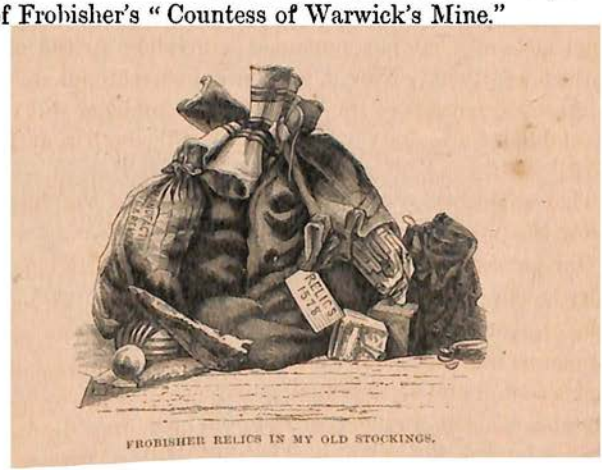
ONE OF FROBISHER'S GOLD "PROOFS."
(An iron relic of 1578.)

I was soon on the spot, though at considerable risk, and trying to disengage the iron, but I could not move it. After digging around it, however, a few strong pulls started it. The

rust of three centuries had firmly cemented it to the sand and stones in which it had lain.

The piece of iron * was of the same character as that found at Tikkoon, less than one mile from Kodlunarn, and also as that obtained on "Look-out" Island, Field Bay; and the origin of it, as well as its significance, may be gathered from the following facts:—

Of the one hundred men sent out from England with Frobisher in 1578, the majority were "miners," sent for the express purpose of digging for the rich ore of which Frobisher had carried specimens home on his return from his second voyage, and which was supposed to be very valuable. The miners made "proofs," as they are called, in various parts of the regions discovered by him. Some of these "proofs" are doubtless what I found, and they furnish clear evidence, in connexion with other circumstances noted in the course of this narrative, that I was, when at Kodlunarn, on the precise spot of Frobisher's "Countess of Warwick's Mine."



FROBISHER RELICS IN MY OLD STOCKINGS.

Delighted with my discoveries, and gathering up as many relics as I could carry, placing them in my old stockings,

* The same, together with a case of some of the other Frobisher relics which I discovered and brought home, I sent to the British government early in the year 1863, through the Royal Geographical Society of London.

mittens, hat, and everything that would hold them securely, I labelled each article, and rejoined the boat, immediately afterward departing on our way for "home." That the reader may know the feelings with which I left this portion of my work, I here make a brief extract from my diary, hastily written on the spot:—

"As I had my hand upon the iron relic after having unearthed it and seen what it was, like a flash the whole of the circumstances flew across my mind—my determination before starting to induce my native crew to stop with me at Kodlunarn; the proposal while making the transit from Niountelik to Kodlunarn; their willing acceptance; the search, and finding of interesting relics; my calling to Koojesse; his response; his descending to look at what I thought to be wood; its proving to be a stone; Koojesse's mounting by an unexpected and venturesome way, thus finding the iron relic where it had lain undisturbed for three centuries; God blessing me in making me the instrument in determining the exact facts of what has remained a mystery to the civilized world for so long. Now it will be known throughout all the enlightened nations of the earth where Frobisher *did* attempt to establish the colony which Queen Elizabeth sent here in 1578."

That night we reached the termination of the high land below *Sharko*, and encamped* till the next morning.

Our passage on September 26th was made with some difficulty, owing to the heavy sea that prevailed. A moderate gale, or even a fresh breeze from certain directions, causes a dangerous sea for boats running between Countess of Warwick's Sound and Bear Sound, a fact we proved by personal experience. On arriving at the old whaling dépôt, Cape True, I landed and went to Flagstaff Hill. There was still enough remaining to show where the ship's company had lived so long: the tattered remnants of a flag, some boards, a dismantled table, an old cooking-stove, with broken-down walls around it, oil-casks covered with sods, some rope and

* Our twenty-sixth encampment was in lat. 62° 38′ N. long. 65 02′ W.

ice-gear, with the usual indications of Innuit tent life, met my view; but it was solitary as compared with the life and animation displayed when I was there only a few months before. Slowly I turned my steps away from this place, where I had spent so many happy hours; and I could not help saying to myself, "Shall I ever again behold it? God only knows!"

We stopped at Cape True nearly an hour, and then pursued our way through Bear Sound. On arriving at the next place of encampment, the last before reaching the harbour where I had left the ship, the Innuits informed me that it was called *Shar-toe-wik-toe,* from a natural breakwater of thin or plate stone, the native word meaning "thin flat stone." It is on a tongue of land nearly surrounded by water, on the west side of Lupton Channel, within a mile of Field Bay, and has a beautiful little boat-harbour. A few moments after landing, some of the Innuits found the remains of recent encampments of their people. On examination, we discovered that several tupics had been there, and it was concluded that Annawa, Artarkparu, and other families had made this their resting-place on the way from where we had met them up Frobisher Bay to Field Bay. At this place I found some deposits of seal and walrus, evidently freshly made by the party preceding us; and here I noticed an instance of honesty and good faith which deserves mention:—

These deposits were beneath piles of stone, with a stick running up obliquely from each, so that if the ground should be covered with snow, the place might be easily found. The Innuits with me noticed all this, and saw the meat thus deposited, yet *not one would touch a morsel of it.* They knew it belonged to others, and therefore it was sacred in their eyes, unless in case of actual extremity.

From the present (27th and last) encampment our first one on the outward trip was not far distant—about a mile off—and on the opposite side of the channel was Lok's Land, the "dreaded land." I made some inquiries about it, but not one of my companions could give me any information, though

only about a mile distant. They never had been there, and, as they said, "never would."

On the morning of Friday, September 27th, I mentally arranged a plan for getting from my Innuits all the flint-stone relics they had pocketed when making my researches in the coal deposits found at Niountelik and up Victoria Bay. I began my operations by feasting all my crew. I got Koojesse to make an abundant soup of pemmican and meat-biscuit for them all. After they had eaten this I gave to each a dish of hot coffee and handfuls of sea-biscuit. I was particularly conversational and cheerful with all; carried hot coffee and bread to "Miner" and his wife, and gave bread also to such others of his company as I knew to possess the relics I sought. Then I told Koojesse that, if he had any of the "flint-stones," I would give him some boxes of percussion caps when I got to the vessel if he would give them all to me. I told him, moreover, that I wanted him to assist me in inducing all the others to do the same, promising on my part to give Kooperneung and Koodloo the same reward I offered him, and to give to the nulianas of himself and Kooperneung, and to Suzhi, beads for all they had. My strategy worked like a charm; the relics came in by scores, each bringing me a quantity that surprised me, for I had not thought my company so largely deceitful. When I had obtained from my immediate crew all they held, I took Koojesse with me to "Miner's" company, and made an important addition to my stock there. The Innuits had secreted these flint-stones for their own use in "striking fire."

We soon after started on our way, and made good progress up Field Bay, arriving near Parker's Bay toward evening. There we heard the report of fire-arms from the shore, and saw tupics near the beach. My party immediately responded, and desired that we should land; but as we were now only about seven miles from the spot where I expected to find the ship, I refused permission. The usual opposition and sulky demeanour then followed. The men would not work, and the women, though willing, had to do as their masters told

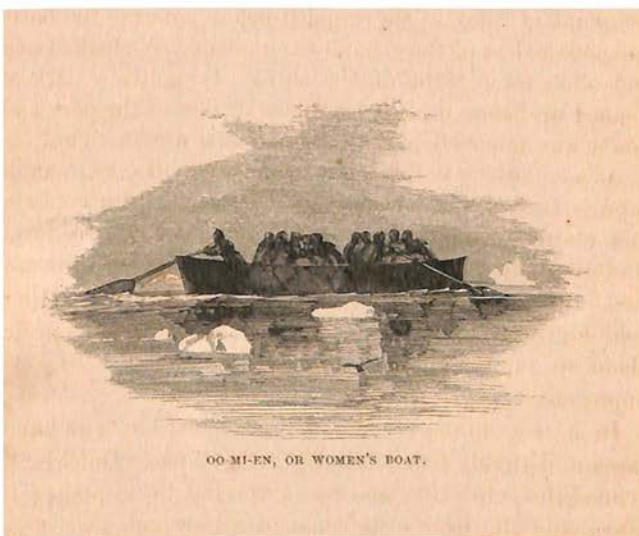
them. Night was approaching, and the cold was becoming severe; still, I felt it would be much better to go on and ascertain if the ship were really there than to encamp for another night. Accordingly, I tried every argument and persuasion to induce Koojesse and the others to persevere, finally succeeding after much sulkiness on their part.

And now I was full of excitement as we neared the place where we expected to find the ship; but darkness came over us before we got across the bay, and I became very anxious for our safety among the shoals, of which there were many about. Happily we escaped serious peril, and on reaching the point of land to be rounded before entering the harbour, danger was lost in the general excitement. We looked eagerly and often for a sight of the ship. Presently a dark mass loomed up before us. A few more strokes of the oars, and all doubt was removed. The *George Henry* was in sight!

As soon as the vessel was seen, my Innuit crew, unable to repress their joy, fired their guns and sent forth loud shouts and cheers, in which I could not help joining, overjoyed to find the ship not yet departed. The watch on deck was at first in doubt what to make of the noise, but a second thought told him that I had returned with my party, and, giving a shout in reply, he rushed to inform Captain B—— of our approach.

In a few minutes more I was alongside, and saw the captain, with all hands, ready to greet me. Quickly I ascended the ship's side, and was receiving the captain's warm grasp, and the hearty welcome of all around me. I found that every one on board and most of the Innuits around had given us up, concluding that we were lost. It was supposed that our boat could never stand the trip for so long a time, so that when we returned in safety it was almost as if the dead had come to life. A hot supper was at once prepared for the whole party of us, and, meanwhile, numerous questions and answers passed. My first question was, "How many whales secured?" and I was surprised to receive the reply, "Not one."

Until near midnight Captain B—— and myself prolonged our talk in the little after-cabin, and then, when I did retire, it was impossible to sleep, owing to the great change from the free, cool air of the tupics to that of the stove-heated ship. Fifty days and forty-nine nights I had been without any fire to warm me save that which burns within the human system. For many days before getting back to the ship the mountain streams had been fast bound in chains of ice, yet, as a general rule, and excepting the time during my recent sickness, I had always slept well. Now, however, I could not sleep, and was restless and disturbed through the whole night.



OO-MI-EN, OR WOMEN'S BOAT.

CHAPTER XI.

Visit the Friendly Natives—Ebierbing and Tookoolito—A Surprise—Birth of a Son—Artarkparu's Information—More concerning Frobisher's Expedition—A great Number of Innuits around the Ship—They all concur in the Traditionary History given to me—Author's Anxiety to renew his Discoveries—Another Boat-trip—Cross the Bay to Chapell Inlet—Camp for the Night—Continue the Voyage—Encamp once more—Visit an Innuit Dépôt of Food—A severe Hurricane—Boat-voyage abandoned—Return to the Ship—Capture of two Whales—A Man dangerously hurt by a Whale.

On the following morning, Saturday, September 28th, 1861, at an early hour, I was on deck, finding every one astir, getting ready for the customary cruise after whales. The ship's company generally started at daybreak to try their luck, and they were sadly disappointed with the result hitherto. On inquiry, I found that some of my Innuit friends were still in the neighbourhood, and, after breakfast, I went on shore to visit them. I may here state that, on my return, I found the vessel at the same anchorage—in George Henry's Harbour*—as it was when I left it on August 9th.

The first call I wished to make was at Ebierbing's tupic, which was pointed out to me at no great distance. I entered without "ringing," and found "Jennie"—Koodloo's wife—there to welcome me, as she did with unmistakable pleasure. On inquiring for Tookoolito and Ebierbing—whom I considered almost as adopted children—I found that I had entered the wrong tent, Ebierbing's tupic being next door, and thither I soon made my way.

As I entered the tupic of Ebierbing I caught a mere glimpse of a woman's face, which I had hardly time to recognise as belonging to Tookoolito. She gave me one look,

* Thus named after the barque *George Henry*. This harbour is in lat. 62° 53′ N. long. 64° 48′ 15″ W. and is at the south extreme of the longest island of Field Bay, not far from the termination of said bay.

and then the face I beheld was buried in her hands trembling with excitement. It was, indeed, Tookoolito, overwhelmed with tears on seeing me again. The tears sprang to my eyes also as I saw this evidence of strong attachment. It was some time before the silence of the tupic was broken by voices. She and her husband, in common with all the other Innuits and white men, had never expected to see me again. She had often ascended a hill, near by and overlooking the bay, to search the horizon for my returning boat, but had as often come down disappointed.

In the midst of our talk I was startled by the plaintive cry of an infant, and, turning back a corner of the ample tuktoo furs with which Tookoolito was wrapped, I found a boy only twenty-four days of age, her only child!

Tookoolito told me she had been very ill, and had nearly died during her confinement. I was about to leave the tupic, having spent a very pleasant hour with my friend, when she drew toward her a bag, from which she took two pair of nether garments—*kod-lings*—which she had made for me before her sickness. One pair was made of *kus-se-gear* (black sealskin and fur), a beautiful mottled material; the other pair was of the common seal, made in the Innuit fashion, the former being made in the style of civilization. She also gave me three specimens of her netting or crochet-work, made especially for me to take home to America. They were table mats, and beautiful specimens of a skilful hand. But I had not yet reached the depths of her generosity; she next presented to me a pair of sealskin socks, and a pair of meituk socks (made of the skins of eider ducks with the feathers on), saying, at the same time, that she had the material at hand, and would soon have ready for me a pair of winter boots—*kumings*.

I told her she was doing too much for me. "Nay, nay," was her response, "I cannot do half so much as I ought for one who has been so kind to us." As I was leaving the tupic she said, "I was so glad when I heard last night that you had got back in safety that I could not sleep; I lay

thinking of it all the night. I feel very happy now. My *winga* thought you lost too; and now he also is happy."

In the afternoon old Artarkparu visited me. He had arrived, with his company, from up Frobisher Bay a little before my return, and I now gladly conversed with him, through Koojesse as interpreter, about the pieces of iron I had obtained at *Tikkoon* and *Kodlunarn*. I asked him if he had ever seen them before, and he replied, "No, not those, *but one much larger*." He then made a circular motion with his hand over and around the piece of iron I had placed on the table, and, according to this, that which he had seen must have been five times as large. He added to his remark that a very strong Innuit could just lift it, and there were very few who were able to do so. This piece of metal was, as he explained, on the southwest side of Oopungnewing Island, just above high-water mark. He had seen it six years before, but not since. The metal was "soft" and "smooth," not "hard," like the pieces I had before me.

Ebierbing, visiting me that day in our little after-cabin, was conversing with me, and speaking of his sickness and recovery—of the critical state in which his nuliana lay for several days succeeding the birth of their child—of the loss of his very valuable seal and sledge dog "Smile," and another of his dogs. He said further, "We thankful that still live and able to work. Lose our dogs; sick and unable to go tuktooing; no tuktoo skins for winter; never mind; we alive and together; got fine boy, and are happy." I thought this was indeed akin to Christian philosophy, deserving respect and admiration.

Annawa and his wife Nood-loo-yong visited me on the morning of September 30th, and I showed them the relics I had obtained. They at once recognised them as coming from the places I had examined. These people had spent most of their days round the waters of Frobisher Bay, and especially on the islands Oopungnewing and Niountelik. The portion of brick which I had found the previous winter, when transferring my things from one sledge to the other, opposite

Niountelik, was unknown to them in so large a form; but they had often seen smaller pieces, and also coal, in each of the places where I had discovered it. They had likewise found "heavy stone," such as I showed them, at *Kus-se-gear-ark-ju-a*, a cape half a mile N.N.W. of Kodlunarn.

I asked them where these things came from, and the reply was, "Kodlunas brought them." I immediately said, "Did you see those kodlunas?" Their answer, with eyes wide open and countenances expressing surprise, was, "*Ar-gi! ar-gi!*" meaning No! no!

"How, then," said I, "do you know that kodlunas brought them?"

Their response was, "All the old Innuits said so. The first Innuits who saw the white men were all dead, *many, a great many* years ago."

The more I searched into this subject the more I found it to be well known, as a traditionary fact, that white men—*kodlunas*—once lived on the island then and since called by the Innuits *Kodlunarn;* that these men had built a ship there; had launched it, and started away for their homes; but that, before they got out of the bay, hands and feet were frozen, and finally the whole of them perished of cold. Ebierbing's statement to me was as follows:—

Recollects hearing his father tell of these white men, and how they built a ship. The kodlunas had brought brick, coal, and "heavy stone," and left them on Niountelik and at other places about there. His father did not see them, but the *first* Innuits, who saw them, told other Innuits so, and so it continued to his day. Old Innuits tell young Innuits; and when *they* get to be old, they in turn tell it to the young. "When our baby boy," said he, "gets old enough, we tell him all about you, and about all those kodlunas who brought brick, iron, and coal to where you have been, and of the kodlunas who built a ship on Kodlunarn Island. When boy gets to be an old Innuit he tell it to other Innuits, and so all Innuits will know what we now know."

Thus, by the simple unadorned statement of Ebierbing may

be known how it is that oral history is preserved among the Innuit people of the North.

On the day following this conversation, several old Innuits arrived from different places; among them were Ugarng, with his two wives and child; "Bob," his wife, "Polly," and children; "Johnny Bull" and Kokerzhun, and Blind George, with his darling girl Kookooyer. Ugarng had left his mother, old Ookijoxy Ninoo, at Cornelius Grinnell Bay, so that I was unable to obtain from her any additional information concerning the relics I had found; but the others all confirmed the story already given to me about the white men, and what they had left behind.

The testimony of Blind George was particularly interesting from the circumstances under which he gave it. Being unable to see, he by signs and motions mapped out the position of various places in Countess of Warwick's Sound, where these things had been noticed by him before losing his sight. Placing his hand on his own person, he said, "Oopungnewing;" then placing it on a corner of a sea-chest in the main cabin, where we were, he continued, "Niountelik;" then pointing with his finger to a spot on the table, he said, "*Twer-puk-ju-a*," to another, "Kodlunarn," to another "Tikkoon." Before he could place all to satisfy him, he went back and repeated his steps frequently, at last accomplishing the geographical feat satisfactorily to himself and quite to my gratification. He also identified the specimen of "heavy stone" I placed in his lap by lifting it up and touching his lips to it; he felt its indentations and roughness, weighed it in his hand, and said "all same" as he once saw at Kodlunarn. He then, without any leading questions, described the trenches made by the white men; and his testimony was confirmed by Tweroong, who also added that old Innuits said the ship was built from wood left on the island for an *igloo*—a word applied not only to their own snow-houses, but to the dwellings of civilized men generally.

The information thus obtained, though satisfactory, still made me desirous for more; and as at that time the number

of Innuits in the neighbourhood could not have been less than a hundred, I thought it an excellent opportunity for procuring what I sought. Accordingly, I went to some of their tupics, and getting Tookoolito to be my interpreter, asked a number of questions, the answers to which perfectly satisfied me with regard to the main facts concerning Frobisher's expedition and the fate of his men.

The result of all the information thus obtained convinced me, however, of the necessity for another and longer examition of the locality possessing so much interest as regarded this subject. Therefore I again prepared for another trip, and on Monday, October 7th, at 11 A.M. I once more started for the Countess of Warwick's Sound. My boat's crew consisted of Ebierbing, as boat-steerer and interpreter, "Suzhi," "John Bull," Kokerzhun, Annawa, Ou-le-kier, and Shevikoo, thus having only one (Suzhi) of my previous party with me.

As this trip, owing to the very severe weather, was nearly a failure, I need only give such particulars of it as may prove generally interesting to the reader. The wind was strong when we started, and every dash of water upon our boat froze as it touched the side. Sometimes the gusts were so heavy that great care was needed lest we should be capsized; but we managed to cross the bay and reach land on the other side without mishap. Here, for a time, we had better weather, but the wind soon became adverse, and when we got near to French Head it was deemed advisable to encamp for the night.

We stopped at a bight, or indentation of the land, close to the place where we used to cross over to Chapell Inlet, and there, in searching for drift-wood, I came across a piece of my lost expedition boat. The women attended to our encampment, consisting of two tents, one formed of my boat's covering, the other of boats' sails; five persons were in one and three in the other. Thus we passed the first night, and early next morning, October 8th, again started.

The weather was very discouraging; the wind was right against us, and occasionally it snowed heavily. A mile or

so after leaving our encampment a perfect storm came upon us, and I saw that Ebierbing and the rest felt most unwilling to go on. Indeed, I myself now feared it would be impossible to prosecute our voyage. The delay had been such that every day now brought the severity of winter fast upon us; still, I determined to persevere as long as we could, feeling that if the ship departed soon for home I should have no opportunity for examining farther into the Frobisher expedition.

The wind soon increased to a gale, bringing the snow furiously into our faces; the waves ran high, every crest leaping the boat's side, and almost burying it in the trough of the sea. Our condition was becoming dangerous, and so thought my Innuit companions, as they frequently glanced at me to learn my intentions. It was soon evident to me that all my hopes of getting forward were likely to be disappointed. The season was too far advanced for boat excursions; snow-storms, cold and windy weather, met me each day. My companions, wiser than myself, plainly intimated that it would not do to persevere: they would go on if I determined to do so, but they knew their own coasts, their native waters, and their seasons better than myself; and I felt that, much as I wished to accomplish another examination of the islands where relics could be obtained before the *George Henry* sailed, I should be unable to do so without running a risk that would be considered foolhardy.

Our encampment that night was at a place where, as we soon perceived, some Innuits had lately rested. Traces of their abode and deposits of provisions were found, and, upon inquiry, I discovered that one of my crew, Shevikoo, was of the party that had rested here. This explained why he so readily opened the deposits, and took from the store of walrus and other meat what he wanted.

The gale now increased almost to a hurricane. I had encountered nothing so severe since the memorable one of the past year, when my boat was destroyed and the *Rescue* wrecked. We could only with the greatest difficulty keep

our tents from blowing away; we frequently had to secure them afresh by additional weights of stones at their base, and my readers may conceive better than I can describe the position I was in during my detention on that desolate coast.

During this trip I had opportunities for much talk with the Innuits concerning the Frobisher expedition, and also concerning some of their own traditions and superstitions. Concerning the "dreaded land," Annawa said:—

"Years ago many Innuits were carried away on the ice and never came back again. Then Innuits would not live there for a long time. Finally they began to go there again in great numbers, when once more they were all lost, but *how* no Innuit could tell. At last, hearing nothing from the people who had gone there, a boat's crew of Innuits went to ascertain their fate. They arrived in the region they sought, but the very first night they could not sleep, owing to a terrible noise, all the same as if *Nu-na*—the land—cracked, shook, and broke. There was no sea, no wind, no ice; *se-lar*—sky—fine, weather good, yet the dreadful noise continued. However, the searching party went on shore to examine; they looked around, and they went all over the land, but not one of their people could be found. All were gone! Some mysterious fate had overtaken them. This frightened the new visitors; they knew not what to make of it. Then, too, the dreadful noises continued; each night their sleep was troubled by a repetition of the direful sounds. The earth cracked and rumbled, and seemed as if breaking up in all directions. It was enough! Without farther delay, the visitors took to their boat and left the *dreaded land*. Since then no Innuits will live there." Annawa said the last catastrophe happened when he was a boy; the first was a long time before he was born.

On Wednesday, October 9th, though within a mile of Lupton Channel, I determined upon returning to the ship; it was all but impossible to proceed. But here again were other disappointments; the wind changed, a heavy storm set in right against us, and, after accomplishing a short distance,

we had once more to encamp, this time close to "French Head."

My trip thus far had been anything but pleasant. In the boat I was so cramped, and wet with the spray, that I could hardly move. When I landed my limbs almost refused their several functions, and it was necessary for me to have a good walk before I could restore proper circulation. It was a comfort to have such a walk, a greater comfort to be within the tupic, and a still greater to have, after a time, hot coffee placed before me by the ready hands of Suzhi.

The next morning, October 10th, we renewed our boat-voyage back to the ship. On the way a deer was seen, and my crew immediately landed to secure it. This was done without much difficulty, guns having been brought into good use for the purpose. The animal was a fine one, and very soon made a great feast for all of us. It was quickly skinned, and the raw food greedily eaten. I partook of some of it, and especially of the marrow of the legs, the bones having been broken by pounding them with a stone. "Johnny Bull" took the head, broke open the skull, and feasted on the brains. Suzhi now and then thrust her fingers down into the paunch, drawing forth portions of the contents, and eating them with much relish. While waiting at this place I took a walk along the beach, and found a ship's beam high and dry on the rocks. It was of oak, twenty-seven feet long, and eighteen by twelve inches square. Spikes that had once helped to hold fast the ship's deck, and the bolts running through at each end, were much eaten with rust. It probably belonged to the *Traveller*.

When we again started it was with difficulty that any progress could be made, owing to the head wind; but at last, toward evening, we neared the locality of the ship. At that time another boat under sail was observed, and we soon found it to be manned wholly by Innuits. It was a pretty sight, that boat, with no load save its light crew, sailing in the strong wind, with a heavy sea prevailing. The masts and sails were bent over, almost touching the waves, and yet she bounded

forward, beautifully rising over the waters, and dashing along like a white whale in alarm. As soon as the boat neared us, we learned that during my absence the crew of the *George Henry* had captured two whales, and this news was soon afterward fully confirmed when I saw the huge carcasses alongside of the ship.

On board, Captain B—— and his crew were busy and joyous over the work. A friendly word was hastily given, and I went below. I regretted to learn that a man had been seriously injured, nearly losing his life by a blow from one of the captured whales. The boat in which this man was had run with a six-knot breeze right on the whale in an oblique direction, its bow actually mounting the monster's back near its tail. At that moment the "boat-header"—Morgan—threw, with all the force of a bold, expert man, two harpoons in quick succession. The whale, feeling the concussion of the boat and the sharp wounds of the irons in his back, desperately and fiercely struck his flukes about, right and left, with the force of a thousand-horse engine. The sea became white under its maddened fury. Occasionally the tip of one of his flukes was raised high above the boat's side, as if about to deal instant destruction to all, and once a blow came heavily down. Morgan saved himself by jumping on one side; but the nearest man was struck and knocked down senseless. The boat's mast was lifted from the step, and the sail thrown in the water, but, fortunately, the boat itself escaped destruction. The huge monster expended most of his power in lashing the water, and then "sounded," that is, dived into the depths below. On returning to the surface he was met by lances, which caused the usual spouting of blood, and then followed the death-stroke, which made the whale a prize to the daring seamen who had attacked it.

CHAPTER XII.

The Anvil—Preparations for returning Home—Excursion to Bayard Taylor Pass—Hard Climbing—An extensive View—The Ice Pack in Davis's Strait —A Rapid Descent—Return to the Ship—Startling Announcement of Captain B——— —Another Winter in the Ice—General Gloom—A bitter Disappointment—How to live and keep Warm—Innuit Simplicity regarding Money—Author's Proposition concerning Stores.

THE events that followed my return to the ship on Thursday, October 10th, 1861, were similar to those that I have already related. We all naturally wished to get away and proceed on the voyage home; ice had begun to form, and we felt that the time was now come for our departure, if we meant to leave that year. Thus a few days passed on, during which several of our friends, the Innuits, who had been at different places hunting and sealing, returned. Among them were Ugarng, Artarkparu, and Annawa. Each of these, on my questioning them, spoke of the particular relic on Oopungnewing I had been so anxious to obtain from the moment when Artarkparu told me of it, as recorded in the previous chapter; and upon requesting them to do so, they each made from wood a model of the article, working at different times, and without the least consultation among themselves.

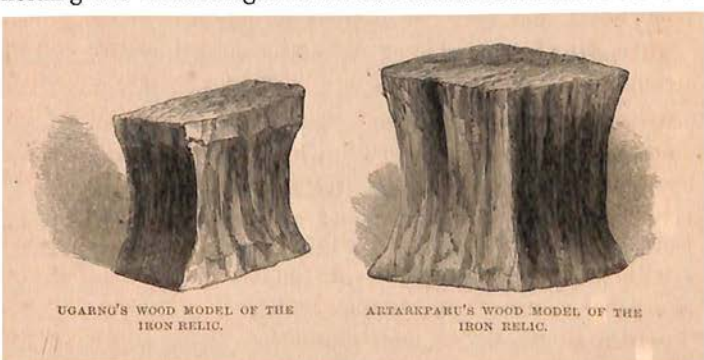
I here introduce an extract from my journal as written at the time:—

"*Saturday, October 12th*, 1861.—At 9 A.M. I had interviews with several Innuits concerning the important relic that must still be on the island Oopungnewing. Ugarng saw this relic (which to me is yet undetermined as to its true character) when a young man. He says that one very strong Innuit, now dead, could lift it, *and even did shoulder it.* No other Innuit could accomplish the same feat. Another lifted it to the height of his knees, but dropped it quickly. Only very

few Innuits were able to raise it from the ground. Suzhi, at my request, has just made a pencil sketch of its shape—at least, as near as she could. She evidently never took a pencil in her hand before. Ugarng, who is quite experienced in map sketching, has marked out its shape on the same leaf as Koo-ou-le-arng's (Suzhi's) sketch. This has some correspondence to the delineation of the one Artarkparu made some days since." Later:—

"This minute, 10·15 A.M. have found out just what this relic is. *It is an anvil!* such as were made in former times, without a horn.

"To get at this, I got Ugarng to cut out with his knife its representation in wood. When he finished it I held it out, asking '*Kis-su?*'—that is, What was the heavy iron at Oopungnewing formerly used for? His answer was an intelligible one, and *one that determines the nature of this important relic beyond all question.* Before I give it I will say that this Innuit has been to the States (*vide* page 101, vol. i.). While there he desired to and did visit various manufacturing establishments, being himself naturally of a mechanical turn of mind. I will now give his answer on stating that holding the index finger of his left hand on the little carved



UGARNG'S WOOD MODEL OF THE IRON RELIC.

ARTARKPARU'S WOOD MODEL OF THE IRON RELIC.

block as I held it up, with his other hand angled into fist and raised above finger to represent hammer, he said, '*All the same as blacksmith.*' This expression, in connexion with his pertinent symbolizing, settles the matter satisfactorily to

my mind that this relic of Frobisher on Oopungnewing is an anvil."

Another wood model,* of great similarity to the above two, was executed on the 15th of October by Annawa.

When Ugarng saw the relic, or "heavy stone," it was "red with rust;" and Artarkparu informed me that it had been carried to Oopungnewing from Kodlunarn many years ago by Innuits on a sledge. Annawa, in speaking of it, said "it was something that did not grow there," and each one confirmed the others' testimony, though examined apart and at different times. Suzhi also made a rude model of it by chewing some toodnoo and then fashioning it into the shape opposite. Thus everything seemed to confirm me in the belief that the article probably yet to be found on Oopungnewing was an anvil formerly belonging to Frobisher's expedition; hence my desire was great to induce some of the natives to go for it, hoping they might return before the ship sailed. But I found no one who cared to undertake the task.

KOO-OU-LE-ARNG'S TOODNOO MODEL OF THE IRON RELIC.

It was the intention of Captain B—— to leave the country on the 20th October, and the minds of all had been made up accordingly. I was anxious to go, before sailing, to a high point near Bayard Taylor Pass, where I could complete my operations pertaining to the trigonometrical survey I had commenced. With this design I set out on the morning of October 17th for an excursion thither, and I now copy from my diary a portion of the record made on the evening of that day and on subsequent days:—

"10 P.M. Shall I put upon paper my feelings of to-night, or shall I leave them to be imagined after stating the bare facts from which they originate?

* This model I sent to the English government with many of the Frobisher relics which I discovered and obtained in the Countess of Warwick's Sound.

"At present it is thought that *we are ice-imprisoned in Field Bay for the winter!* Solid '*pack*' in Davis's Strait has been seen to-day. How true it is that we know not what a day may bring forth!

"A few hours ago we were anticipating the short time that remained before the *George Henry's* sails were to be given to the wind, and we to be away to our loved ones at home; but *now* we are thinking of preparations for *sustaining life* in these regions of ice and snow. I must make as enduring as ink and paper will allow the incidents of this day. I begin with my trip across to the west side of the bay, to the highest mountain-top between Field Bay and the Bay of Frobisher.

"Early this morning the four boats, with the *George Henry's* crew, started off to cruise for whales. I set to work engaging a crew of the best Innuits among those who had just come aboard to accompany me across the bay, and a few minutes sufficed for this. Those selected were Ebierbing, Shevikoo, 'Jim Crow,' 'Miner,' *Oo-ming-mung, At-tou-se-ark-chune.*

"After making up the west side of the island, near which the vessel is anchored, and which forms the north and north-west side of the harbour, I was surprised to find much ice. Indeed, early this morning there was no ice in the harbour, but at the time we left it had formed so thick that it was with great difficulty that the boat could be pulled through it. Finding the ice too heavy to make progress, and apparently much thicker ahead of us, we concluded to turn our course and strike south-west, using the wind, which was favourable to the latter course. Sail being made, away we sped at a capital rate, occasionally plowing through 'sludge,'* that served greatly to deaden our speed.

"At about eleven o'clock we reached the land where the winter passage is made in going to Frobisher Bay. A few minutes were spent here in deciding which of the party should accompany me in my tramp to the mountain-top. All

* Just as the ice begins to break, sometimes the sea-water, to a considerable depth, becomes so cold that it is thick like porridge—so thick, indeed, that a boat might as well be pulled through a lake of tar as through "sludge."

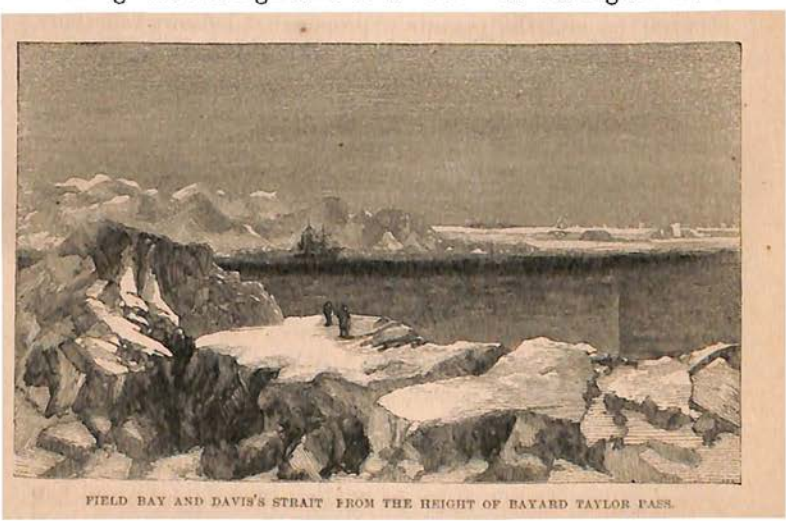
but one seemed reluctant to undertake it; the *one* I shall always remember, as he seemed rather anxious than otherwise to be my attendant; it was Shevikoo, an Innuit that I like more the more I see of him. The rest of the crew were to remain with the boat, taking it, if they chose, to hunt duck and seal.

"Shevikoo and I started. The first quarter of a mile was over a plain of fresh-water ice that had been formed by springs bubbling up and spreading their waters about. This passed, we commenced our ascent of the rugged hill that lay between us and the mountain proper that I desired to visit. A few minutes' walk up this incline decided what kind of work we had before us for the next two or three hours. I started from the boat with my tuktoo jacket and trousers on. Climbing rough rocks covered with soft, treacherous snow created a *boiling* heat; I therefore divested myself of the said clothing, reserving only my civilization dress.

"Resuming our walk—or rather our leaping, plunging, and tumbling, for this was the nature of our motions during the five hours we were absent from the boat—our progress up was slow—slow indeed, for the way was really rugged, though not so in appearance. Had there been no snow we could have got along very well, but as it was, the travelling was *terrible*. This may be believed when I state that nearly the whole distance is covered with sharp and boulder rocks —rocks upon rocks—and over these a covering of snow that made all look fair, but, on attempting to make passage over it, down through soft snow we went till our feet rested on stones, which sometimes proved firm and sometimes proved man-traps. Now and then we sunk thigh deep, our feet dropping into chinks, and becoming quite firmly wedged therein. As we wound our zig-zag way up the steep mountain, I was expecting every moment that my volunteer companion would refuse to go farther, but in this I was happily mistaken. He was a match for me.

"I was rejoiced to find, as we drew near the top, that the snow became sufficiently hard to bear us up, thus enabling

us to make better progress. The summit was finally reached, and a moment's look around was sufficient to repay me for all the efforts I had made to gain that point. Field Bay, Davis's Strait, Frobisher Bay, and Kingaite were within sight. I was surprised at the height we had evidently gained. Lady Franklin Island, out in Davis's Strait, Monumental Island, and the islands of the extreme land between Frobisher Bay and Field Bay, which I visited last winter, loomed up as I had never seen them before at so great a distance from them, showing that the high land on which I was was high indeed.



FIELD BAY AND DAVIS'S STRAIT FROM THE HEIGHT OF BAYARD TAYLOR PASS.

"I took the spy-glass, and proceeded to make a prolonged observation. I first directed the glass toward the vessel, which was at a distance of seven miles; I then directed it to Davis's Strait. This I saw was filled with a heavy *pack*. I swept with the instrument along down said strait to the extremity of Hall's Island. No black water—nought but *pack*, *pack*, met my view! I was somewhat surprised at this, but thought that perhaps to Captain B—— this would be but a familiar, every-year affair. The sequel to this will be soon written.

"I asked my Innuit attendant to take the glass and '*tak-koo seko*'—look at the sea-ice. When Shevikoo had viewed it carefully, I asked him, '*Seko amasuit?*'—Do you see much ice? He replied, '*Noud-loo—noud-loo!*'—Yes—yes. From the deep, slow tones of his voice, as he answered me, I understood that he too was surprised at the sight. I wondered how a vessel was to get out of Field Bay; but the next instant I thought, 'Well, now, Captain B—— will find some way, of course, which my inexperienced self cannot discover, by which the *George Henry* can be put through that pack.' My thoughts were also of Captain Parker and his son, who had, each with a vessel, left about this time last year and proceeded home.

"I took another prolonged look, before I left, at Davis's Strait. Monumental Island was white, and its sides presented no black rock peering out; and the same was true of Lady Franklin Island. The pack appeared very rough; much pinnacled ice was among it, and it was especially to be seen around the first island of the extreme land next Davis's Strait. As far as the eye could reach by the aid of the most excellent glass, up and down the strait, no open water met my view. I then turned to Kingaite. Miles on miles of mountain there were before me. A long line of black cloud stretched from the extreme south to the extreme north-west, just enveloping the tops of most of the Kingaite ridge. I was disappointed in not getting a sight of Oopungnewing and Niountelik; the ridge of another mountain, distant two miles, ran in such a direction as to hide them, but a small island near Oopungnewing was in sight. The termination of the grass plain, Kus-se-gear-ark-ju-a, opposite and near Niountelik, was within view. The little bay on the Frobisher Bay side, making up to within one mile of Field Bay, was nearly down beneath us.

"On climbing this mountain my clothing became saturated with perspiration. On making the top the wind was blowing cuttingly cold, thus serving to chill me too hastily for comfort or for long endurance. Before I finished the observations I made up there, I came near freezing my fingers, and the time

was long, after leaving that exposed position, before I could bring them back to their natural warmth. The stinging pains I endured in those fingers, while the restoration was going on, seemed almost unbearable.

"We remained forty-five minutes on this mountain-top. Had it not been for the lateness of the hour, I should have proceeded two miles farther; this distance would have led me to the ridge which limited my view, shutting out from sight the interesting places named. This ridge is by the entrance to the little bay, or, more properly, the harbour making up nearest Field Bay.

"Taking a last look at the scenery around, we started down the mountain. Our steps were rapid. I had the misfortune to get one severe fall. As we were descending the steepest part, my right foot caught between two stones that were deep beneath a snow covering, and the swift rate at which I was going threw me headlong while I was fast in the rocks. I recovered myself and extricated my foot, though not until the cramp had seized my leg and tied knots in it. I cried lustily to Shevikoo, who was ten rods ahead. He did not hear me at first, but the second call brought him to. I managed to get the knots rubbed out of my leg before he reached me, though it was some time before I could proceed. The time of our descent was not a quarter of that consumed in going up. When within a mile of the boat, I saw the balance of my crew awaiting our return, and we reached the boat at 4 P.M. having been five hours absent from it.

"We started at once for the vessel, making slow progress at first on account of the ice. At length we reached open water, raised sail, and sped along. As we approached the harbour we found that the ice had become so thick that it was only by hard pulling, and hard drives of the oars into it, that we got to the ship. As soon as I was aboard, I asked Captain B—— if his men had another whale. He replied that as yet he did not know, but the indications were, as his boats were not in, that they had. He was in fine spirits. But, alas! how soon were they changed to the very depth of grief!

"Shevikoo was the first one of the crew up the side of the vessel. As soon as he got aboard he told Captain B—— we had seen much ice down at the entrance of the bay. When I went down below, Captain B—— came to me asking if I had seen any heavy ice—*pack*—in Davis's Strait. I told him that I had, and proceeded to give him as truthful an account of it as I could. I was astonished at the effect it produced upon him. Then it was that I first began to realize, *to feel* the overwhelming importance, the momentous character of that pack. On getting through my description, telling him that I not only took repeated careful looks of it through his glass, but had required Shevikoo to do the same, Captain B——, with fevered brow, responded, '*Our fate is sealed! Another winter here! We are already imprisoned!*'

"This was now the theme, the all-important subject of thought of every one who heard Captain B——'s explanation of how it was that all hope of returning to the States this season was now cut off. Captain B—— no longer felt able to rejoice at the capture of another whale. To and fro he paced the cabin—now on deck—another moment back again.

"At eight o'clock the four boats came in announcing the fact that another whale had been secured. At any other time this intelligence would have been received by Captain B—— with a joyful heart, but now he was occupied in thinking what he was to do under the present dismal circumstances. When the boats came in and were placed in position on their cranes, the captain broke to the officers the subject that now before all others pressed upon him. During the evening he proceeded to state that, from various circumstances during the year, he had been thinking there might be something of the kind, to wit, pack-ice, coming down Davis's Strait. He said, 'Last winter hung on late; there has been no summer; the year has been an unusually cold one; the water of the bay has been almost of sea-ice temperature, while now the first cold snap turns it at once to porridge, and then into solid ice. All these results are from the heavy pack that has probably been coming down Davis's Strait nearly all the season.'

"Captain B—— said, further, that to take the pack at this season of the year would be the very height of foolhardiness. In the spring the whalers do not hesitate to do it, for then constant daylight and warm, thawing weather are expected. But now everything is freezing up. Long, dark nights are upon us, and the *George Henry* is not such a vessel as one should think of venturing with her into dangerous places. Captain B—— is thankful that I made the trip I have to-day. He says, 'What would have been our condition had you not seen and reported this? As soon as possible I should have been on our way; I should have weighed anchors and raised sail at the first fair wind. But in what kind of a situation should we soon have found ourselves? In the pack, *without the power to retreat!*'

"To-morrow morning Captain B—— goes out for the object of visiting some point overlooking Davis's Strait, near the entrance to Field Bay, to determine what he must do on seeing how the pack is. It is hoped that he will find the pack I saw *ended;* but he says he has no doubt, from what I saw, that it will be impossible to get out this season; that we must make up our minds to stop here this winter. He is already planning for the wintering of his men. He says he will have to divide them among the natives, as the ship has neither provision nor fuel sufficient to last till she is again free from ice and can reach home.

* * * * * * *

"*Friday, October 18th,* 1861. This morning, the first and all-important matter of our being obliged to winter here absorbs our attention. It is the general subject of conversation fore and aft. Captain B—— started off at 7 A.M. taking with him his principal officers, for the purpose of making a survey from Budington Mountain* of the pack in Davis's Strait. At 9·15 A.M. he returned, reporting that Rescue

* Named by me after S. O. Budington, who was master of the *George Henry.* This mount, 500 feet high, is in lat. 62° 53′ N. long. 64° 42′ W.; is three miles due east of the George Henry Harbour, and a little over one mile north-east of the centre of Rescue Harbour.

Harbour was so solidly frozen that he could not get through it, and was obliged to make for another point this side. At last he made a landing, and proceeded to an eminence this side; but it was not such a view as he desired to make, though he saw enough to satisfy him that it would only be running a terrible risk to attempt getting out this season. Captain B—— designs crossing the bay to the high land by Parker's Harbour, or near French Head, to-day or to-morrow, if the ice will admit of it.

* * * * * * *

"*October 20th*, 1861.—This morning the ice in the harbour was so firm as to bear me up. As soon as I went on deck, long before the sun was up, I made my way down the ship's side upon it. The pack outside the bay, and the new ice now nearly covering it, have us imprisoned. For nine months to come *we are ice-bound!* Some of the men still think we shall get out, but I do not think Captain B—— has now the remotest idea that we can.

"Now (1 P.M.) the thermometer is at 13°, the sun shining brightly, the sky cloudless. For three days now, had there been a clear way before us, we could not have got out, for there has not been wind enough to fill the sails. *Surely we are doomed to winter here.* Another year of disappointment is mine; my mission to the North yet unaccomplished, I was rejoicing in my heart that the time had nearly arrived when I should be on my way to the States for the purpose of preparing again for the voyage to King William's Land, when a thunderbolt descends from an icy sky and rives my dearest plans! But stop! is not the hand of God in this? is all this luck? The wisdom of Him who sees all, and doth as He willeth, is above all the comprehension of mortals.

". . . . . *Monday, October 21st*, 1861.—The ice this morning I find by measurement to be four inches thick. During the night it was nearly calm, and the thermometer ranged from 9° to 10°. Notwithstanding the dubious circumstances by which we have been surrounded for the past few days, we have all had more or less hope of still arriving at our homes

this winter; but, *dreaded as it is*, we have to bring our hearts to submit to this dispensation of Providence. The *George Henry* is fated to be ice-bound here for full nine months to come. The 20th of October, instead of finding us on our way as purposed, with hearts swelling with joyous anticipations of a quick passage home, and of soon meeting with our loved ones, finds us engaged in planning for subsistence during an imprisonment of nine months in these frozen regions. What a change! what disappointment! and yet who shall say it has not been wisely ordered. 'Man proposes—God disposes;' cheerfully, then, we should submit to our lot.

* * * * * * *

"*Friday, October 25th*, 1861.—This morning, to all appearance, our winter's fate is sealed. The ice is now seven inches thick, and is rapidly increasing. It is now twelve o'clock, noon, the sun shining brightly, the wind blowing strong from the north-west, and the thermometer only one degree above zero.

"After breakfast Captain B—— sent out three Innuits to go to Budington Mountain and see the position of the pack. They returned at half-past four; their report *removes the hope* of all those who were still looking to get out of our imprisonment this season. The Innuits state that seaward it is all ice; the bay is all ice except the small opening to be seen from the ship's deck. The lower and entrance part of the bay is filled with *pack;* in Davis's Strait nothing is to be seen but *pack*—'all white, no black.' The effect produced by this upon some of the *George Henry*'s men was very painful.

"Feelings of disappointment—sad disappointment—steal over me now and then at our not being able to proceed according to our plans; but I confidently believe *it is all for the best.*"

It was upon Captain B—— that the care and anxiety principally fell. He had to plan and arrange for his ship's company during another nine or ten months, and there was but a scanty supply of provisions and fuel to do it with. As to the latter want, that could be met in various ways. The jawbones of

three whales recently captured would serve for a long time; one of these was sawed, chopped, and split for use. The bone is very porous, and filled with oil; the heat from it is great. One cord of bone must be equivalent to four cords of live oak. There was also some timber of the wrecked whaler down the bay.

As it regarded food, we had to husband our stores very carefully. On Sunday, October 27th, a new order of things commenced, and instead of three meals a day we had only two. Bread or flour was the most nourishing food then on board, with the exception of beans, which were to be served out twice a week. There was salt junk and salt pork, but eating either was felt to be almost worse than being without. Thus we soon found it best to fall back upon our Innuit food, and it would have amused many persons at home to have seen our messes at our daily meals. Some, too, would have wondered how we could eat such stuff; but certainly that surprise would cease when they were told we must eat it in order to live. I do not think it can be said that any of us ate "black skin" (whale skin) and other Innuit food because we really liked it. Some wise person has said that man should not live to eat, but *eat to live*. We were of the latter class, hence the necessity of relishing whatever came in our way.

I may here mention an incident that occurred about this time which shows the simplicity of the Innuit character in matters connected with money. Of course *money*, as we have it, is to them unknown. One day "John Bull" came to Captain B—— to buy a new one-dollar shirt, handing him *two* American cents as payment. Ugarng, in like manner, tried to buy a violin to which he had taken a fancy. The violin belonged to Bailey, one of the steerage hands, and Ugarng, calling him aside, whispered in his ear, "Viddle, viddle—wonga—piletay—money," and then slipped into Bailey's hand what he supposed to be a generous sum, *one cent* of the latest coinage. But Bailey could not trade for that, and Ugarng went away without his "viddle."

I conclude this chapter with an extract from my diary of October 30th :—

"The *George Henry* is short of provisions for the time she is now obliged to remain here. I have already signified to Captain B—— what I know will, under the circumstances, meet the approbation of the contributors to the expenses of my outfit in the way of provision, ammunition, &c. I have told him that whatever I have that will contribute to the sustenance of his ship's company the present winter, the same is at his command. I have nine cans of pemmican, of about one hundred pounds each, remaining of the twelve and a half which I had when I left the States. I have also one and a half casks of Borden's meat-biscuit. The pemmican and meat-biscuit are of the most excellent quality, and equivalent to fully 3,200 pounds of fresh beefsteak. Of these articles, as also of ammunition, I have already spoken to Captain B——, saying that they were ready to supply his and the ship's company's necessities."

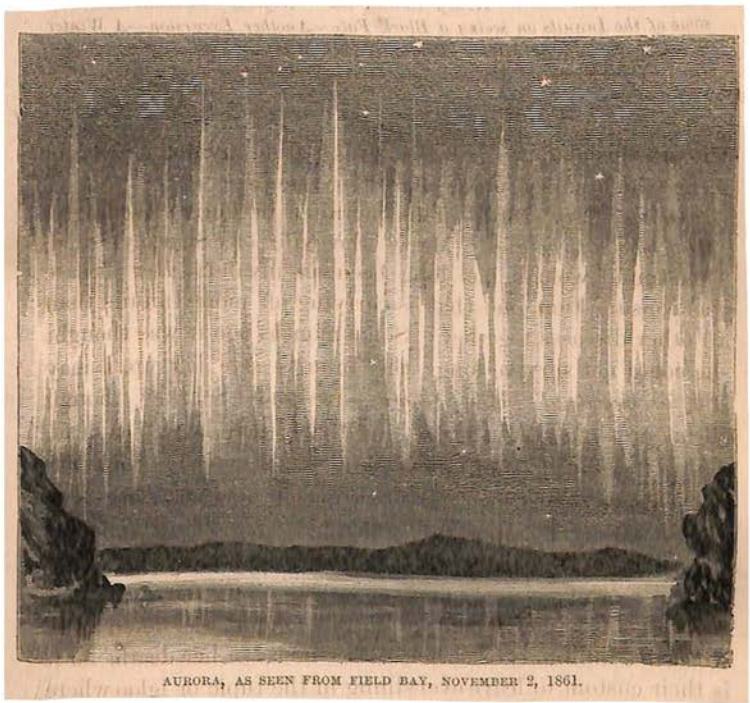
CHAPTER XIII.

Sick Mam-ma-yat-che-ung immured in a living Tomb!—The dying Woman lingers for Weeks, almost starving—The Aurora Borealis—A Magnificent Display—Strange Custom relating to New Mothers—Nukertou's Grave—A Talk with the Dead—Presents to the Departed—Life in the Winter—Theatricals on Board—Henry Smith, the "Negress"—Consternation of some of the Innuits on seeing a Black Face—Another Excursion—A Winter Sledge-journey—Old Mother Petato—Novel Mode of warming the Feet—Deer's Paunch considered delicious Food—Visit Tikkoon—Tradition of a Ship built and masted.

I BEGIN this chapter with the sketch from my diary of a sad scene which passed under my observation:—

"*October 28th,* 1861.—This morning, or during the night, '*Mam-ma-yat-che-ung,*' 'Mary,' the wife of 'Sharkey,' died. This Innuit woman has long been an invalid. Her disease was consumption, one that is carrying off more Innuits than all other diseases together. Some months ago it was thought she could not survive long; the Innuits gave her up, I may add, *as one dead.* Her *wing-a*—husband—Sharkey, though all his previous conduct was kind to her, gave her up as dead. A tupic was made, and into it Mary was removed; *it was her living tomb!* Sharkey took to himself another wife. For weeks and weeks Mary lived helpless and almost starving. Occasionally some few of the Innuits would carry this dying woman morsels of seal, duck, or walrus. Of course, all that was valuable or convenient for Mary's comfort was taken away when the Innuits carried her to the 'house of her death,' for it is their custom to leave everything in the tupic or igloo where one of their number dies as unfit to be touched ever after. Mary must have died during the night, for when Suzhi called this morning at the tupic with cooked meituk—duck—sent her by Tookoolito, no answer was made, and, on looking in, Suzhi *saw that she was dead.* Innuit custom will not permit

one of that people to enter the place of the dead under such circumstances. One of the Innuits came over to the vessel and announced the death of Mary, and Captain B——, with one of the ship's men, went over to bury her. The captain looked in, and saw enough to chill one's heart's blood. The corpse met his view with head erect, and eyes staring at him with the overpowering glare of death! The tupic became her winding-sheet, and stones were piled over her—her only monument."



AURORA, AS SEEN FROM FIELD BAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

On November 2d, at 6 P.M. there was another magnificent display of the aurora. From east to west—south of us—was a beautiful arch of living gold. The eastern base rested, to all appearance, on the high land, as did also the western, and the centre of the arch was 10° above the horizon south.

The wind was blowing strong, and the aurora truly appeared as possessing life. It danced to and fro from one extreme to the other. Its colours rivalled the rainbow, the pea-green predominating over the other hues. At the east a bank of golden rays shot up far above all the rest. The stars were obscured as the "merrie dancers" swept along in piles of coruscations. The arch continued to recede, falling lower and lower; the reverse is the usual course of the aurora, as far as my observation has extended. Not a cloud could be seen.

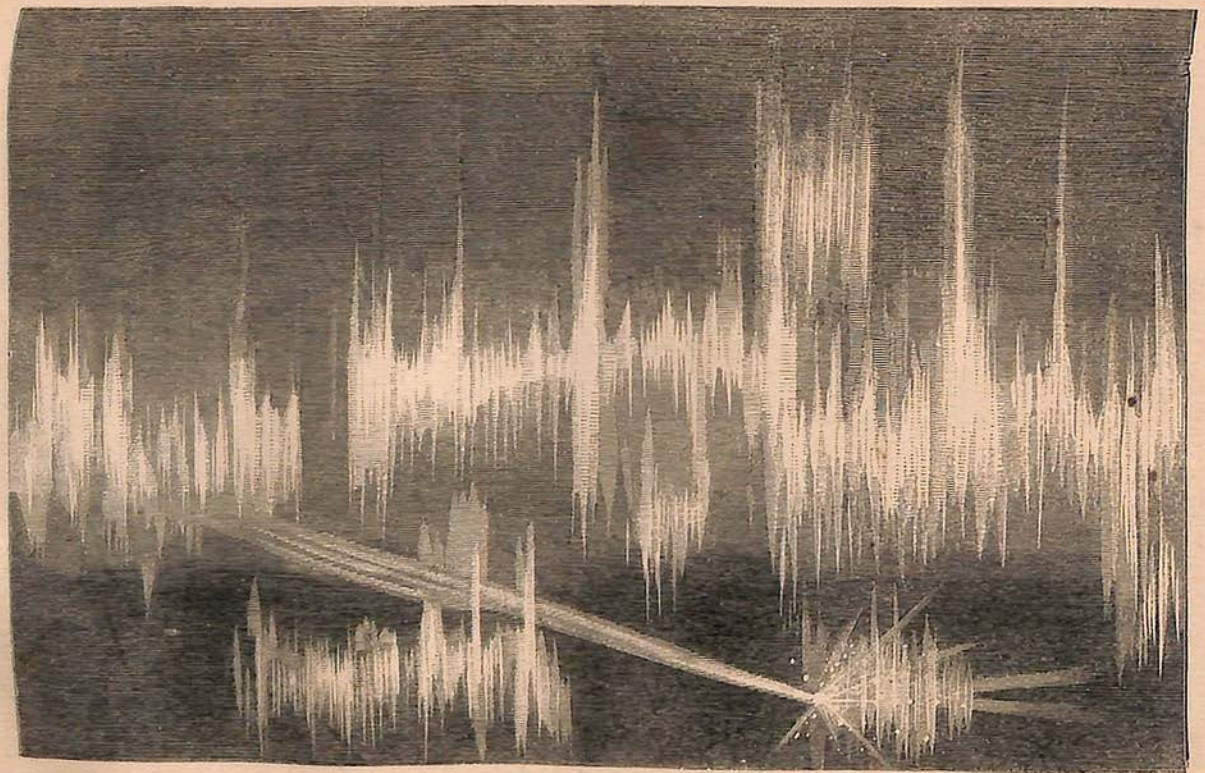
At 7·30 P.M. the aurora was lifting its *arches* zenithward; there were now two reaching from east to west, and for some portion of the way there were *three*. The wind was blowing almost a gale, the thermometer being 6° above zero. The stronger the breeze, the more beautiful was the aurora, the brisker its races and dancings, and the more glowing its colours. I find in my diary the following entry with reference to this sublime spectacle:—

"I wish all my friends in the States could witness the aurora as seen in these regions. I am sure, on beholding it as now seen, they would clap their hands and sing, 'Praise to God, for He hath surrounded us with the heavens full of glory!'

"Never shall I forget when, last winter, Captain B——, Mate Gardiner, and myself were on deck, witnessing one of the rare displays just described. In truth, we *did* tremble, Captain B—— exclaiming, '*I never wish to behold the like again.*' And so I felt."

I accompany this description and illustration with a picture of a still more remarkable display which occurred on the evening of October 13th, 1860, one feature connected with which was a meteor of great brilliancy; it shot from a point in the heavens near Cassiopeia, crossing Ursa Minor, and losing itself among the folds of Draco. It was followed by a trail of light twenty degrees in length.

On November 4th I visited Ebierbing and Tookoolito. During my stay the latter informed me that she had to make calls the next day in all the tupics, and perhaps at the ship. On my asking the reason, she answered that her infant would



AURORA AND METEOR OF OCTOBER 13, 1860.

be two months old, and that it was the custom—the first Innuits having done so—for the mother to call at every tupic of the village at the end of the period mentioned. During these two months Tookoolito had not been into any tupic except her own. She added that, in accordance with custom, she should cast away all the clothing she then had on, and should never touch it again.

Some time after I was informed that the grave of Nukertou had been visited by Innuits, according to another of their singular customs. They took down small pieces of tuktoo skin with the fur on, and of toodnoo. When there, they stood around her grave, upon which they placed the articles they had brought. Then one of them stepped up, took a piece of the tuktoo, cut a slice and ate it, at the same time cutting off another slice and placing it under a stone by the grave. Then the knife was passed from one hand to the other, both hands being thrown behind the person. This form of shifting the implement was continued for perhaps a minute, the motions being accompanied by *constant talk with the dead.* Then a piece of tuktoo fur and some toodnoo were placed under the stone, with an exclamation signifying, "Here, Nukertou, is something to eat and something to keep you warm." Each of the Innuits also went through the same forms.

I was told by Tookoolito that this strange custom was invariably practised among the Innuits. But they never visit the grave of a departed friend until some months after death, and even then only when all the surviving members of the family have removed to another place. Whenever they return to the vicinity of their kindred's grave, a visit is made to it with the *best* of food as presents to the departed one. Neither seal, Ninoo, nor walrus, however, is taken.

At the time of this visit but little remained of Nukertou's body; there were a few bones and some hair, but the hungry dogs, during the previous winter, had broken into the snow-tomb and eaten away all her flesh.

On November 23d the Innuits began to build their igloos, or winter habitations, in the place of their summer tents. On

the 25th a great many of the natives came on board to pass the evening with our foremast hands. They spent some time in singing and dancing to whistling and the music of an instrument called the "keeloun."* The sport served an ex-

PLAYING THE "KEELOUN."

cellent purpose in keeping all in good spirits and helping to pass away the long night.

* The "keeloun" is an instrument made by stretching a thin deerskin, or the skin of the whale's liver, upon a wooden or whalebone hoop about thirty inches in diameter, forming something not very unlike the tambourine known in this country. It is held, however, by a handle, and the player strikes, not the skin, but the hoop, accompanying his music by an uncouth sort of dance.

The following night, November 26th, "theatrical" performances took place on board the *George Henry*. The cabin was filled to its utmost capacity with Innuits and the ship's crew. "Jim Crow," the son of Artarkparu, occupied the centre of the cabin, and was performing on the "keeloun," while the other Innuits were seated all around, the female portion singing to the music. I made my way to the little after cabin, and there seated myself so as to have a full view of what was going on.

The keeloun was accompanied by a tambourine made by Mr. Lamb. Another instrument was a *triangle*, a steel *square* pendent from a tow string, and struck with an iron spoon. The keeloun was played in turn by Annawa, Ooksin, Koojesse, and young Smith, *à la negro!* While Annawa was going through the "sweating" process, playing the instrument and dancing the ridiculously wild figures that are indispensable, according to Innuit ideas, his music being accompanied by a full chorus of native female voices, there came bouncing into the very midst a strapping negress, setting the whole house in a roar of laughter. It was young Smith dressed in this character. The tambourine was passed into his hands, and he soon did full justice to the instrument, his or *her* sable fists soon knocking a hole through the whale's liver skin with which it was covered.

When Smith first entered some of the Innuit women were much frightened. Jennie, the angeko, was seated near me, and she tried to put as great a distance as possible between herself and the negress, believing the apparition to be an evil spirit. But all shortly became reconciled to the stranger, especially when Smith resumed his place, playing and shouting, Innuit-like, and making so much fun that all our sides ached with laughter. Even the singing women were obliged occasionally to give way and join in the merriment.

The negress was next called on to act as drummer. Ooksin held the keeloun while *she* performed "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and other pieces, with admirable skill and effect, using two iron spoons for drum-sticks. The *finale* was

a dance by two Innuit ladies and two of the ship's crew, the music being furnished by Bailey with his "viddle."

At the early hour of half-past six the performances closed, all concerned being highly pleased with the enjoyments of the evening. "A hearty laugh is as good as a feast." The number of Innuit guests exceeded fifty; many of the ladies were ornamented in the height of fashion among the arctic aristocracy. The brightly glittering head-bands, and the pendents of variegated beads which hung from each side of their hair, made the assembly look quite theatre-like. Tookoolito was present with her infant, as were many other ladies with similar organs of melody at their backs.

On the 28th of November we celebrated Thanksgiving Day to the best of our ability. It is true, we had no turkeys, roast beef, or onions; but yet we had something extra—something besides whale, salt junk, salt pork, and hard bread. It was a sea-pie of foxes. The arctic fox is a very pretty species, and is killed in considerable numbers by the Innuits for its flesh and its fine white fur.

The time wore on without many incidents especially worthy of note till the 10th of December. I must, however, mention one scene which was deeply interesting. Captain B—— and several of the aft hands were in the main cabin, where were also Shevikoo, Koojesse, and other Innuits. The captain had a way of his own in occasionally breaking out in strong, unmistakable terms against that northern country. While speaking of it on the evening referred to, he said, "Koojesse, what do you have such a cold, bleak, barren, mountainous, rocky, icy, stormy, freezing country here for, unfit for a white man or any one else to live in?" It was at once noticed that the Innuit Shevikoo was bathed in tears, and such of the other Innuits as comprehended the words of Captain B—— seemed much hurt. How true that every one likes his own country best. Shevikoo was one of the noblest of his people; he could not repress the flood of tears that burst forth on hearing his native land thus spoken of.

As soon as it was fairly decided that the *George Henry*

must remain imbedded in the ice through another winter, I determined to make, as soon as possible, a sledge journey up Frobisher Bay for the purpose of effecting a complete exploration of every bay and inlet in those waters, and also of investigating still more closely the matters connected with the Countess of Warwick's Sound. Previous to this, however, it became necessary for me to make a shorter trip to Jones's Cape, in order to obtain reindeer skins by trading with the natives; these I wanted for bedding and winter dresses for myself and for Ebierbing and Tookoolito, and to bring home with me to the United States.

On Tuesday, December 10th, I went over to Ebierbing's tupic to see him about going on this excursion with me. While talking with Tookoolito I asked her to go with me to see the old Innuit whose name is *Kar-ping*, for I wanted to talk with him. Before we started there came into the tupic a young Innuit with Tookoolito's infant, its whole length stuck into the leg of a pair of tuktoo *kodlings*—breeches. The fur turned inside made a warm envelope for the body of the child, otherwise naked, except for a tuktoo cap and jacket. Tookoolito then sent the young man who brought the infant for old Karping, who soon came in. He had quite a stock of gray whiskers and mustache, and I should think he was from sixty-five to seventy years old.

Tookoolito acted as my interpreter, and I cautioned her not to assist the old man by any remarks of her own. I first asked, "Have you ever heard of a place called Kodlunarn?" He replied; "I have. It is a small island, and near Oopungnewing." "Why is it called Kodlunarn?" "Because white men lived there, and built oo-mi-ark-chu-a"—ship. "Did you see the *kodlunas* who lived on Kodlunarn and built ship there?" Raising up his eyes, with wonder pictured in them, at the question, he said "*Argi*."

He then proceeded to say that it was a long time before he was born; he knew nothing about it but what his old father and mother told him. I asked him how the white men could build a ship in the Innuit country where trees did not grow,

where there was no wood, no iron, no materials of any sort. I told Tookoolito to say to him that it sounded very strange to me to hear about ship-building there. Tookoolito smiled, and did as requested. The old Innuit smiled also, and then proceeded to explain how it was, saying that the ship was built out of material carried there by *kodlunas*. I then asked him if there was any thing on Kodlunarn now that the *kodlunas* who built the ship left there. The old man answered :—

"Ar-me-larng, amasuadlo!" (Yes, a great many.) "What were they?" "Little red pieces" of something; he didn't know what they were. "Anything else?" "Yes, little black pieces, a great many;" he didn't know what they were for. There was nothing like them in the Innuit country; but these black things were on Niountelik, not on Kodlunarn. I then asked if he had seen anything else. At first he said he had not, but, on thinking a while, he said he had seen "heavy stone"—one small one at Tikkoon, one large one, he thought, on Oopungnewing. The last he saw four years before, and he said the Innuits used to try their strength in lifting it. He could lift it as high as his knees, but no higher.

I asked him if any one could see the place where the *kodlunas* built the ship. He replied, "Yes;" and then proceeded to show what kind of a place it was. A snow-block was in the bottom of the igloo, having been brought in for making snow-water. I told Tookoolito to have him take a snow-knife, and show us what kind of a place the ship was built in. The old man took the snow-knife and commenced trimming the block, and then preceeded to chip out a trench, comparatively wide, and deep at the edge, but shallow and narrow at its termination. He then swept his knife around the block of snow to represent the location of the trench in the island. I asked what was the character of the land where they dug the trench. As I asked this question, I put my finger at the bottom of the model trench before us. The answer astonished me, it being the very reverse of what I expected, for I knew the bottom of the excavation of Kodlunarn to be of stone. The old man's answer was that it was

soft. By this I understood him to mean that it was like sand or loam; but to a repetition of the question, he answered, "Soft—*very soft—same as wood all falling in pieces;* the *tarrio*—sea—came up into the trench where the wood was."

Here was a deeply-interesting fact unexpectedly disentombed. I had previously found at Kodlunarn several pieces of wood at the bottom of this trench, the larger portion of it being of the character described by this old Innuit. It was beneath stone that had fallen from the bank, the top of the stick being dry, while the base was imbedded firmly in rocks and sand. The old Innuit said that a good deal of something soft (wood) used to be in the bottom of the trench. (Manuscript records of Frobisher's expedition now in the British Museum, but seen by me only since my return, show that quantities of timber, carried out for the purpose of building a fort, were buried at the bottom of one of his mines.)

Being questioned farther, the old man said that only three men built the ship; the others stood around "all same as captains." The Innuits did not help make the ship, but they helped the *kodlunas* get the ship down into *tarrio.*

On December 15th, the thermometer being 20° below zero, the wind light from the northwest, the weather a little cloudy, I took an early breakfast of whale-steaks and coffee, and at 5·45 A.M. was on my sledge, to which were harnessed eight dogs, the place of my destination being Jones's Cape. I had with me my Innuit dog-driver "Kooksmith" and young Smith. Shortly after starting, and upon getting into some snow saturated with sea-water, a surprising phenomenon was seen. When the dogs put their feet into the snow and water, it was like stepping into a flood of molten gold, and the phosphorescent light thus produced was not confined to the space beneath the dogs and the sledge, but spread itself around, and continued for several seconds.

In an hour and twenty minutes we crossed the bay, and reached the land on the other side; in an hour more we were at the crest of Bayard Taylor Pass, and in less than another hour had safely accomplished the steep descent, and were on

the smooth ice of Lincoln Bay, an arm of the Countess of Warwick's Sound. After lunching on frozen black skin, we pursued our journey, and arrived at Oopungnewing at 1 P.M. There I made a fruitless search for the *anvil*, and in an hour resumed our trip. At 8·10 P.M. we reached Jones's Cape, having travelled thirty-five miles, and were soon greeted by the familiar voices of many Innuits we knew. Among them were Sampson and his family, and I was speedily located in their hospitable abode.

That night I slept closely packed among seven of the Innuits, the little girl *Puk-e-ney-er* being on one side of me, and her uncle on the other. On rising, I took two ounces of whale skin for my breakfast—I would gladly have eaten two pounds could I have had it—and soon afterward started for the head of Peter Force's Sound, where some more igloos of the natives were situated. Arriving there at noon, I directed my steps to the igloo of *Oo-soo-kar-loo*, whom I had seen the night before at Sampson's. I was met and kindly welcomed by his wife, quickly finding myself at home. I now quote from my diary :—

"*Monday, December 16th*, 1861. * * * * After a few words of greeting and gladness from her, I commenced taking off my feet gear, for the object of holding my almost frozen feet over the *ikkumer*. I had just removed my *kumings* as in came a very venerable Innuit woman, whom I remembered having seen several times before, but whose name I could not call to mind; but I passed the compliments of the day by saying, '*As-shu-e-tid-ley?*' (Are you well?) To which she replied, '*Ter-boy-ou-loo*' (very well). I was seated on the tuktoo bed, and commenced at once to move on one side to make room for the old lady. But she signified to me to keep my seat, at the same time picking up the snow-shovel (*pwakin*), which is a small pine board with handle, placing it near my feet, and seating herself on it. The old lady, seeing me engaged in extricating my feet from their gear, put forth her hands, and drew off my double set of native socks and tuktoo stockings. She did not stop here, though I assured her that

would do. I had on, next my feet, civilization stockings, and intended keeping them on; but *Pe-ta-to*—for this is the name of the warm-hearted old mother—grasped first one foot and then the other, stripping each bare! Quick as thought she lifted up the double flaps of the front of her tuktoo jacket, and as quickly placed my *ik-ke is-si-kars* (cold feet) flatly upon her body, and against a breast whereon has fed as

THE HEIGHT OF HOSPITALITY.

robust and persevering a generation of Innuits as ever honoured this Northern land.

"This act of Petato's, represented in the preceding engraving, is considered by the natives the very *beau ideal* of genuine hospitality. Knowing this to be the custom of this people, and believing in the old saw that 'when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do,' my heart leaped with gratitude for this kindly deed of good old Petato. My feet must have been like lumps of ice, and yet she quailed not at their contact with her calorific body.

"While warming my feet in the peculiar mode written of, I told Smith and the Innuit Kooksmith that I wished to have a conversation with Petato relative to Kodlunarn, Oopungnewing, and Niountelik, and of white people, &c. &c.

"I asked Petato if she knew 'heavy stone.' Asked if she ever 'sat down' [that is, made her home] on Kodlunarn. To which she answered '*Ar-me-lurng*' (Yes). Then I asked,

'*Shoo Innuits pil-e-tay nu-na Innuit ar-ting-a nar-me?*'* (Why did not the Innuits give to that island an Innuit name?) '*Shoo Innuits pil-e-tay kod-lu-narn ar-ting-a?*' (Why did Innuits give white man's name to it?) Old Petato proceeded to answer these two questions thus:—

"'*Am-a-su-it oo-mi-ark-chu-a ki-ete wich-ou! wich-ou! wich-ou! Wong-nuk ki-ete sal-e-koo oo-mi-ark-chu-a*' (A long, long, long, long time ago, a great many ships came here. A northerly gale prevailed, and broke—or smashed—some of the ships). That is, then it was that the island was given the name 'Kodlunarn.'

"Following this, I asked the question, '*Ka-chin-ning oo-mi-ark-chu-a sal-e-koo?*' (How many ships were destroyed?) Petato answered, '*Shev-e-ming*' (She did not know).

"When Petato was attempting to convey to me the many years ago that a great many ships came into this bay, she was truly eloquent. When pronouncing the word '*wich-ou*,' and repeating it, which she did the several times indicated, she lifted her hands to each side of her head, raising in them handfuls of her gray locks. At the same instant Kooksmith, standing by her side, having caught the spirit of her inspiring thought and eloquence, seized another handful of her venerable hairs, lifting them up too. Then, with increasing emphasis, Petato proceeded, pronouncing *wich-ou* at first with strong voice, then with louder and louder voice, till the final pronunciation of the word, when her whole soul seemed on fire, her face glorified by the spirit of her earnestness, and, as if attempting to measure infinity, she looked wildly to the right, to the left, then turned her head behind, while her voice burst forth as a thunderbolt, leaving the word *wich-ou* ringing in my ears still.

"The word '*wich-ou*,' in Innuit, has two significations. For

* It should be said, with reference to the Esquimaux language as introduced in the text, that, though it could be easily and perfectly comprehended by the Innuits when spoken, and though it can be understood when read to them in its present form by the natives with me in this country, it is nevertheless what we may call "broken," being such as a person would naturally use whose acquaintance with the language is imperfect, as mine necessarily was.

instance: suppose I say to an Innuit, '*Ki-ete wong-a*' (Come here to me). If he should not be prepared just at the moment, he would say '*Wich-ou*' (Wait a while, or I'll come in a short time). In the other signification it refers to time past. For instance: suppose I should ask an Innuit when his people were very numerous here North, he might answer '*Wich-ou*' (that is, a long time ago). In this latter sense Petato uses this word.

"Petato proceeded: '*Kod-lu-nas ki-ete in-e-tete nu-na* make it *am-a-su-it*' (White people came and landed on the island, and put things on it in large quantities). The old lady has been much around the ships, and occasionally uses an English word when conversing with those who talk that language. It will be seen that she used to good effect the two words '*make it*,' in her last sentence.

"She continued: '*Wich-ou kod-lu-nas in-e-tete* make it *Kod-lu-narn*' (After a while white men sat down—made a house or houses on Kodlunarn). She described this house by placing one stone upon another, indicating by some snow placed between that some substance of white colour was between the layers of stone.

"Petato was then asked the question, '*Kis-su kod-lu-nas in-e-tete man-er?*' (What is now on the island that kodlunas left there?) She answered that a great many little pieces, red (*oug**), were on the island, such as Innuits use to clean and brighten their *kar-oongs* (brass ornaments for the head).

"When Petato was asked 'who told her all about kodlunas coming here, and the many ships that come in this bay,' she answered, 'My mother's grandmother's grandfather knew a good deal about it.' The inference is that Petato's mother told her about it, the grandmother of Petato's mother told *her*, and the grandfather of Petato's mother's grandmother told said grandmother of it.

"Thus Petato's knowledge is direct from the sixth generation of her family; or, rather, the information I gained was

* *Oug* really means blood, but the Innuits use this word to signify any thing red when talking with a stranger not well versed in their language.

from the sixth generation direct from the day of the aforementioned grandfather.

"I now continue the information conveyed by old Petato, giving the points as they come to mind.

"Kodlunas built a ship on Kodlunarn. She described, by peculiar scooping movements of her hands, the place they dug out in the island in which they made the vessel. She said there were two places dug out in the rocks—one a little distance from where they built the ship, made to catch and hold water (fresh water) for the kodlunas. Innuits all around were kind to the white people; brought them seals, tuktoo, &c. &c.

"They were on Kodlunarn through one winter—that is, while there, *wintered* there but once. When ice broke up, went away in the ship. After a while come back again. *Seko* (ice) brought them back. Could not get out. Very cold—great storm. Innuits built them igloos on Kodlunarn, but they all died.

"Petato was about to tell how many kodlunas built the ship and tried to go away. She first raised one hand, opened the fingers and thumb, showing *five;* thinking a moment, and looking at said fingers and thumb, she finally threw up the other hand, fingers and thumb spread out; then she said she did not recollect whether they were *mik-u-ook-oo-loo* or *am-a-su-ad-lo* (few or many)."

After concluding this interview with Petato we returned to Jones's Cape, arriving there at 5 P.M. An hour after my entrance into his igloo, Sampson returned from his trip to a *cache* of tuktoo, bringing the saddles and carcasses of two deer. As soon as he arrived these were thrown into the igloo; the network over the *ikkumer*, placed there to receive articles of clothing which need drying, was cleared off, and the frozen masses of tuktoo placed carefully upon it, in order that the outside might lose some of its *burning* quality; for let it be borne in mind that anything exposed to the cold of the North, if touched with the bare fingers, gives a sensation as if hot iron were handled. Meanwhile invitations were

given to the village Innuits for the tuktoo feast about to come off at Sampson's igloo, and soon the guests rushed in. The position of the ladies was, of course, upon the bed platform, and I drew off my boots and took a place among the "fair of creation;" all others of my sex had to take standing seats wherever they could find them down on the snow floor. Fully thirty souls were crammed into our igloo. I was sandwiched between the wife of Koo-kin and the wife of New-watche, the latter being the sister to Sampson's wife.

Sampson was the master of ceremonies; he first made the ladies on the bed give way so as to clear a space whereon he might do the carving; then he placed on this spot the table-cloth, a huge sealskin, and upon that put the carcass of a large deer; he then took a boat hatchet, and began to carve the deer. Slabs of its side were chopped and peeled off; chips of ice flew here and there into the very faces of the guests at each stroke of the axe. As fast as Sampson rolled off the venison other men took the pieces, and by means of a saw and seal-knives reduced them to a size adapted for handling; then Sampson distributed these bits, one to each, till every mill had grist to grind. Thus for half an hour Sampson carved; then his hatchet handle broke off close up to the head. Another axe was sent for, and meanwhile, with the half of a saw, the two saddles were divided into the proper number of pieces, ready for distribution; the carcass was then once more attacked, and the shell was broken, split, and sawed into pieces. In it was the "kernel," to which all looked with anxious eyes; this was at last divided into as many pieces as there were pieces of saddle, and then one of each was given to every guest. I received my share with gratitude, and with a piece in each hand began eating. I bit off a mouthful of the saddle-piece; it was good. I took a morsel of the other; it was *delightful;* its flavour was a kind of sorrel acid; it had an *ambrosial* taste! it fairly melted in my mouth! When nearly through, I had the curiosity to crowd my way to a light to see what this delicious frozen food was, for where I sat I was shaded by large forms betwee

me and the fire-light. I looked at it, rolled it over, and looked again. Behold, it was the contents of a reindeer's paunch! On this discovery I stopped feasting for that night.

While the guests were arriving, I was busily writing in my note-book; several Innuits crowded round me, interested in this curious work. I wrote two or three of their names, pointing to the writing and pronouncing the word, as Kop-e-o, Ning-u-ar-ping, Koo-choo-ar-chu; this pleased them much. The call was then raised for me to write my own name, which I did, also pronouncing it. Then "Hall! Hall! Hall!" rung from tongue to tongue through the igloo amid general laughter.

After securing what skins I wanted, I started on my return to the ship on December 18th with the sledge and dogs. A few minutes after passing Kodlunarn we rounded the point of Tikkoon, the place I had visited on the 23d of September. Having passed by this spot and made a short distance, less than a quarter of a mile, "Kooksmith" pointed to a bluff on the main land, saying, "Ki-ete, oo-mi-ark-chu-a Kodlunarn" —that is, the ship came from Kodlunarn to the said place. He then proceeded to say (though I did not fairly understand his meaning at the time), that after the ship was built and launched the kodlunas towed her round to this spot in order to have a good place for raising the masts and putting them in the vessel. Kooksmith represented by the handle of his whip how they raised one end of the mast up on the bluff by the coast. At the time, as I said above, I did not fully comprehend what he wanted to say, but supposed him to mean that a mast was made there, and then taken round to Kodlunarn; later, as will be seen shortly, the whole force of his description came out.

The most tiresome portion of our day's work was the ascent of the Bayard Taylor Pass. Our load was not heavy, but it required the combined exertions of all to push and pull the sledge up the abrupt mountain's side. We were all tired, the dogs quite so, for they had had nothing to eat since leaving the vessel. The little "camels" of the North—the Innuit

dogs—are of inestimable value in that country; when well fed up before starting on a journey, they will do hard work for many days in succession without any food.

When we reached the summit and began our descent, we found still hard and also dangerous work going down with a loaded sledge and a team of dogs. While Smith hung to the rope made fast to the hind part of the sledge, and Kooksmith kept just ahead of the dogs, whipping them back, I had hold of the fore part of the sledge, to guide it and help keep it back. Notwithstanding all our precautions, the sledge occasionally bounded away over snow-drifts, down steep pitches, now and then plunging dogs and men into one general heap. We had an exciting ride indeed going down on the Field Bay side, the dogs springing with all their might to keep ahead of the flying sledge. We reached the ship at 7·20 P.M.

The next morning, December 12th, while writing in the after-cabin, Kooksmith came in, and I made further inquiries relative to the place at Tikkoon before written of in connexion with the ship's mast. He took from the table on which I was writing a small memorandum-book, held it just beneath the edge of the table to represent the ship, then took a pencil, one end of which rested on the book, and the other on the table, slightly inclined. The edge of the table represented the bluff at Tikkoon. Then Kooksmith raised up the pencil, which indicated the mast, and thus all was simply and effectively explained; the vessel, when launched, was taken to the bluff of Tikkoon that the masts could there be raised and set.

Soon after Kooksmith had gone I called Tweroong into the cabin, and asked her, in Innuit, if she knew the story of the white people taking the ship to Tikkoon from Kodlunarn. Tweroong comprehended my question at once. She immediately took my pen and a tobacco-pipe, then bade me hold a book down by the table's edge, and placed on the book and table, at one end of the former, the pen, and at the other the pipe, both inclining against the table's edge, just as in the

illustration shown by Kooksmith. She next raised one of the mimic masts to a perpendicular position, I still holding the book, and then the other. Taking up a pencil, I also raised that, and asked her if there were not *three* masts. To my question she answered *decisively* "*Argi*"—No; adding, "*Muk-ko! muk-ko!*" meaning *Two.*

I then recalled to mind a remark made to me by Koojesse the previous winter, when we were passing Oopungnewing at a distance from that bluff: "There," said he, "the place where kodlunas make or put in masts." I thought the remark preposterous at the time, and gave but little attention to it.

Another curious point in connexion with the matter of the ship's masts was this: When conversing with some of the natives after the discoveries above narrated, I learned that the name "*Ne-pou-e-tie sup-bing*" had been given to the bluff spoken of. On making closer inquiries, I found that this was a phrase coined for the purpose of expressing a certain idea, as was the case with the word Kodlunarn. Its translation is, "To set up masts."

The significance of these discoveries with reference to Frobisher's expedition, and the bearing they had, to my mind, on more recent matters, will be seen by the following extract from my diary at the close of December 19th:—

"How long it does take to gather in all of the links of this chain three hundred years old! I am convinced that were I on King William's Land and Boothia, and could I live there two years, I could gather facts relative to Sir John Franklin's expedition—gather facts from the Innuits—that would astonish the civilized world. How *easy* to go back a score of years or so, and get truthful history from among the Innuits, compared with what it is to plunge into the history of near three centuries, and draw out the truth! May I live to see the day when I can visit King William's Land and Boothia, and secure the full history, as it *must* exist among the Innuits there, of that expedition!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Movements of the Ship's Company—Scarcity of Provisions—A Man's Feet frozen stiff—Amputation necessary—Dreadful Story of a Woman deserted—Attempt to Rescue her—The Attempt a Failure—A perilous Situation—A second Effort—The Woman found Dead—Ebierbing at a Seal-hole—Innuit Perseverance—The Author's Plans.

EARLY in January of 1862 the men of the ship's company divided themselves among the Innuits, trying the native life, such a course being necessary by reason of the shortness of our provisions on board. They were not steadily absent, however, but now and then returned to the ship, finding the privations of Innuit life harder to be borne than the scarcity on board the vessel. On the 2d of January Robert Smith went with Annawa to Lincoln's Bay, and at the same time, Mate Lamb and one of the seamen started for the reindeer plains at the head of Field Bay. A few days before, a party of the men had gone to the Countess of Warwick's Sound. On the day just mentioned they all returned, with beds, bags, and baggage. They brought sad tales of want and suffering, owing to the short supply of provisions among their Innuit friends.

Ebierbing, on hearing of their return and the cause, said laughingly, "They be all same as small boys." The Innuits are certainly a very different people from white men. They submit to deprivation of food quite philosophically; to all appearance, it is the same to them whether they are abundantly supplied, or on the brink of starvation. No murmur escapes their lips; they preserve their calmness, and persevere till success rewards their exertions.

On January 4th Sterry and "Fluker" (William Ellard) left the ship for Jones's Cape, and on the 10th Robert Smith came back, having been unable to sustain the privation he

was forced to endure any longer. On the 12th an Innuit boy, called "Bone Squash," arrived from the plains, bringing to Captain B—— the following letter:

"CAPTAIN—SIR: 'Shorty' (Ooksin) got one small deer to-day, and I send this to you for yourself, and hope that soon we may have the luck to send you more. They see quite a number of deer every day, but half the time their guns will not go. I hope that you are well, for I know that your mind is troubled, as I have heard that all of the men have come back to the ship. I saw three deer yesterday on the ice. We are quite hard up here now, for all the 'black skin' is gone, and I have only about ten pounds of whale meat left; but I shall not come to the ship, for I might as well die here as there, for all I know.—R. LAMB."

The above note presents in a truthful light the experiences of some of the ship's company.

On the night of the 12th January, at ten o'clock, the thermometer down to 72° below the freezing point, Fluker was brought to the ship by the Innuit Sharkey, with a sledge drawn by dogs. Fluker soon reported that he had frozen his great toe while going up to Jones's Cape, and that he thought it best to come back and have the black thing attended to. He went forward with such a light and springing step that it seemed impossible that his toe could be badly frozen. Soon after, he came down into the after-cabin, and sat down by the stove warming himself, and eating heartily. While taking his supper, he told us of the experiences of Sterry and himself. They left the ship, as was above stated, on January 4th, and were five days in getting to Jones's Cape. There they found abundant food, but he discovered that his toe was black, and he thought it best to return.

Captain B—— caused a poultice to be prepared, and then directed Fluker to pull off his boot; the poor fellow made several ineffectual efforts to do so, when the captain said, "Hold on, Fluker; let me pull for you." With considerable difficulty the boot and double stockings were taken off, when

Captain B—— suddenly exclaimed, *"Fluker, your foot is frozen now as hard as ice!"* In a moment the other foot was stripped of its gear, and *that also was found to be frozen stiff.* "Away, away with him from this fire! What are we thinking about! Ice-water and salt! I fear this man's feet are gone!" Such were the hurried exclamations of the captain, and all hands were at once engaged in endeavours to thaw and preserve the feet of the unfortunate Fluker. The sequel may be given in a word: on the 17th Captain B—— was obliged to amputate all the poor man's toes, performing the operation skilfully with instruments improvised for the emergency; some days after it became necessary to take off another portion of his feet, and from that date the patient slowly recovered, being able after a time to resume his duties.

On January 21st two of the ship's company arrived at the vessel from Cornelius Grinnell Bay, nearly dead from hunger. They had been without food, except a mere morsel, for several days. They had left the ship four weeks before, and they said that they had not eaten on an average more than three ounces a day, so little game had been secured in that locality by the natives. Some days they had to eat sealskins, walrus hide, reindeer sinew, blasted whale-meat, and scraps remaining after trying out the *ooksook*. One of them, after two days' fasting, received from the hands of an Innuit a piece of reindeer sinew, weighing perhaps an ounce, for his supper; but, after chewing it awhile, he gave up the attempt to eat it.

On the 20th of February Robert Smith and five of the forward hands returned to the ship from Oopungnewing, where they had been living. Shevikoo, with his dogs and sledge, brought their bags of bedding. They said that the provisions at Oopungnewing were all out, and that they had had nothing to eat for several days. They reported also a sad occurrence. When the Innuits removed from the "Plains" to Oopungnewing they abandoned one of their number, the wife of "Jim Crow," leaving her, with but a trifle of provisions, to die. The reasons given for this act were that she was sick and unable to help herself. As soon

as I was informed of this, I at once proposed to raise a party and go the next morning to ascertain the fate of the deserted woman, and, if she were still living, to bring her on a sledge to the ship.

In accordance with this purpose, I set out on the next day, February 21st, accompanied by Mate Lamb and four of the ship's crew, who volunteered for the work. We had a small sledge and four dogs, and took with us a variety of articles for the comfort of the suffering woman, if she should be alive when we reached her. It was ten o'clock before we started, new harness having to be made for the dogs, and the sledge to be dug out of a heavy snow-drift. The prospect of a successful issue of the trip was doubtful at starting. As I anticipated, we found the travelling very laborious. We walked in Indian file; I led the way occasionally, as did the others in turn. The walking through the snow was terrible work, and the one who led the way had to make footsteps for the others. No one except Lamb and myself could hold out longer than five minutes at a time in making these tracks. The snow was deep, and much of the way was just hard enough to *almost* bear our weight, but at each step down we would go, knee deep, thigh deep. It is impossible to convey to any one a correct idea of the nature of the travelling we experienced on this journey. First one and then another of my companions gave up and returned, leaving only Lamb and myself to proceed. The wind had freshened to a gale, sweeping the snow directly into our faces, and cutting us like powdered glass. The cold was intense. What could we do? Persevere? Yes, while I had any hope at all of effecting the object for which we had set out.

Lamb tried hard to persevere; but finally, he too had to abandon the task as hopeless. The dogs were unable to get on, moreover, and I was at last reluctantly obliged to turn my face again toward the ship, having decided that it was my duty to return to save the living rather than to strive to reach one who might be already dead. Never had I experienced harder work than in travelling back. The condition

of Lamb was such that I feared for his life if we did not soon get on board.' Every few steps the snow had to be broken down to make a passage. It was of God's mercy that I had strength enough to hold up, else both of us must have perished. Occasionally I threw myself down on the ice or snow, thoroughly exhausted; then I would start up, arouse Lamb, who seemed to be verging toward that sleep which in cold regions becomes the sleep of death, and once more battle onward.

During this hard passage back to the vessel my noble dog Barbekark was like a cheering friend; as now and then I lay almost exhausted upon the snow for a moment's rest, he danced around me, kissing my face, placing himself by my side, where I could pillow my head upon his warm body. No one who knew his characteristics could fail to perceive that he realised the critical situation of Lamb and myself. He would bound toward me, raise himself on his hinder legs, place his paws upon my breast, and glance from me toward the vessel, from the vessel to Lamb, then leap away, leading the sledge-team on a distance ahead, there to wait till we again came near, the few dogs and the soft state of the snow preventing us from riding.

I was indeed a happy man as I walked into the gangway of the *George Henry*, and learned that all my company were safely back to its shelter.

On February 25th I made another attempt to see what had become of the woman who had been abandoned, and I now take from my diary the history of that excursion:—

"*Eight o'clock, night.*—Back again! the attempt to reach the plains successful; *the woman found within a tomb of snow, her spirit gone to God.*

"I will now attempt to give the incidents of this day.

"This morning Ebierbing and I were up early. While my Innuit friend (who was to be my companion and auxiliary in my renewed attempt to rescue the one at the plains) was engaged in icing* the sledge and harnessing the dogs, I was

* See chapter xx. vol. ii.

busy bagging blankets, pemmican, oil, &c.—the same articles I provided myself with on Friday last, with the object of making the woman comfortable before starting to bring her back. On getting the dogs together, Ebierbing found two missing. As it was essential to have a full team, we spared no exertions to find them. After searching all around the ship and the boats which are out on the ice, and not finding them, Ebierbing indicated that they might be over on the island at the deserted snow-houses of the Innuits. The two harnesses in hand, I offered to go and make a trial in getting them. I directed my steps to that part of the island where the abandoned igloos of Ebierbing and Koodloo are.

"Arriving there after severe struggling through the deep snow, I found dog-tracks leading to the openings into the two igloos, the said openings being through the dome, where the seal-entrail windows had been. Looking down through these openings, and searching around, I could see nothing of the dogs. I then made my way laboriously along, over to the village proper, on the farther side of Fresh-water Pond, and was unsuccessful here also. As I was making my return, I determined to visit again the igloos where I had first searched for the dogs, and on turning to them I saw one of the animals in the distance. On calling to him the other soon made its appearance; but, as I was a stranger to them, I had a difficulty in capturing them. They broke past me and ran into the broken-down passage-way leading into Ebierbing's deserted igloo. The drift, as well as the falling in of the dome, had so completely shut up this passage that I was a long time in enlarging the fox-hole sufficiently to admit my contracted size. By perseverance I kicked a way before me, being prostrate, and pushing along feet foremost; but on getting the length of the passage leading to the main igloo, and making a turn so that I could not look ahead, my dilemma was far from enviable, for there the dogs were, beyond a possibility of my reaching them, the dome of the igloo having stooped, as it were, to kiss its foundation. By using dog-persuasive talk, I at length induced one of them to come out of the wolf-

like den and approach me. Here it played "catch-me-if-you-can," coming just without my reach, and dodging back into its lair. After fifteen minutes' coaxing the dog was tempted to hold out its paw, but as often as I attempted to meet it with mine it was tormentingly withdrawn. The paw was finally fast within my hold, and quickly I had the dog in harness, dragging him after me, and of course his companion followed after. When back to the vessel I was covered with perspiration, though the thermometer was 62° below the freezing point.

"At fifteen minutes past 10 A.M. Ebierbing and I started, with little expectation of being back to-night. We took along the pair of snow-shoes of Ebierbing's (of Esquimaux style and make), to be used alternately by each of us if the occasion required it, and added to our traps a snow-knife, with which to make us a snow-house on the way, if we needed it.

"The team of dogs was an excellent one, tractable, strong, and of great speed wherever and whenever the travelling would admit of it. The number was not what we could wish, being only *seven*, but it was as great as we could have. Had my four 'Greenlanders' been here, their help would have been ample for almost any emergency.

"The leader of Ebierbing's team proved to be of no ordinary quality. Though, for much of the way to the point where I was obliged to turn back on Friday last in order to save my remaining companion (Lamb), the tracks we had made were obliterated, yet this leader, with admirable instinct, kept us in the desired course. We had not proceeded far from the vessel before I found, to my joy, that the travelling had greatly improved since Friday. The snow, in many places, had become firmly packed—much of the way sufficiently firm to hold up the dogs and the broad shoe of the sledge, with both Ebierbing and me on it.

"We had other work than travelling to do. We worked desperately to keep our faces and feet from freezing. The wind was blowing a smart breeze all the way up the bay, directly from ahead, at a temperature of 62° below the freezing

mark. The air calm, with a temperature of 100° below the freezing point of water, would be much more endurable than with such a wind, charged with the temperature it was. We took turns in trotting along beside the sledge, more for the object of keeping ourselves from freezing than with the view of easing the dogs of our additional weight. By the aid of these seven dogs, and the broad runners of this sledge of Ebierbing's, we were enabled in two hours to reach the ultimatum of our attempt on Friday. After getting half a mile beyond said point we really found good passable travelling, and, by keeping close inshore, as far as our course would admit of it, we found much fair ice, the tide having overflowed the snow and changed it to ice.

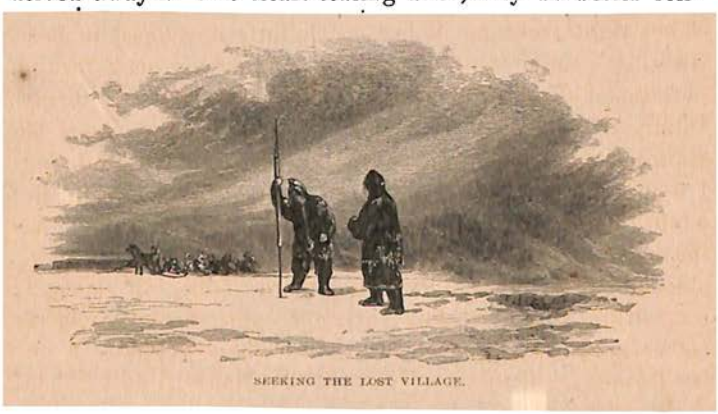
"As we came within the distance of half a mile of the plains, I kept a constant look-out to see if I could discover some human figure out watching our approach. I may here remark, as an incident of this journey, that so cutting was the cold wind that it froze the water of the eyes, locking them up in ice, so that it was only by vigilance and effort that I could keep myself in seeing order. Many a lump of ice that I was forced to withdraw from my eyes showed specimens of eyelashes embalmed in crystal. As I said, I kept as good a look-out as I could, hoping that our approach might be welcomed by the one we sought to snatch from her desolate imprisonment. The ascent from the sea-ice to the plains was so gradual that I knew not when we were on the one or the other. I was also in doubt about our having made the correct landing, for the snow had covered up all former sledge and dog markings; but, on watching the motions of our noble, vigilant leader, I felt satisfied that his instinct was proving true—that he was leading us, by marks imperceptible to human eye, to the point we so impatiently sought to reach. This confidence we soon found not misplaced, for ahead of us we perceived various articles left by the Innuits who were recently living there sticking up above the snow. The dogs increased their speed, as is usual with them on nearing an inhabited place, and soon placed us alongside where the igloos

had been. But where were the three igloos that I had visited Thursday, January 30th, a little less than four weeks ago? Not one to be seen! I took my snow-knife from the sledge, and, after my companion had finished his work of whipping down the dogs to a prostrate position, I bade him follow me.

"Around and around we walked, searching for the igloos. Sure was I that we were at the point I had struggled to reach. Could it be possible that the deep snow had covered them up? My Innuit friend told me that such was probably the case. No footprints save our own could I discover. Were we travelling heedlessly over the grave of her whom we were fighting to save? This was a question that rushed into my brain. Then the thought came to me, Perhaps she still lives in some tomb beneath our feet. List! list! methought I heard a sound as if muffled! All was as still as a charnel-house. Ebierbing's accustomed eye was not long in discerning a spot that satisfied him that, by cutting down through the snow, it would lead to the doom of an igloo.

"Knowing it to be repugnant to his feelings to touch anything belonging to an igloo covering the dead, I spared him all pain on that score by digging down unassisted. A few moments sufficed to satisfy me that Ebierbing had indicated to me the precise spot leading to an igloo, for a few cuts with my snow-knife brought me down to the dome of one, and a few more through it. After cutting a hole of sufficient size to let in light and my head, I knelt down, and, with throbbing heart, surveyed within. The igloo was vacated of everything save a large lump of blubber back upon the dais or platform —the bed-place and seat of the Innuits—and a few bones, the remains of some of the tuktoo that had been killed by the Innuits on the plains. A brief search revealed the apex of another igloo. Through the dome of this I cut a hole, but found the interior still more vacant; not a thing was in it, if I except a drift of snow that completely filled the front of the igloo, closing up the place that had been used as the entrance. This made two igloos that I had searched without finding the object of my sympathy and pursuit. Where was

the third? That was now the question, beyond the probability of being immediately answered. We sought here and there, but unsuccessfully for a while. Ebierbing took an *oo-nar* (seal-spear)—which was among the articles I indicated as pointing up through the snow which we saw as we made our approach—and 'sounded,' striking it down through the deep snow in one place after another, till he hit what told him the third igloo was there. He called to me, and pointed to the spot, withdrawing himself a little distance off, where he awaited my opening up whatever might be below. Stroke after stroke with my long knife loosened the hard pure snow-drift. I lifted the blocks up out of their bed, casting them aside. This was the final search. My feelings, as I delved away at this heart-tearing work, may be better con-



SEEKING THE LOST VILLAGE.

ceived than described. The dome of the igloo was reached. The heat that had been generated within from the fire-light had turned the snow of which it was made into solid ice, and I had difficulty in getting a hole through this. All this time we were exposed to the wind, blowing its cold, freezing blast from the north-west. My snow-knife gave way in cutting this icy dome, and I was obliged to take in its place the seal-spear. With this I quickly penetrated the wall under me, thus revealing the fact that a lining, or second envelope, was yet to be cut through before I could determine my success in

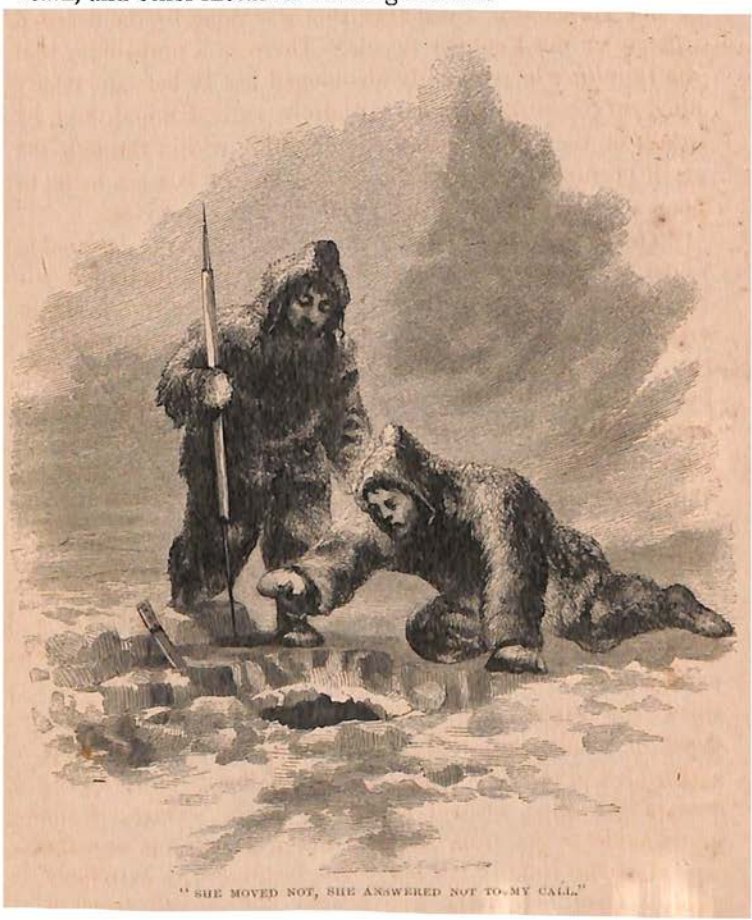
finding her whom I sought. It is a custom quite prevalent with the Innuits to line their snow-houses with sealskins, or such sail-cloth as they occasionally obtain from the whalers, for the object of shedding the droppings from the melting dome of the igloo, which follow when a large fire-light is kept burning, or when the weather becomes very moderate.

"This igloo I found to be lined with both sealskins and sail-cloth sewed together. With the knife I made an opening through this material. Throwing back its folds, and peering down into the interior, I there beheld her whom my soul aspired to help and to save. But she moved not, she answered not to my call. Could she be slumbering so soundly, so sweetly, that the ordinary tone of the human voice could not arouse her! There she was, her face turned to the wall at her right, reclining in her couch, fully enveloped in bedcovering. Enlarging the opening I had already made for the purpose of descending into this igloo, I called first to my Innuit friend to come near me. With cautious steps he approached. I told him the discovery I had made, and that I wished him to assist me as I descended, and to remain by while I determined whether the woman breathed or not. As the opening was directly over the ikkumer, I had considerable difficulty in getting down into the igloo, but at last I was within. In breathless silence I approached the object before me. I unmittened my right hand, and placed it on her forehead. *It was frosted marble!* She is dead! she is dead! were my uttered words to my friend, who stood on the snow roof looking down, and watching intently for the momentous result. Her whom we thought to rescue, *God Himself had rescued.* He found her here, lonely and hopeless, imprisoned in a clay tabernacle, and *this* entombed in ice walls and snow—deserted, abandoned by her people, when at *His* bidding an angel with white wing—whiter than the pure, radiant, snow around—took the jewel from its broken casket, and bore it away to its home.

"'Is she not better off now than when in this sinful world?' asked my weeping heart, as I looked upon the ice-

fixed features before me. But the scene I cannot now dwell upon.

"I turn to the simple record of my investigations of whatever might lead to a conjecture of the time of this woman's death, and other incidents relating thereto.



"SHE MOVED NOT, SHE ANSWERED NOT TO MY CALL."

"At the immediate entrance to the igloo—within the igloo—was a drift of snow reaching from the base to the dome. This snow had found its way in by a crevice not larger than

my finger. On digging the drift away, I found a portion of a snow block that had been a snow door. As it had become but a fragment of insufficient size to seal up the entrance from the *took-soo*, or passage-way, into the main igloo, slabs of 'black skin' had been piled up, to make up the deficiency of the snow block. Whether this was done by the deserted woman or not I cannot decide. There is a probability that the Innuits, who so cruelly abandoned her to her fate, nearly filled up the entrance, then withdrew, turned round, and, by means of their arms and hands, reaching within through the small opening, completed the sealing up, the last act being to place a block of snow in the small remaining crevice.

"The woman, I doubt not, was so helpless as to be unable to get off the bed-platform from the time the Innuits left till her death. On the network over the fireplace was a single article—a *pau-loo* (mitten). Over the instrument used by the Innuits to contain their fire-light was hung a long iron pan in which to make snow-water. This contained ice, leaving the evidence that the woman's fire had ceased to burn, that the water had become frozen, and that, in order to quench her burning thirst, she had chipped ice from the pan (which hung close by her head as she lay in bed) by means of her *oodloo* (woman's knife). A tobacco-pipe was near her head also, apparently having been used just before she died. By her side—between her and the wall of the igloo—was a four-gallon tin can, containing articles of the character and variety possessed by every Innuit woman—needles, reindeer sinews (for thread), oodloo, beads, &c. &c. There was abundance of whale skin within the igloo, and so of ooksook with which to continue a fire; but all of it was down on the floor of the igloo, without the reach of the woman, if she were unable to get from her bed, which I presume was the case when the Innuits left her. The bedding was extremely scanty. Over her limbs was nought but an old sealskin jacket, over her body and shoulders the shreds of a tuktoo skin and piece of an old blanket. As I turned back the covering from her shoulders, I saw that she was reduced to

'skin and bones.' As I looked upon her tattooed face, it was youthful and fair; even a smile was there, as if the King of Cold had fastened upon her at the very moment when her spirit welcomed the white-winged angel from heaven.

"I know not how long I tarried in this that had been her living tomb, and was now the tomb of that only which is earthly. But at last I raised myself through the opening in the dome by which I had made my entrance, and, with the assistance of my Innuit friend, proceeded to cut out snow-blocks and place them over the excavated place in the igloo. Having secured it as well as we could, thus reburying, as it were, the dead, we turned our faces to the sledge and dogs, and were soon on our way to the ship."

On Saturday, March 1st, news arrived by Koodloo of the ill success attending him and Ebierbing on their seal-hunts at Too-koo-li-to Inlet, and of the starving condition of their families. I thereupon determined to return with Koodloo and carry food to relieve them, and also to effect arrangements to have Koodloo and Ebierbing, with their families, removed to Field Bay. We started with eight dogs attached to our sledge, but the deep yielding snow made our progress at first very slow. Our course for the first four miles was nearly due north, when we struck the land on the east side of Grinnell Mount; thence, for a distance of fifteen miles, our journey was inland, first traversing a chain of lakelets embosomed amid mountains. When about three miles inland on our way, we came across an igloo nearly buried in snow; it was one that had been made a half-way house by Ebierbing and his party in going up. After this our way wound in and out among the mountains, up and down the steep sides, the sledge often nearly running over the dogs, till we came to Tookoolito Inlet, where we expected to find Ebierbing, his wife, and Koodloo's family.

"Isaiah," the little son of Koodloo, was seen coming out to meet us, and soon afterward we reached the igloos. Too-koolito gladly welcomed us, her husband being out over a seal-hole. The next day, March 3rd, finding that Ebierbing

ESKIMO WAITING A SEAL'S "BLOW."

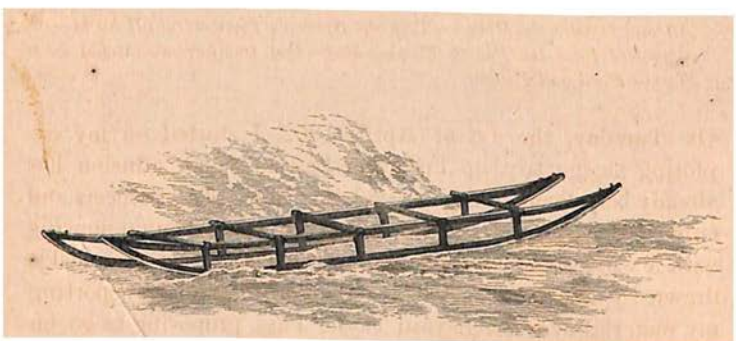
had not yet come in, Koodloo and I went in search of him with dogs and sledge. When within three cables' distance of where he was still seated beside the seal-hole, having been there since the previous morning, he signified to us not to approach nearer, lest we should frighten the seal, as it had come up and given a puff. We then returned to the igloo and remained for another night. On the morning of March 4th Ebierbing had not returned, and I went once more to look for him, but soon discovered him approaching. He had been *two and a half days and two nights* at that seal-hole, patiently sitting over it *without food or drink!* and he had not caught the seal either. On returning to the igloo some soup and other food was given him, and he then expressed a determination to go and try again.

On the evening of March 5th I was again at the ship, Ebierbing, his wife, and infant having accompanied me. I left a supply of my pemmican for Koodloo and his family, until Ebierbing should return with the dogs and sledge for them.

The last half of the month of March I was chiefly occupied with preparations for the sledge journey which I proposed making up Frobisher Bay, and to which I have before referred. I conclude this chapter with an extract from my diary of January 8th, concerning a subject which was always present with me, and to a consideration of which I gave many thoughtful hours:—

"This P.M. I have called on my Innuit friends Ebierbing and Tookoolito. They are going to accompany me to the United States. I take them with the object of having them as interpreters on my still proposed voyage to King William's Land and Boothia Felix. Among the Innuits who spend their lives in the vicinity of the places named, there exists the history of Sir John Franklin's expedition from about the time the *Erebus* and *Terror* became beset in the ice, near King William's Land, to its final dispersion, and of all events connected therewith: the history of Sir John Franklin's expedition exists among the Innuits now living on and in

the vicinity of King William's Land, Montreal Island, and Boothia Felix Peninsula. I am almost *positive* that if I can be so blessed by the Power that overrules all things as to make a successful passage to the field of my desired operations, I can, after a time, accomplish such a work as shall make it a matter of astonishment to the civilized world that the same has not been done before."



CIVILIZATION SLEDGE. (See Appendix, No. 11.)

CHAPTER XV.

Commencement of a Sledge-journey up Frobisher Bay—Parting with Tookoolito—Crossing the Pass—Arrival at Oopungnewing—Search for the "Anvil"—A Seal-feast—A Walrus Hunt—Spearing the Walrus—Building an Igloo—Innuit Puppies—Arrival at Brewster Point—A Young Seal—Unsuccessful Attempt to catch the Mother—Trip up Newton's Fiord—Out all Night—An extempore Igloo the Fourth Encampment—Dog Comforters—Caught in a Storm—Peril and Fatigue.

ON Tuesday, the 1st of April, 1862, I started on my exploring sledge trip up Frobisher Bay, to which allusion has already been made (see p. 201, vol. ii.) Some of the officers and crew of the *George Henry* were proceeding to Oopungnewing with a whale-boat and whaling apparatus lashed to a sledge drawn by dogs, and I took the opportunity of transporting my material over the Bayard Taylor Pass, proposing to go on from Oopungnewing with the ship's sledge.

The party consisted of nine persons, four belonging to the ship's company, four Innuits, and myself, and at 7 A.M. we started from the ship. Our team of dogs was a good one, numbering nineteen, all in excellent order, and in two hours we made the land, commencing the journey across the Pass. Tookoolito, who had been of great assistance to me in making my preparations for this journey, had promised to see me in the morning and bid me good-bye; but she overslept herself, and I was disappointed of seeing her. After making three quarters of a mile, on looking back I saw an Innuit far behind, but supposed it to be one of our party whom our quick movement had left in the rear. Presently one of the ship's company called my attention to the fact that Tookoolito was hastening after us. I knew at once that the noble-hearted woman was anxious to see me, in accordance with her expressed purpose of the previous evening. Turning back, I met her laboriously working her way along the hummocky ice, quite

exhausted with her exertions. As soon as she could speak, she said, "I wanted to see you before you left, to bid you good-bye." I thanked her, expressed my regret for the trouble she had taken, and asked where her babe was. She rolled down her hood, and there, nestled at her back, was the sweetly-sleeping Tuk-e-lik-e-ta. Taking Tookoolito by the hand, I thanked her for all her kindness to me, and assured her that Captain B—— would attend to her and Ebierbing's wants while I was absent, seeing that they did not suffer for lack of food. I then sent her back with two of the crew who had accompanied us thus far, but were now returning.

The descent of the Pass was for a portion of the way dangerous, and at all times exciting; the passage was down three declivities, one of which was at an angle of 45°. To guard against accident, the Innuits placed straps made of walrus hide over the forward part of each runner, allowing the same to sweep back under the runners; this acted as a drag by digging deep into the snow. To the stern of the sledge was fastened a line twenty fathoms long, to which Lamb, Morgan, and myself clung for the purpose of holding back. The dog-driver was directly in front of his team, whipping them back, so that they might not give to the sledge any swifter motion than it would have from its own impetus. Thus the descent was safely accomplished.

We arrived at Ooopungnewing at 4 P.M. having been on the way but nine hours, and were kindly welcomed by the Innuits, large and small, as we drove up to their igloos on the south-east end of the island. Several of the ship's crew were also there, living with them, and apparently enjoying perfect health.

Soon after our arrival I proceeded to the igloo of Artarkparu, to learn the precise spot where he had last seen the 'anvil." Annawa was with the old man; and from the conversation that followed, I soon found that *Ar-lood-loong*, the wife of Artarkparu, who was seated at her usual place before the ikkumer, was better acquainted with the particulars than any other one of the party. I immediately promised her

beads and tobacco if she would accompany me to the spot where the relic could be found. With alacrity she drew on her *kodlings*, and bounded out like a deer, proceeding over the rocks westward, while I exchanged a few more words with the two old men. They informed me that when this "anvil" was last seen it was within ten fathoms of where we then were, but that it had been tumbled off the rocks into the sea. At very low water it could be seen; and they told me that the ice would go away from the place before the ship sailed, and that they would help me get it then.

I then joined Arloodloong, who had waited for me upon the rocks, and she directed my attention to a certain level spot of land not far off, where the natives sometimes build their igloos or erect tupics. She said that, when she had a *nu-tar-ung* (babe) yet unborn, the "heavy stone" (anvil) was there, and was used as a seat by herself and many Innuits who at that time had their igloos on the spot. On inquiring which of her sons was the nutarung to which she referred, she replied *Kod-la-ar-ling*, a young man I supposed to be about twenty-five years of age. Her mother had also seen it there; but, after a time, her people had brought it away to the locality indicated by Artarkparu, and had finally tumbled it into the sea.

In the evening Koojesse came home, drawing into his igloo three seals and a fox. One seal, I should think, weighed 200 pounds. The two others were young ones, of but two or three days old, both as white as snow. He caught the mother and one of the young ones in a seal's igloo, which was on the ice and over a seal-hole.

Just before sundown I took a walk to the top of the hill at Oopungnewing, and saw Jones's Cape, and many other places where I had previously been. Kingaite's rampart of mountains also stood up in grandeur before me. The Bay of Frobisher was filled with fragments of ice, sending forth thundering noises as the swift tides dashed piece after piece upon each other. I was delighted to see on the north side an unbroken pathway along the coast upward.

That evening a great seal-feast took place in Koojesse's igloo, old Artarkparu and his family being present. Of course I joined in it, and participated in eating the raw, warm-blooded seal, taking it in Innuit fashion—that is, disposing of several pounds of raw meat at one sitting. The young seal (which I tasted at supper on the following day) was tender and fine, eating like a spring chicken.

Owing to various causes, I had to stay at Oopungnewing for several days, and during that time I occupied myself with writing and making observations. On April 5th, Koojesse, with several others of the natives, went out on a walrus hunt, and in the afternoon I spent some time watching them in their operations. They were about four miles out, walking in Indian file, making their way on drifting, broken ice. Soon after, one of the Innuits, looking at the party, said they had killed a walrus, and the dogs were at once harnessed to the sledge, and sent out on the ice-floe, to the edge of it, to wait there till the Innuits should get the walrus cut up. At about ten o'clock at night it was announced that the party was returning; then the cry of the dogs was heard, and soon Koojesse entered, dragging after him a huge cut of walrus. The news he communicated was cheering. He had struck and secured one, and Annawa another. Five had been struck through the day, though only two had been secured. Ooksin struck one, but his iron "drew;" Kooksmith lost one by the breaking of his "gig." A considerable portion of the next day was consumed in bringing in the meat. The walrus struck by Annawa was of good size, weighing not far from 1500 pounds; that of Koojesse was not so large.

The manner of taking the walrus is as follows: The hunter has a peculiar spear, to which is attached a long line made of walrus hide; this line is coiled, and hung about his neck; thus prepared, he hides himself among the broken drifting ice, and awaits the moment for striking his game. The spear is then thrown (as shown in the accompanying engraving), and the hunter at once slips the coil of line off his head, fastens the end to the ice by driving a spear through a loop

HARPOONING A WALRUS

in it, and waits till the walrus comes to the surface of the water, into which he has plunged on feeling the stroke of the harpoon; then the animal is quickly despatched by the use of a long lance. The recklessness and cool daring of the Innuit is forcibly shown in this operation, for if he should fail to free his neck of the coil at just the right moment, he would inevitably be drawn headlong beneath the ice.

At length, on the morning of April 7th, I resumed my trip. Ebierbing had come over with the sledge on the previous day, and I made an exchange with him, taking his, and giving him that belonging to the ship. My company consisted of Koojesse, his wife Tunukderlin, *Kar-nei-ung* ("Sharkey") his wife *Noud-larng* ("Jennie"), and young Henry Smith. We proceeded on the sea-ice, nearly north-west, for Chapel's Point, at the west side of the entrance of Wiswell's Inlet. Our sledge was heavily laden, especially with *kow* (walrus hide) for dog food, and walrus beef for our own eating; but the travelling was good, and we made better progress than I had expected, arriving at the place named at about 4 P.M.

Then Sharkey and Koojesse proceeded to build an igloo in the regular manner, which may be described thus: They first sounded or "prospected" the snow with their seal-spears to find the most suitable for that purpose. Then one commenced sawing out snow blocks, using a hand-saw, an implement now in great demand among the Innuits for this purpose; the blocks having been cut from the space the igloo was to occupy, the other Innuit proceeded to lay the foundation tier, which consisted of seventeen blocks, each three feet long, eighteen inches wide, and six inches thick. Then commenced the "spiraling," allowing each tier to fall in, dome-shaped, till the whole was completed, and the key-stone of the dome or arch dropped into its place, the builders being within during the operation. When the igloo was finished the two Innuits were walled in; then a square hole was cut at the rear of the dwelling, and through this Smith and I passed some snow blocks which we had sawed out. These Sharkey and Koojesse chipped or "minced" with their snow knives, while

Tunukderlien and Jennie trod the fragments into a hard bed of snow, forming the couch or dais of the igloo. This done, the women quickly erected on the right and left the fire-stands, and soon had fires blazing, and snow melting with which to slake our thirst. Then the usual shrubs, kept for that purpose, were evenly spread on the snow of the bed-place; over that was laid the canvass of my tent, and over all were spread tuktoo furs, forming the bed. When the work had been thus far advanced, the main door was cut out of the crystal white wall, and the walrus meat and other things were passed in. Then both openings were sealed up, and all within were made happy in the enjoyment of comforts that would hardly be dreamed of by those at home.

I must here mention an incident which shows that the Innuits are equal to any emergency which may arise in their own country. For my supper I had some pemmican soup, but, on tasting it, it was too fresh, and we had no salt. What could we do? In a moment that was decided. Sharkey, on hearing what was wanted, took his knife and cut down into the snow floor of the igloo, in less than a minute coming to salt water. This astonished me, and I asked how it was that salt water had thus got above the main ice. They replied that the great depth of snow on the ice pressed it down.

During that day's trip I found that two puppies formed part of our company. Their mother was an excellent sledge-dog of our team. The pups were carried in the legs of a pair of fur breeches, and they rode on the sledge when travelling. Every time we made a stop they were taken out of their warm quarters and given to the mother for nursing. When we arrived at our encampment above referred to, Sharkey built up a small snow hut for the parent dog and her offspring. The Innuits take as much care of their young dogs as they do of their children, and sometimes even more.

The following day, April 8th, I found that some of my Greenland dogs were missing. This consequently delayed me. All I could do was to wait patiently until they were

HALL ON HIS EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

recovered from Oopungnewing, to which place they had returned. Koojesse and Sharkey went out after young seals, and came back with one, its coat white and like wool. In the evening we had our supper from a portion of this seal, and never did I eat more tender meat. It were "a dainty dish to set before a king." But the great delicacy we enjoyed was *milk*. Every young seal has usually in its stomach from a pint to a quart of its mother's milk. The Innuits consider this a luxury, either raw or boiled, and so do I. I partook of this milk, eating some of it first raw, and afterward some of it boiled. It had the taste of cocoa-nut milk, and was white like that of a cow.

The next two days, April 9th and 10th, were spent at the same encampment, though on the former day I explored Wiswell Inlet to its northernmost limit. On the morning of the 11th we proceeded on our journey. As we neared Peter Force Sound, a sledge party of Innuits met us, and it was soon found that we were mutual friends. They were stopping on an island close by Nouyarn, and intended to go up the bay; I therefore expected to meet them again. We arrived at a place on the ice near Brewster's Point, on the western side of Peter Force Sound, and the two male Innuits immediately began to erect an igloo. The two women started off, each with dog and hook, to hunt for seal igloos, and in five minutes Jennie's loud voice announced that Tunukderlien had captured a young seal. Instantly Koojesse and Sharkey dropped their snow-knife and saw, leaped the walls of their partly-erected igloo, and hastened with all speed to the women. Henry and I had preceded them; but, after we had all started, I remembered that we had left our walrus meat and other provision exposed to the dogs; I therefore directed Henry to return and look out for them.

On reaching the place of capture, we found that Tunukderlien had beneath her feet a young seal alive and kicking. Koojesse immediately made a line fast to one of its hind flippers, and allowed the seal to re-enter the igloo where it had been caught. As this was something new and interesting

to me, I intently watched what followed. The seal was perhaps two or three weeks old, and, like all young seals, was white, though not as white as untainted snow. While Koojesse kept hold of the line, four or five fathoms long, the seal worked itself hastily back into the igloo, its birthplace, and there made a plunge down the seal-hole into the sea. Koojesse allowed it the whole play of his line, crawling into the igloo, taking the seal-hook with him, and waiting patiently for the parent seal to come up. I was close by him, there being just sufficient room through the opening made when the young seal was caught for me to push myself in. There, lying flat down, we both carefully watched. In three or four minutes the young seal returned, popping up its round, shining head, and blowing or puffing like a whale, though on a reduced scale, its large eyes glistening like lights from twinkling stars. It came directly to its bed-place where we reclined. As it attempted to crawl up, Koojesse gave it a stroke on the head, signifying "Go away—dive down—show to your mother that you, the darling of her affections, are in trouble, and when she comes to your aid I'll hook her too." The two women were now close by us, each with a seal-dog, and while thus waiting I had a good opportunity for inspecting a seal's igloo. It was a model of those which the Innuits make for themselves, and was completely dome-shaped. It was five feet or so in diameter, and two and a half feet high, with a depth of snow above it of some five feet. The platform of sea-ice was where the parent seal gave birth to its young and afterward nursed it. On one side was the seal-hole, filled with sea-water, which was within two inches of the top of the platform.

After waiting for some time, and finding that the old seal would not show itself, the young one was withdrawn and placed on the snow. Then Koojesse put his foot upon its back, between the fore-arms or flippers, and pressed with all his weight, the object being to kill the seal by stopping its breath. Innuits adopt this mode in preference to using knife or spear. It prevents the loss of what is to them the precious portion—the blood.

On returning to our encampment, we found that the dogs had made sad havoc with our walrus meat and blubber, and other things in general. However, as it could not now be helped, we put up with it. Our supper that night was blessed cold water, chunks of cold pemmican, and raw frozen walrus meat.

The following day, April 12th, while Sharkey and Koojesse were engaged in the locality of my third encampment hunting young seal, I started, accompanied by my attendant, Henry Smith, to explore another bay which appeared to run up some distance beyond Peter Force Sound. I expected to be able to go and return in one day, and therefore made no preparations beyond taking half a pound of pemmican and a quarter of a pound of Borden's meat-biscuit, intended for our lunch. As I wished to keep a careful account of the distance travelled, I took the line used by me when on the Greenland coast, near Holsteinborg, in drawing out of the great deep many a cod and halibut, and measured off with tape-line seventy-five feet; my log then consisted of a cold chisel used by me in cutting out my rock pemmican.

It should be said, however, that previous to this time, and on all subsequent occasions when my whole company were with me, and all our provision was to be carried, no one could ride on the sledge, the dogs having difficulty even in dragging their necessary load. Consequently, at such times, all my measurements between my astronomically-determined points had to be made by pacing—a tolerably accurate, but, withal, a very tiresome method of working.

I found many apparent heads to the bay during my passage up, and at each turn it seemed as if we had reached the termination; but, on making the several points of land, others were found beyond.

After some hours of travel the dogs became very tired, the snow allowing them to sink to their bodies at every step. It was growing late; a snow-storm was coming on; to return was impossible; we therefore set about making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow. We had no snow-

knife, but an impromptu igloo was planned which we built of the sledge and snow, getting out the blocks of the latter in the best way possible, that is to say, with a broken sledge-beam.

When the igloo was finished, and before the door was sealed up, we took in the dogs, and were soon really comfortable. The storm came down fearfully, but we were well protected; the beating snow sought an entrance, but could find none. Fortunately, we had saved a piece of the pemmican from our lunch, and this served to give us just a mouthful for supper; some fragments of the meat-biscuit also remained; and after this frugal repast and some pipes of tobacco, we retired to our snow bed. I had one dog for my feet-warmer, another for my pillow, while a third was arched at my back. Henry was also comfortably provided for. My diary for that day, written in the igloo of a white man's invention, concludes as follows:—

"Now within a few minutes of midnight. Hark! a singular noise strikes the ear. Perhaps it is a polar bear! We listen. Again the same alarming noise. Another sound, and we determine its source. It is the snoring of one of the dogs! So good-night to all the sleeping world. Heaven bless all those who need it; none needs it more than myself."

The next morning, April 13th, I arose from my snowy couch at five o'clock, knocked my head against the snow door, made my way over its ruins on all-fours, then stood erect and looked around. The heavens seemed to indicate the dawn of a beautiful day. I called up Henry, and soon the dogs were harnessed, when we proceeded toward the head of this narrow bay—Newton's Fiord* as I named it—which we reached at 7 A.M. The termination I found to consist of a broken narrow plain, walled by a line of mountains on either side.

Before we reached this spot the snow commenced falling, though the fall was accompanied by no wind, and the weather

* Named after O. E. Newton, M.D. of Cincinnati, Ohio. The termination of Newton's Fiord is in lat. 63° 22′ N. long. 66° 05′ W.

was very thick. Soon after seven we started on our return journey to our encampment, and at nine o'clock we were abreast of the place where we had passed the previous night. At that time the wind was freshening, and it was snowing hard. Our passage thence to the place of our encampment was very difficult. Not only had we to encounter a severe north-west gale, charged with cold at 32° below the freezing-point, accompanied by drift-snow filling the air so thickly that often no object at three fathoms' distance could be seen but the dogs became perfectly exhausted from being overworked, and from going long without food. On making in-

THE RETURN FROM NEWTON'S FIORD.

quiries of Henry Smith, I learned that Sharkey and Koojesse had been feeding their own dogs and neglecting my "Greenlanders," which were now just upon the point of giving out. Two of them were so knocked up before reaching home that they could not pull a pound; one was so fatigued that he repeatedly fell down. I was obliged to lead the way for several miles by the compass, it being impossible to see the land, though the fiord was only from half a mile to two miles wide.

During the afternoon the sun shone down through the

storm that seemed only hugging the earth. For the last nine miles which I made along the west side of the fiord and Peter Force Sound, the mountains would every few minutes show a shaded contour—a ghost-like faintness—by which I was enabled to make my course without the compass. When within two miles of the igloos I came upon our sledge-tracks of the day before, and these I followed carefully while they were visible; but, with all my care, the track was soon lost; and as the land was again closed from view, we should have been in grievous difficulty had not the compass guided me. The risk was great indeed; for in such a storm we might easily have gone out to sea, or the ice of the bay on which we were travelling might have broken up and carried us away.

Providentially, we reached the encampment—my fifth, as I called it, which was the same as the third—at 5·10 P.M. finding Sharkey on the look-out, anxiously awaiting us, while Koojesse was out in search of me. The Innuits, all through the previous night, had kept my lantern suspended to a pole by the igloo as a beacon light. Hot suppers were quickly prepared for us by the women, and we soon retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

Continue the Journey up Frobisher Bay—Arrive at Beauty Bay—The Sledge attacked by hungry Dogs—Meeting with Friends.—Bereavement of old Allokee and his Wife—Death of Tweroong—Heart-rending Particulars—A Seal-feast—A sudden Excitement—Strange Visit of an Angeko—Parting with Allokee—Visit to the Grinnell Glacier—Ascent by Polar Bear Tracks—A Sea of Ice—An exciting Journey back.

DURING the day, April 14th, 1862, I remained quiet in the igloo, engaged in writing and working up observations. On the 15th I made a trip up the east arm of Peter Force Sound; and on the 16th we left the fifth (same as third) encampment, and proceeded on up Frobisher Bay. We made but slow progress on account of sealing, there being a necessity for obtaining all the food that could be found. Six of us, beside the dogs, required a large quantity. After journeying seven miles, we made our next encampment on the ice a few paces from a point of land forming the west cape of a pretty little bay, which, on the boat voyage in the previous fall, I had called Beauty Bay. That night we had a different kind of dwelling from the one ordinarily occupied by us. The weather was now occasionally warm enough to admit of half igloo and half tupic, which was made by omitting the dome, and placing tent-poles, covered with canvass, on the snow walls.

An exciting scene occurred while the igloo wall was being erected. Koojesse and Sharkey were at work on the building, while Henry and I removed everything from the sledge. We being at some little distance, the dogs suddenly sprung in a pack upon the sledge, and each snatched a piece of the meat and blubber still remaining upon it. With a club in my hand, and seal-spear in Henry's, we belaboured them lustily, but they were so hungry that it really seemed as if they

cared nothing for blows. As a piece of meat was rescued from the jaws of one, another, and perhaps two others, as quickly had it. Blow followed blow; dogs flew this way and that, all acting like devils, determined to conquer or die in their devouring work. It was quite five minutes before the battle was through, and not then till Koojesse leaped the

WE MUST CONQUER OR STARVE.

walls of the igloo, and came to our assistance. During this *mêlée*, Henry unfortunately broke the wood portion of Koojesse's *oo-nar* (seal-spear), and this enraged the Innuit to a degree not easily to be described, for no instrument is constructed by the natives with more care than this.

The following day, April 17th, I made an exploring trip up Beauty Bay, and on my return found that our igloo had fallen in. The sun was now becoming so powerful that the upper

tier of the snow wall melted, and brought down the top and poles upon the two women who were within, and were consequently overwhelmed in the ruins.

Next morning, April 18th, at 9 A.M. we again started, taking a course direct for Gabriel's Island of Frobisher, in the main bay, called by the Innuits *Ki-ki-tuk-ju-a.* Our progress was slow, owing to the heavy load and the poor condition of the dogs; and at noon, symptoms of a gale coming on, it was deemed advisable to make for shelter. Before we could obtain it, the gale had burst upon us, filling the air with the "white dust" of the country. Presently we saw an Innuit in the distance approaching, and, after winding in and out among numerous small islands, we met him. It proved to be Ninguarping, son of Kokerjabin, out seal-hunting. He said there were other Innuits not far off, among them Miner and Kooperneung, with their families, and we quickly made towards them. I was glad to learn that these Innuits were so near; for I thought I would take my dogs and sledge, and run up from my next encampment to see my good friend Tweroong. I should have been sadly disappointed had I done so, as will soon appear. Ninguarping then accompanied us to the spot selected for our encampment, and assisted in building an igloo. Soon a sledge of Innuits, with a team of fourteen dogs, came bounding wildly towards us. They were quickly alongside, proving to be our friends "Jack" and "Bill," on their way to an island not far off for a load of walrus beef which was deposited there. They invited us to go to their village. This we did, abandoning our half-completed igloo.

We arrived about 4 P.M. and found a village of five igloos, all inhabited by Innuit families, composed of my old friends and acquaintances. Old *Too-loo-ka-ah* was one of the first whom I saw, and he invited me to his capacious igloo, where his wife, Koo-muk, quickly gave me water to drink and food to eat, the latter being portions of frozen walrus entrails. To say that I enjoyed this food would only be to repeat what I have said before, though, no doubt, many will feel surprised at my being able to eat, as I so frequently did, raw meat, contents

of tuktoo paunch, entrails of seals and walrus, whale skin and krang, besides drinking train-oil and blood.

In the previous December, when on my trip to Jones's Cape after skins, I saw Toolookaah and his wife, and was both surprised and gratified to learn that she had an infant; it was a girl of only two weeks, and had been named *Ek-ker-loon.* Toolookaah was at this time, as I thought, sixty years old, and his wife not less than fifty-five years. When I now saw the parents again on this journey of which I am writing, I inquired for the child, and received the mournfully sad reply, "*Tuk-a-woke,*" meaning, it is dead.

I should add to this record the news I received at the same time of the death of my never-to-be-forgotten friend Tweroong. Oo-soo-kar-lo, son of old Petato, told me that she had died several weeks before. Some days later I obtained the details of her death, and they were truly heart-rending. When her husband, "Miner," and her son, "Charley" removed from Oopungnewing a few weeks before this time, Tweroong was unable to walk, and had to be carried on a sledge. After going a few miles up Frobisher Bay, an igloo was built for her, when she was placed in it, without any food, and with no means of making a fire-light, and then abandoned to die alone. A few days after some Innuits visited the igloo and found her dead.

The next day, April 19th, in the afternoon, I received an invitation from old Petato to come into her igloo and partake of a seal-feast. Taking Henry Smith along with me, I accompanied Oosookarlo to the place indicated. We found Petato seated on her dais, with an immense stone pot hanging over the full blazing ikkumer; the pot was filled with smoking-hot seal and seal-soup; Sharkey, Kopeo, his wife and infant, and several young Innuits, were there, awaiting the "good time coming." Petato, the presiding genius, took out a piece of the seal with her hands and gave it to me, doing the same by the others. Before I had half-finished mine, the old lady handed me another and a larger piece; but, without difficulty, I did ample justice to all of it. Henry declared he never

partook of a meal he relished more. The second course was seal-soup, of which Petato gave me a huge bowl full; that is the nectar of a seal-feast. After I was supplied, another bowl, of a capacity equivalent to four quarts, was placed on the floor for the dog to wash with his pliant tongue; when he had lapped it clean, outside as well as within, it was filled with the luscious soup, which the Innuits at once disposed of, taking turns at the bowl.

Later in the evening, as I was seated in my own igloo surrounded by my company, I heard a loud Innuit shout just outside. As quick as thought, Koojesse, Sharkey, Tunukderlien, and Jennie sprang for the long knives lying around, and hid them wherever they could find places. My first thought was that a company of warlike Innuits were upon us, and I asked Koojesse the meaning of all this. He replied, "Angeko! angeko!" Immediately there came crawling into the low entrance to the igloo an Innuit with long hair completely covering his face and eyes. He remained on his knees on the floor of the igloo, feeling round like a blind man at each side of the entrance, back of the fire-light, the place where meat is usually kept, and where knives may generally be found. Not finding any, the angeko slowly withdrew. I asked Koojesse what would have been the consequence if the angeko had found a knife; he replied that he—the angeko —would have stabbed himself in the breast.

On April 22d we broke up our encampment, all the Innuits, with the exception of Toolookaah's family, being about removing up Frobisher Bay. Two families, including Petato, Kopeo, Oosookarlo, with the wives and children of the two men, were to go with me one's day's journey at least. Old Toolookaah, who was to remain behind, wore a sorrowful face on account of my departure. I find in my diary the following record: "This noble, free-hearted Innuit loves me, I do believe; I know that I love him. We have now been acquainted more than a year; have voyaged together, have shared perils of storms and the glory of sunshine, have feasted together, slept beneath the same tupic, have been, as it were, father and

son. Successful be his sealing, his tuktoo hunts, and his conflicts with the polar bear—the lion of the North; and, at last, peace and glory to his noble soul. When all were ready for a start this morning, this old Innuit accompanied me from this island some distance on the ice. At last we locked hands, and, with prolonged 'terboueties,' tears started in his eyes, and rolling down his iron-ribbed face, we parted, probably never to meet again on earth."

Throughout our day's journey there was a continuous gale, with snow-drift closing all from our view; but we finally reached our next encampment, on a small island above Kikitukjua, at 4·30 P.M. having gone nearly nine miles.

The following day we parted with Petato and my other Innuit friends, and proceeded some five or six miles direct toward Kingaite coast, making our ninth encampment* on the main ice clear of land.

We were obliged to remain here encamped for ten days, the desperate struggle being to get enough to sustain life. My hunters and sealers, Sharkey and Koojesse, went down every fair day a distance of five miles to the open water, where were white whales, seals, and ducks in abundance, but they were then all so shy that it was impossible to approach them within killing distance. That they might be successful was our earnest wish, for we were living mostly on dog food—*kow*—that is, walrus hide with hair on. Besides, we had no oil for the lamp, and without the lamp we were unable to obtain fresh water.

One day they came home successful, having caught a seal, the first of the season, and no happier beings could exist than we were for the time at the feast of raw seal that followed. In the evening of the next day, April 28th, Koojesse and Sharkey drove up with two seals, one of about 200 pounds' weight, and the other weighing 100 pounds. This was success indeed, and it enabled them to feed the dogs as well as ourselves. By this time the weather had become so warm

* The ninth encampment was in lat. 62° 51′ N. long. 66° 40′ W. due east of Gabriel's Island, and midway of it and Kingaite coast. (See Chart.)

that we could not keep our igloo dry, and it was resolved to erect a tupic or tent. This finished, we moved into it; and a few minutes after we had vacated our old home, down fell the igloo a mass of ruins.

On May 1st, 1862, I started from this encampment on a trip to Kingaite coast. While Henry was engaged harnessing up the dogs, I put together my instruments, a little bag of rock pemmican, and some Borden meat-biscuit, of which I had saved merely a trifle for use on excursions of this kind. Sharkey, with sledge and dogs, was ready, and, after a good hot breakfast, we started, at 7·40 A.M. for the point I had selected—near the President's Seat—viz. that where an ascent could probably be made of the glacier which I had seen on my voyage up the bay the previous fall.

My course across the bay to Kingaite coast was south 4° east, true. The number of dogs in the team was ten, but, as they were in poor condition, we made but three and a half to four and a half miles per hour. In crossing the bay we found abundance of hummocky ice, and the snow-wreaths were numerous, abrupt, and high. A few minutes before noon we drew into a small bay that extended on toward the point I sought to reach. With great solicitude, I watched that part of the heavens in which the sun was, but, to my deep regret, the thick clouds were as a veil between my eyes and it. I had my instruments in readiness in case the sun should show itself for a few moments. If I could have got two solar observations, keeping correct account of the time elapsing between, by which to obtain accurately the "hour angle," I should have done so, for thus I could have determined my actual latitude; but the clouds were too thick for the sun's rays to penetrate them. I kept, however, a careful account of my course and of the distance made, by which I determined the latitude of Kingaite coast where I struck it.

As the dogs turned up the narrow bay leading to the point of land we were making, I was delighted to see the face of an abutting glacier, which fully proved the truth of my anticipations that there were iceberg discharges on Kingaite side.

At noon our progress was arrested by the glacier, which seemed to smile a defiance—"thus far, and no farther."

Here, by this crystal wall, I stood, in admiration and awe beholding its beauty and grandeur. My Innuit companion seemed satisfied and gratified in witnessing the effect it had upon me. I turned and took a look seaward. A few degrees of opening between the points of land leading into the harbour in which we were gave a view bounded only by the sea horizon. My quickened thoughts almost made me exclaim, "Tell us, time-aged crystal mount, have you locked in your mirror chambers any images of white man's ships, that sailed up these waters near three centuries ago?" This train of fancy-painting was soon dissipated by the substantial reality of a lunch on cold rock pemmican and gold dust (Borden's pulverized meat-biscuit), washed down with chips from the glacier, after which we were prepared for an attempt to scale the ice-mountain. This could be done only by ascending one of the rock ridges flanking the abutting arm of the glacier, and thence striking up its steep side.

For the first quarter of a mile it was very abrupt, and difficult to climb. The most laborious and dangerous part of the ascent was accomplished by following the footsteps of a polar bear. My "illustrious predecessor" had evidently ascended the glacier some time previous, just after a fresh fall of snow, impacting it by his great weight into such hard steps that the gales had no effect in destroying them. These polar-bear steps made it feasible for us to ascend where we did. After the first quarter of a mile the inclination of the glacier was gradual, then for a quarter of a mile farther it became greater, but it did not so continue. Each side of this arm of the glacier was walled in by mountains, the east side by the group I called the President's Seat.

On making two miles—S. 16° E. true—we arrived where the glacier opens to a *sea of ice*. At this time and point the glacier was covered with snow, with a cropping out here and there of the clear crystal blue ice, giving relief to the view of an apparently illimitable sea of white around. My Innuit

ARM OF THE GRINNELL GLACIER, BY MOUNT "PRESIDENT'S SEAT."

companion, being well experienced in all the coast from Karmowong, a place on the north side of Hudson's Straits, to Resolution Island, and all about Frobisher Bay, said that this great glacier extended far, far below where we then were, and also continued on north-west a great way, reaching over also nearly to Hudson's Straits. From the information I had previously gained, and the data furnished me by my Innuit companion, I estimated the Grinnell glacier to be fully 100 miles long. At various points on the north side of Frobisher Bay, between Bear Sound and the Countess of Warwick's Sound, I made observations by sextant, by which I determined that over fifty miles of the glacier was in view from and south-east of the President's Seat. A few miles above that point the glacier recedes from the coast, and is lost to view by the Everett chain* of mountains; and, as Sharkey said, the *ou-u-e-too* (ice that never melts) extends on *wes-se-too-ad-loo* (far, very far off). He added that there were places along the coast below what I called the President's Seat where this great glacier discharges itself into the sea, some of it large icebergs.

From the sea of ice down to the point where the abutting glacier arrested my advance with sledge and dogs, the ice-river or arm of the glacier was quite uniform in its rounding up, presenting the appearance—though in a frozen state—of a mighty rushing torrent. The height of the discharging face of the glacier was 100 feet above the sea.

Without doubt, the best time of the year to travel over glacier mountains is just before the snows have begun to melt. The winter snows are then well impacted on the glacier surface, and all the dangerous cracks and water-ditches are filled up. Storms and gales do good work with snow-flakes once within their fingers. Grinnell Glacier,† a limited portion of which was visited, would, in three and a

* Named after Edward Everett. For location of "Everett Chain," see Chart.

† This great glacier I named after Henry Grinnell. Its height, in the vicinity of President's Seat, is 3,500 feet.

half or four months' time, present quite a different appearance. Now it was robed in white; then, below the line of eternal snow, it would be naked,—clear, bright, flashing cerulean blue meeting the eye of the observer. This contrast I have seen. When on my boat-voyage up the bay in the previous fall, this great glacier of Kingaite heaved heavenward its hoary head, supported by a body of crystal blue: on my return the same was covered with its winter dress. Before the cold weather sets in, all the crevices in the glacier are charged with water, which, congealing, is caused to expand; and the ice explodes with a sound like loud thunder, rending the mountains and shooting off icebergs and smaller fragments at the various points where the glacier has its arms reaching down to the sea.

After some time spent on the glacier, of which my view was not so extensive or protracted as it would have been but for the clouds that capped the heights where we were, my companion and myself returned to the sledge. I then walked to the shore and obtained a few geological specimens, and we started on our way back to the ninth encampment. Two or three miles from the glacier we came to a small island. I took several bearings of distant objects and sextant angles for elevation of the mountain heights; but the wind began to freshen almost to a gale, and caused considerable risk in crossing the bay. There was a probability of the floe cracking off and drifting us to seaward; the open water was within a mile of our course, and the floe, giving way, would have been swept rapidly to the south-east. My driver was constantly urging the dogs to their greatest speed while making passage over the most dangerous part of the way. Fortunately no mishap occurred, and we arrived at the tupic in the evening.

CHAPTER XVII.

Innuit Food—Picture of a Dinner-party—Rabbit-charming—Proposed Flying Trip—Freaks of Jennie—Her Foot-race after the Sledge—Feminine Coquetry—Sharkey's Despair—Change of Plans—Koojesse's Uglincss—Final Adjustment of Plan.—Departure on Flying Trip—An Upset—Wolves—Chase of a Bear and Cub—Capture of the latter—Night Travelling—Return to Place of Starting—Set out for the Ship—Arrive on Board.

On leaving our ninth encampment on Saturday, May 3d, 1862, we proceeded toward some islands nearly due east of us, and, after a journey of ten miles, came to M'Lean Island,* where we found two igloos occupied by the Innuits Koo-kin and "Bill," with their families. We were hospitably received, and made our tenth encampment† there.

I was now living wholly on Innuit food, to which I had become so accustomed as to eat it without difficulty. Were I to mention in detail what took place, and what was eaten at our meals, it would doubtless appear disgusting to most of my readers; but there is no alternative in the matter of eating with Innuits. One has to make up his mind, if he would live among that people, to submit to their customs, and to be entirely one of them. When a white man for the first time enters one of their tupics or igloos, he is nauseated with everything he sees and smells—even disgusted with the looks of the innocent natives, who extend to him the best hospitality their means afford. Take, for instance, the igloo in which I had an excellent dinner on the day last mentioned. Any one from the States, if entering this igloo with me, would see a company of what he would call a dirty set of human beings, mixed up among masses of nasty, uneatable

* Named after the late Judge John M'Lean. It is an island in the midst of Frobisher Bay, near to and due west of Gabriel's Island.

† Our tenth encampment was near the southern extreme of M'Lean Island, and was in lat. 62° 52′ N. long. 66° 28′ W.

flesh, skins, blood, and bones, scattered all about the igloo. He would see, hanging over a long, low flame, the *oo-koo-sin* (stone kettle), black with soot and oil of great age, and filled to its utmost capacity with black meat, swimming in a thick, dark, smoking fluid, as if made by boiling down the dirty scrapings of a butcher's stall. He would see men, women, and children—my humble self included—engaged in devouring the contents of that kettle, and he would pity the human beings who could be reduced to such necessity as to eat the horrid stuff. The dishes out of which the soup is taken would turn his stomach, especially when he should see dogs wash them out with their long pliant tongues previous to our using them. But I will not multiply particulars.

Sharkey this day saw a rabbit when out on the island hunting partridges, but could not get a shot at it. If "Jennie," or any other female songster, had been with him, he would probably have secured it. Innuits, when they go after rabbits, generally have such a vocalist with them. While she sings "*charmingly*," the sportsman is enabled to have a fair shot. The rabbit delights in listening to the music of a female Innuit voice, and will stop, sit up, and be shot under its charms.

The scarcity of provisions, combined with the troubles I encountered with the evil-disposed Innuits, Koojesse and Jennie, had been so great, that I had determined to abandon my journey farther up the bay, and return at once to the Countess of Warwick's Sound; but we now found ourselves so abundantly supplied that I concluded to take Sharkey, and, leaving the rest of my company at the place of the tenth encampment, to make a flying trip up the bay with sledge and dogs. Sharkey at first cheerfully assented to my proposition, but on May 6th he signified to me his desire to take Jennie with him. I declined to accede to this request, and he acquiesced in my decision, but Jennie flew into a rage. She put on her kodlings and dodged out of the igloo, attempting to run away; Sharkey darted after her, and in about an hour they returned, on apparently amicable terms.

The next morning, May 7th, I went on with my preparations for departure; the movements of Jennie showed plainly that she intended to go. When the sledge was nearly loaded, I went to Koojesse and asked him if Jennie was really going with us; he answered affirmatively, and I therefore called Sharkey into the igloo and talked with him. He acted nobly, telling Jennie that she must remain with Koojesse and Tunukderlien till our return. He had previously bound her jacket and tuktoo bed upon the sledge, but at once threw them off, though I could see that he had a mountain of trouble within. After much delay we started.

When we were out on the sea-ice we kept a sharp watch of Jennie's movements. She was out on the rocks, with her head turned to a bluff, and bellowing like an angeko while engaged in some of his incantations. In about half an hour she was discovered following us; Sharkey closely examined her movements through the glass, and declared that she was indeed after us, and that she would travel all day and all night till she reached us. I at once decided to await her coming up, for my heart was moved for the poor fellow, who so fondly loved her, though she was unworthy of his affection.

When we paused for her to come up, Sharkey took the water-bag and the tin cup, and set out for an island at our left, distant a quarter of a mile, for water. His course was taken so that he intercepted Jennie when he was returning with his water to the sledge. She, however, paid no attention to him, but kept on, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. Sharkey called to her, but she turned not, still continuing her rapid gait, and proudly striking into her open hand a loose mitten she carried in the other. Sharkey quickened his pace to catch up to her, repeatedly calling to her, but she walked stoically on. At length he overtook her, and tried to arrest her in her course. She threw him aside as if he were a viper, and walked on. Then Sharkey once more approached, and threw his arm around her caressingly. She gave no heed. Finally, in despair, he gave up, stooped down, buried his face in his hands, and poured out his

weeping soul in a flood of tears. Then, rising up, he swung his arms about, and gave vent to his feelings in loud and broken cries, returning to the sledge, while the stubborn idol of his affections, with apparent indifference, pursued her way.

I addressed him sympathizingly, my heart overflowing with love for my wounded friend. He pointed to his wife, who still trudged on, crying "Jennie! Jennie!" putting his hand on his heart and weeping. Under the circumstances, I decided to return to our encampment. As soon as we reached it, Sharkey started out with the dogs, ostensibly for the purpose of sealing. I knew, however, that his purpose was to go in pursuit of his wife. Some hours later he returned with Jennie, both apparently contented.

I now at first though I might as well give up this trip, and commence my return down the bay. Then I determined to take Henry as my dog-driver, and proceed to explore the bay alluded to on page 99, some fifty miles to the N.W. by W. of our tenth encampment. I had before believed that Koojesse was at the bottom of Jennie's evil actions, and I now became thoroughly convinced of the fact; for, when he heard of my latest plan, he seemed determined to put as many blocks in my way as possible. He consented, for a consideration, to let me have the use of his dogs, but refused to allow me to take my own tupic. Then I hinted at returning at once to the ship; but this did not suit him; he wanted to stop where we were several days; and he declared that, if he was compelled to start the next day, the distance made would be "smalley." At last I offered him my rifle, which he wanted very much, if he would accompany me and do as he should on the trip I wished to make. His whole conduct changed immediately from that of a bitter enemy to that of a cheerful friend. The arrangement was made that Koojesse and Sharkey were to go, while Jennie and Tunukderlien were to remain with Henry, the Innuits Kookin and "Bill" having agreed with me to supply them with food. My conviction that Koojesse was the instigator of Jennie's freaks prior to this received confirmation from the

perfect acquiescence of the woman in this plan after hearing a few words from him.

So, after much trouble, with Kojesse and Sharkey as my companions for the trip, I again started at 9 A.M. of the 8th of May. Our progress on the firm ice was fair, our course northerly and westerly. In and out among numerous islands, and with a few stoppages to take bearings and make observations, we passed on for several miles, seeing places on the mainland familiar to me, and finally, after twelve hours' travel, making a distance of twenty-three miles, encamped on Field's Island,* at the entrance of Waddell Bay. The following day, May 9th, we were at the entrance to the bay—A. H. Ward's Inlet,† as I named it—which I had so long desired to explore; but, on the next, owing to bad weather and soft snow, we could proceed only a short distance. On the 11th, however, we made rapid progress, passing on the east side of a long island, the scenery magnificent, and, going through a place where the mountains almost meet, and which I call "The Narrows," finally arriving at the head of this truly romantic and beautiful inlet at about 2 P.M.

Just before passing up through the Narrows, we saw that the ice ahead was completely riddled with seal-holes, and that seals in immense numbers were lying by them basking. Sharkey laid himself down, and proceeded with his gun to make the usual Innuit approaches, as already described, toward a place where some seals were close together. At last he shot one, having been one hour and twenty-five minutes crawling up to within six fathoms of his prey. A raw and blood-warm seal-feast immediately followed, for this was the first thing secured for four days. Never did I enjoy anything with a better relish.

On the right of the extreme termination there is a bold mountain, with a ravine between it and the opposite side, which is gradually sloping. The bay or harbour between the Narrows and the termination of the inlet is indeed magnificent.

* Named after Dudley Field, of New York City.

† Named after Augustus H. Ward, of New York City.

After staying here as long as my time would permit, and having determined that no "*strait*" or passage exists in this direction, I started on my return, and soon again arrived at the Narrows. Here the view below was one of the most interesting I had beheld since arriving North. From the Narrows, which is from one-sixth to one-third of a mile wide, to the termination of this arm of Ward's Inlet, is a distance of four miles. This beautiful sheet of water I have named Ann Maria Port.* As we made our way through the Narrows on our return, the view, on looking down the inlet, was truly

TERMINATION OF WARD'S INLET—THE NARROWS AND ANN MARIA PORT.

magnificent. The long line of black, jagged, buttress-like mountains on either side of the pure white pathway before us presented a scene that I shall not soon forget.

As we returned down this inlet, going at a slower rate than usual, a seal was seen ahead. In an instant the dogs, which were very hungry, bounded off at a rate of not less than twelve miles an hour. The seal, frightened, made a plunge down into its hole; the dogs, flying onward so furiously, passed it, but the wind, carrying the smell of the seal to

* Named after the wife of Augustus H. Ward. The head or termination is in lat. 63° 44′ N. long. 67° 48′ W. *Vide* Chart.

their noses, made them turn sharply round in a second. The consequence was that the sledge-runner caught in the snow-crust, and sent me heels over head off the sledge, to which my Innuit companions clung with all their might. The runners of this sledge were twelve feet long, and the left one was split from stem to stern; but, though this was a serious disaster, yet no considerable regret was manifested on the part of the natives. Koojesse and Sharkey immediately set to work with their seal-spears, and succeeded in mortising three holes in the lower half of the runner in the short space of time that it took me to write the pencil notes recording the incident. It was not long before the runner was strapped together, and we were again on our way down on the western side of the large island which we passed in the morning, I hoping not to see another seal that day. It was 10 P.M. when we arrived at the south end of the Kikitukjua—Augustus Island, as I called it—and made our fourteenth encampment. We had travelled forty miles that day after leaving the thirteenth encampment, which was on a small island not far from the east side of Augustus Island. We slept soundly, though our couch was the bare rock. On the morning of the 12th, when we awoke, we found ourselves beneath a snow-drift—that is to say, some eight or ten inches of snow had fallen during the night, giving us a clean, warm coverlet. The weather being unpropitious for travelling, we remained at the same place during the day. The following day, May 13th, at 10 A.M. we resumed our journey, passing along down by the coast of Becher Peninsula,* on the west side of the inlet, directing our course toward Mary's Island, the place of the twentieth encampment of my boat expedition the previous fall. We had not proceeded far on our way when a smart breeze from the north-west sprung up, and before we had made half the distance to Mary's Island it increased to a gale, accompanied with pelting drift. I know not that I ever experienced more disagreeable travelling than on this occasion.

* The land between Ward's Inlet and the main Bay of Frobisher I thus named after Captain A. B. Becher, R.N. of London, England. See Chart.

The snow flew furiously, eddying around our heads, and dropping down into our laps as we sat upon the sledge with our backs to the gale. The sun was out with thawing heat, melting the snows in our front, wetting our furs, while the temperature at our backs was 14° below the freezing mark. When we reached the point at the west side of the entrance to Ward's Inlet at 8 A.M. we were compelled to stop and go into camp.

My notes, written upon the spot, read, "Stop on account of the driving gale and drift. Sharkey proceeds to make an igloo. Koojesse is sick—knocked up completely, while I am in perfect health."

As I have said, the sun was out, notwithstanding the flying drift; therefore I proceeded to occupy myself as usual in making observations for time, and taking a round of angles, &c.

I continue extracts from my rough and ready note-book of same date (May 13th): "The gale abated 2 P.M. yet snow flying thick over toward Kingaite. Thought of starting, but, desirous of having good and extensive views when I cross the Bay of Frobisher to Kingaite side, I decided to hold over till to-morrow. It will take two days' good weather to get back to the place of tenth encampment—perhaps three. Koojesse and Sharkey gathered from the mountain's side a skin jacket full of Northern wood (dwarf shrub), with which we cooked a soup. The dogs have no food. To supply them and ourselves, shall have to let the Innuits seal to-morrow. Gave Koojesse pills to-night; he is badly off.

"*Wednesday, May 14th.*—Up at 2 A.M. We cooked our breakfast of tuktoo and seal. Used the straw (dwarf shrub) of our beds for fuel. This morning, as a matter of trial of the pluck of my companions, I proposed to continue up to the head of Frobisher Bay. The Innuits expressed a willingness to go. I have no idea of doing this, but now intend to cross Frobisher Bay to-day from Noo-ook-too-ad-loo, a small island close by Rae's Point, direct to Kingaite, and thence pass down by the coast to near where I had my ninth

encampment, and then recross the bay to place of tenth encampment. The weather is thick this morning, but there is a bright streak along the horizon in the east. The dogs are very hungry. Last night they ate up the whip-lash, which was thirty feet long. They are *voracious.* I witnessed a sight some days since of a hungry dog swallowing down a piece of *kow* (walrus hide and blubber) one inch and a half square and six feet long in seven seconds! The act I timed by chronometer."

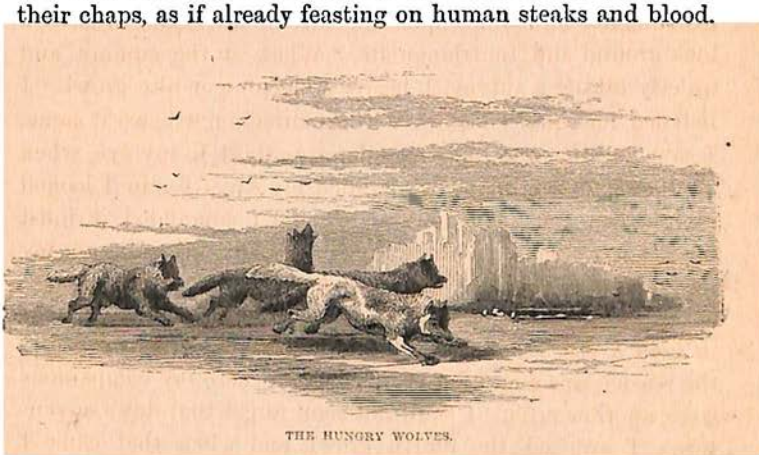
At 5 A.M. we left the place of sixteenth encampment, directing our course to the westward, and in two hours arrived at the island Noo-ook-too-ad-loo, which Sharkey and myself ascended. Here we saw some partridges and many rabbit tracks. One of the former Sharkey shot. While on this island I took a round of angles, sighting various important points necessary toward completing my chart of the bay. Thence we departed at 9 A.M. striking nearly due west to cross the Bay of Frobisher. We found the ice very rough, and consequently our progress was slow. A few minutes before twelve, meridian, as we were about to enter among the numerous islands that lie across the bay, beginning at "Frobisher's Farthest," we stopped, when I proceeded to make observations for latitude, solar bearings, &c. When I found my position was such that various capes, promontories, islands, and inlets that I had visited were in sight, and knowing I could then better determine their relative geographical position, I was delighted, and especially so when I had the President's Seat dancing and circling round in the mirror of my sextant, till it finally rested on the mountain heights of Frobisher's Farthest, on the exact spot where I had made astronomical observations on the 22d of August, 1861, the previous year. Thence we proceeded among many islands, and came to a channel where we found a space of open water abounding in ducks and other aquatic birds, and seals. Here the tide was rushing furiously through like a mill-race, and this prevented us from securing more than half of our game, for as the ducks and seals were shot they were liable to be carried rapidly away beneath the ice.

Sharkey, however, shot and secured one seal which weighed about three hundred pounds, and also killed several brace of ducks.

While the hunters were engaged at this work I took my instruments and went upon the hill of an island to have a look around and to triangulate. When at the summit and quietly taking a survey, I heard a deep tiger-like growl. I listened, and glanced quickly in the direction whence it came. I saw nothing, and soon raised my sextant to my eye, when another and another growl assailed my ear. Again I looked around, but could see nothing, though I concluded it must be either a polar bear or a wolf. Therefore, considering my unarmed state, and the distance I had climbed up the mount, away from all assistance, I thought the better part of valour in such a case was to beat a hasty retreat. The distance to the sea-ice was one mile, and thence to where my companions were, another mile. I shall not soon forget that day's adventure. I awaited the fourth growl, and when that came I quickly packed up instruments and started on a run, turning every few moments to see whether I was ahead. In my course was a long drift of snow, and as I was making a rapid transit of this, a spot in it proved treacherously soft, which gave me a fall, and heels over head I went to the bottom of the hill. Fortunately it was the quickest and most direct passage I could make, and, as it happened, no bone or anything else was broken. When I arrived back and told my companions what I had heard, they declared I had had a narrow escape from either hungry wolves or a polar bear. It was 4·30 P.M. when we resumed our way across Frobisher Bay. Having got fairly through the passage between the islands on the ice-foot, we turned southerly. We soon saw ahead immense numbers of seals out on the ice. They extended over a large area, and were so numerous that with my glass I could not count them.

Just as we were turning off the ice to an island—J. K. Smith Island, as I named it—on which we had proposed to make our seventeenth encampment, three wolves appeared in

sight, coming swiftly on our track, and presently on came a fourth—all most ferocious-looking brutes. They were bold, approaching quite near, watching our movements, and now and then opening and snapping their teeth, and smacking their chaps, as if already feasting on human steaks and blood.



THE HUNGRY WOLVES.

We prepared for the fray by arming with rifle, gun, and spear, each ready to defend himself as best he could. Between the wolves and us was much hummocky ice. Behind this ice we placed ourselves, each seeking to get a good shot. Sharkey led in the attack, levelling his gun on the instant that one of these savage foes began to make its approach. The result was that the hungry wolf turned tail, and went off limping, minus a man-supper, his companions following him.

After the excitement of this affair was partially over, Koojesse informed me that he had known many instances in which Innuits had been attacked, killed, and devoured by hungry wolves. When once so attacked, it was generally sure death to the Innuit. It was, indeed, with thankful heart that I retired to my snowy couch that night, as I thought of my narrow escape from the very midst of that hungry pack, unarmed as I was, and far away from all help save that which is ever mighty to save.

The following morning, May 15th, we were about to resume

our journey, when, the wind having increased to a gale, accompanied with drift, and Koojesse being quite ill, we were obliged to hold over, and keep in the igloo all day. Our fare that day was raw seal and raw ducks. The ducks were very fat, the fat being like butter both in appearance and taste.

In the morning of Friday, the 16th, the weather was thick, and at times spitting snow. We were up at 3 A.M. intending to start early, and complete the crossing of Frobisher Bay to Kingaite coast; but the shore-ice by the island of our encampment was in such an impassable condition from ebb tide that we had to wait for the flood. At 7·30 we were under way, passing to the westward and northward for some time along the coast of Resor Island* on our left, over the rough ice, and among the thousand and one islands of that part of Frobisher Bay. At 11 A.M. we arrived at White Island, which I had seen on my boat-voyage in the previous fall, and then thought very remarkable. On this occasion I landed to examine it and procure geological specimens.

Thirty minutes after meridian we arrived close to a point of Kingaite coast, whence I could see what the natives call *Sharko* (low land), where I had my eighteenth encampment of the boat-voyage in the fall of 1861. Having reached the point—Turn Point,† as I called it—where my survey of the Kingaite coast terminated when on that voyage, I turned about and resumed the survey, passing rapidly down a beautiful channel—Cincinnati Press Channel, as I named it, in honour of the Associated Press of the Queen City—between Kingaite and Pugh Island.‡

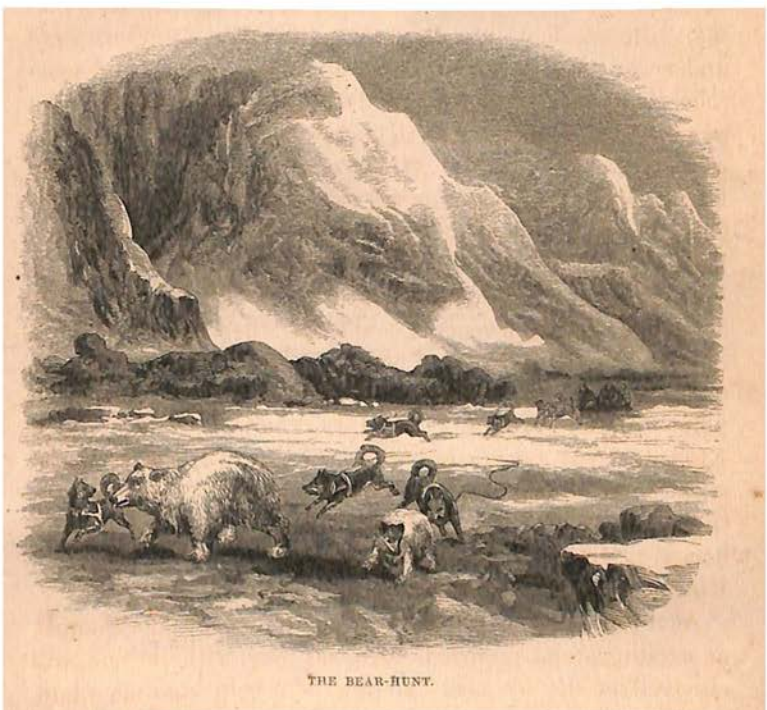
At 3 P.M. while we pursued our journey down the channel, an exciting scene occurred. A polar bear, with its cub, was observed on the ice near the base of a bold high mountain. Immediately the dogs were stopped and the guns loaded.

* Named after William Resor, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The centre of this island is in lat. 63° 16′ N. long. 67° 55′ W.

† Turn Point is in lat. 63° 19′ N. long. 68° 09′ W.

‡ Named after George E. Pugh, of Cincinnati, Ohio. This island is ten miles long, the centre being in lat. 63° 16′ N. long. 68° W.

Koojesse forgot that he was lame and sick, and prepared to join us in the hunt. I, with spy-glass in hand, watched the bear's movements, and when all was ready, the dogs were again started. They soon caught sight of the prey, and bounded forward. While drawing us with great speed, and when within 200 fathoms, the draught-line of the leader was cut, and away he flew toward the bear. Then another, and then another of the running dogs was cut loose and sent in chase, until all were free from the sledge and in pursuit.



THE BEAR-HUNT.

The bear, with her cub following, made her way over the broken ice between the main ice and the shore, direct for the mountain steep, which they at once began to ascend. One of the dogs had now neared them, and constantly attacked the cub until it became separated from its mother. Then another

dog sprang at the hinder part of the old bear, which turned and made a plunge at the dog, causing both to tumble headlong down the declivity, which was so steep that I wondered how the bear could have ascended it.

The fight now became earnest, and the dog yelped with pain, as the bear's paw came heavily upon him. Presently Bruin was obliged to turn again, and, with head swinging to and fro, and roaring plaintively on hearing the cries of her cub, she reascended the mountain where it was impossible for dog or man to follow. The eleven dogs finally all took after the cub, which was part way up the mountain side, and, as one seized it, over rolled cub and dog together, and so came tumbling down. While Koojesse and Sharkey sought to get a shot at the old one, I went forward simply to see the fray between young polar and the dogs. On making my way from the main ice to the shore, the cub made a rush at me with jaws widely distended. I instantly placed myself in position, prepared to receive the threatened shock. I received young polar on the point of my spear, having directed it well toward the neck, and pierced it through. The dogs at once flew to my aid, and soon the savage beast was flat over on its back. Withdrawing the spear, a stream of hot blood immediately poured forth; and then, with heavy blows on the head, I broke in its skull, and thus killed it. I took it that my Innuit friends would rejoice on learning my success, but I soon found how mistaken I was in this idea. On showing them what I had done, they shrugged their shoulders and—said nothing. Of course I was surprised, and knew not what to make of such conduct, it being the reverse of what I had expected. It was not long before I learned the *mistake* I had made in killing the young bear. This I ascertained in the following way: While Koojesse and Sharkey were engaged skinning *ar-tuk-ta* (young polar bear), I proposed to them to go into camp where we were. They objected to this. I then told them how desirous I was to remain in that locality for a day or so. My great and earnest object was to ascend the high land close by, and connect together some of the points

of my past and prospective visitation. I found that nothing whatever would induce them to stop and make encampment there. They said that the old bear would return in the night, and, smelling the blood of her young, she would be enraged to madness, and kill all of us. Furthermore, they said that

YOUNG POLAR COMING TO THE POINT.

their people always avoided killing the young of a Ninoo till the old one was dead, from the very fact that the previous death of the offspring made the mother a hundredfold more terrible than she otherwise would be. The result of this matter was no camp there or about there that night.

My companions, having completed their work of skinning

the bear, buried in snow the liver and head, which Innuits never eat, nor allow their dogs to eat, if they can help it. However, one of my dogs, Barbekark, got loose from the sledge and found the liver, when the whole pack bolted away and pitched in for a share. The carcass of the bear was placed on the sledge, when (5 P.M.) we started on our way down the channel. In half an hour we arrived at open water —a tide-opening one-third of a mile long and thirty fathoms wide. Sharkey had told me about this open water while we were at the seventeenth encampment, on occasion of my proposing to strike from thence to Kingaite, and continue down the coast. Sharkey said it was altogether doubtful whether we should be able to do so, on account of the *ou-kun-nier* (an extended opening in the ice caused by the tides). It seems that, during the coldest weather, these open places between the numerous islands in this part of Frobisher Bay never freeze over on account of the swiftly-running tides. However, we experienced no great trouble in making our way over an ice-belt that led past this *ou-kun-nier*. This space of open water abounded in seals. In the course of a few minutes Sharkey fired two shots, the last being successful, killing a fine large seal, which we soon had fast to the sledge. We now had a Ninoo and a seal—enough for a feast for both men and dogs.

When at the tide-opening we were only one mile and a half from where we had killed the bear. This distance would not satisfy my friends by several miles for making encampment, therefore, at 6 P.M. we resumed our journey. A few minutes brought us to where the channel opened out to a beautiful bay, which I named Eggleston Bay.* Our course then was over a smooth field of ice. After making a distance of some six miles from where the bear was killed, and as we were making good progress homeward directly down the bay, all at once the dogs were turned by the driver sharply to the left, nearly but not quite half round, and directed toward

* Named after Benjamin Eggleston, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The centre of this bay is in lat. 63° 13′ N. long. 68° W. See Chart.

the south termination of Pugh Island, where we made our eighteenth encampment. Before we retired for the night the sledge was stuck up on end in an ice-crack, and the guns and spears were put in order, at the head of our couch, for immediate use, if occasion should require it. As I needed an explanation of some of these movements of my Innuit companions, so my readers may require one of me. I thus give it: The reason of going to such a distance from the scene of the bear-hunt before making our encampment has already been given. The sharp turn—nearly reversing our course—was designed, as the Esquimaux explained it, for a safeguard against pursuit by the enraged old bear. If she should attempt to pursue on our sledge-track, her movements would be rapid; and, finding the track nearly in a straight line for so long a distance, she would become somewhat confident, "thinking" that the same undeviating course had been kept to the end; therefore, on her reaching the place of the sharp turn, it might be unnoticed and unscented, and she would continue her course some time longer before discovering her mistake. But, in case she should track us to our igloo (our sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth encampments were igloos or snow-houses), then the first thing she would do would be to throw down the sledge (one of many things that polar bears do not like to see standing), and thus we should be awakened, and put on our guard against the ferocious beast. But, happily, no enraged "she-bear" made her appearance. The trick of the sharp turn may have saved us.

The bladder of the young Ninoo was kept hung up, at whatever place we happened to be, for three days, according to custom; and that night we had an excellent supper off my prize, the flesh appearing and tasting like veal.

On the morning of Saturday, May 17th, having first ascended the heights of the island of our encampment, and made the necessary observations for continuing my survey, we resumed our journey down the bay, passing rapidly, on

our right, Cape Poillon* and Newell's Sound,† and at our left Pike's Island,‡ our course being along near the Kingaite coast and direct for Cape Vanderbilt,§ which point we reached at 3·40 P.M. On arriving there, I found it a capital point for connecting together much of my previous work by a round of angles. Unfortunately, before I could accomplish much work in that line, a thick fog closed distant objects from view. As I did not like to leave such a favourable point without additional sights, I proposed to my company to remain there till the next day. To this Koojesse, who was quite ill and peevish, obstinately objected. I therefore concluded to strike across the bay at once for the place of tenth encampment, our starting-point on this flying trip, which we had left on the 8th instant. At 5·17 P.M. we left Cape Vanderbilt, purposing to travel all night. Our course was almost in line with Cape Hill,‖ which is the south termination of Chase Island.¶

Never shall I forget that night. It was very cold, and we sat on the sledge well clothed in furs, while the dogs flew merrily and at their most rapid rate. Occupying a place in the rear of all the rest, where all was clear for action, with the box chronometer under my eye, I threw the log every ten minutes, holding the reel up in my right hand.** We all

* Named after Cornelius C. and Richard Poillon, of New York. This cape is in lat. 63° 11′ N. long. 67° 49′ W.

† Named after Thomas W. Newell, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The north cape of this sound is Cape Poillon, the south cape Cape Vanderbilt.

‡ Named after the house of Benjamin Pike and Sons, of New York. The centre of this island is in lat. 63° 13′ N. long. 67° 44′ W.

§ Named after Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York. This cape is in lat. 63° 07′ 30″ N. long. 67° 34′ W. See Chart.

‖ Named after George H. Hill, of Cincinnati, Ohio. This cape is in lat. 62° 54′ N. long. 66° 37′ W.

¶ Named after Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio. It is one of the first group in middle of Frobisher Bay. The centre of this island is in lat. 62° 58′ N. long. 66° 45′ W.

** See accompanying engraving, and also type on larger scale of sledge-log, line and reel, on page 300, drawn to one sixth of the size of the original. This contrivance was made while encamped on the ice in the middle of Frobisher Bay (ninth encampment). The reel was wood, the line a codfish line, the log a relic of the wrecked *Rescue*—a ring-bolt, weighing just two pounds, which answered admirably the purpose for which I desired it.

HALL AND HIS EXPEDITION CROSSING FROBISHER BAY.

felt the cold severely, and had recourse to various contrivances to keep some warmth in our limbs. No doubt I presented rather a grotesque appearance as I sat with native stockings on my hands now and then instead of outside mittens. Toward midnight we felt the want of shelter and rest; but, in my own case, all sense of discomfort was banished by the beauty which Nature placed before me. The grandeur of Kingaite's grotto mountains that we were leaving behind us, with their contrasts of light and shade, as viewed in the night, and watched as light increased with advancing day, filled my soul with inexpressible delight. It was like beholding a mighty city of cathedrals, monuments, palaces, and castles overthrown by an earthquake, the ruins resting amid mountain drifts of snow.

At 3 A.M. of the 18th, when near the islands which diversify Frobisher Bay in the locality between M'Lean Island and Chase Island, the sun began to peer out from behind the dark clouds, when we stopped the dogs, threw ourselves flat on the bare snow, and slept soundly for one hour and thirty-five minutes.

At 8 A.M. we arrived at the eighteenth encampment (which was the same as the tenth), whence we had started on the 8th instant, making an absence while on this journey of just ten days. The number of miles travelled was 176 nautical, or 203 English miles, this distance having been made in exactly fifty-four hours and thirty-one minutes travelling time.

A brief extract from my notes, written after my return from this journey, reads as follows:—

"Taking my departure from the tenth encampment on May 8, 1862, and sledging 176 miles (nautical), now, on my return to same place, my '*dead reckoning*'—which has been kept independent of all the astronomical observations taken during the trip—makes the same place differ in latitude $2\frac{8.3}{100}$ miles, and in longitude less than half a geographical mile, an approximation I little expected to make."

I found Henry very sick, and it was necessary that I

should get him to the vessel as soon as possible. Tunukderlien and Jennie were well, the latter as evil-disposed as ever. Sharkey, however, had to receive sad news. By his former wife he had a child, which had been given in care to another Innuit. This child would occasionally, by various acts such as are common to young children, annoy its guardian, who accordingly conveyed it to the top of a lonely and rocky mountain, sewed it up in a seal-skin, and threw it down a deep cleft, leaving it there to be frozen to death, and there its little corpse was afterwards discovered by some Innuits.

We found plenty of food among the people here, and blubber, the commercial value of which would have been some hundreds of dollars, and yet all soon to be wasted. One ookgook which they had captured must have weighed quite 1,500 pounds, and its blubber was two inches thick.

The following day, May 19th, finding that Koojesse was too sick to accompany me farther, and that Sharkey had to remain with his wife, I made arrangements with the Innuit "Bill," who agreed to take Henry and myself, with my dogs, to Oopungnewing. After farewells with my Innuit friends, away we went, all six of us (Bill would have his wife and two children along too), down the bay; but in the evening a heavy snow-storm came on, and, though we tried to breast it for some time, we were at length obliged to give in, and encamp, after midnight, on Clarke's Island, which is between Jones's Cape and Chapel's Point.

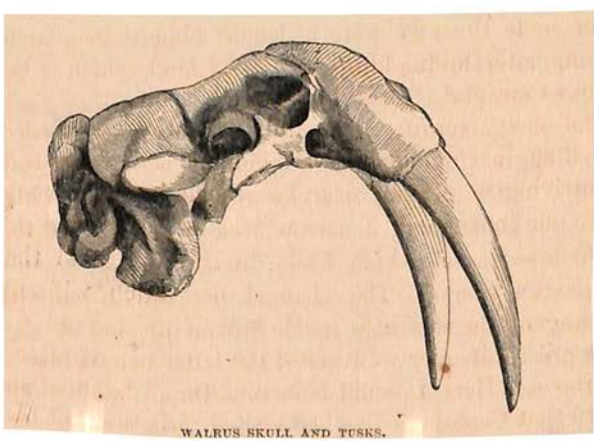
The next morning, the 20th, we again proceeded, the travelling, in consequence of rough ice, being very bad, and, on arriving at a point near Twerpukjua, we were obliged to make our course over a narrow neck of land, called the Pass of *Ee-too-nop-pin*, which leads directly to the Countess of Warwick's Sound. The channel between Niountelik and Oopungnewing was also much broken up, and it was only with great difficulty we reached the latter-named place in the afternoon. Here I found numerous Innuit families, and also heard that Captain B—— had visited the place, but had gone down to Cape True fifteen days before. "Bill," my sledge-

driver, was so stricken with snow-blindness that I had to make arrangements with Innuit "Charley" to carry me back to the ship. This was speedily effected, and in an hour's time we again started.

We proceeded rapidly across the sound to Lincoln Bay, and thence, taking Bayard Taylor Pass, arrived at Field Bay. On the way quite an accident occurred. While on the descent of the land pass, Field Bay side, the sledge capsized and broke down, and one of the runners split from stem to stern.

At first we thought that it was a complete wreck, and that nothing could be done except to walk the remaining distance; but "Charley" at once proceeded to unload the sledge and make repairs. With a seal-knife he bored three holes through the two-inch plank runner, bound the shattered parts together, made all secure, reloaded the sledge, and then, when we had taken something to eat and drink, declared that all was once more ready to proceed. The dexterity with which "Charley" did this was remarkable. In fifty minutes from the time the sledge was broken he had it all in order again.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, May 21st, when we arrived at the ship, where I found on board only the steward and "Fluker.'



WALRUS SKULL AND TUSKS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ebierbing and Tookoolito—They decide to Visit America—More Frobisher Relics—A Musket-ball—Old Ookijoxy Ninoo—Interesting Conversation—Her Sketch of the Monument—Innuit Superstition—The Lock of Hair—Sledge-journey alone—Another Trip with Ebierbing—Danger on the Ice—Remains of Innuit Subterranean Houses—A Critical Situation—Boat-excursion to Countess of Warwick's Sound—A large Travelling Company—Kodlunarn again—Fresh Discoveries—Another Voyage—Sharkey's Monument—Walrus Meat.

FOR a week after my return to the ship nothing especially worthy of note occurred. An extract from my diary of May 25th, 1862, will show that I was reasonably certain of having Innuit companions on my return to the United States: "Ebierbing and his nuliana, Tookoolito, will return here in season to accompany me to America. I am to take them for the purpose of having them accompany me on a future expedition to King William's Land. I hope, after what I have done here in the North in the way of explorations, in discovering relics of Frobisher's expeditions of near three centuries ago, and in determining the probable fate of the five of his company that were kidnapped here, I shall have no insurmountable obstacle to overcome in preparing for that voyage which I still have at heart—the voyage to King William's Land and Boothia—to investigate all the facts relative to Sir John Franklin's expedition while in the vicinity of the places named. That the Innuits are still living who know all about the mysterious termination of that expedition *I have not the shadow of a doubt.* What is requisite is to visit those regions, get acquainted with and establish friendly relations among the Innuits there, become

familiar with their language, and then learn of them the history of that expedition."

On the 3d of June I was fortunate in obtaining two more relics of the Frobisher expedition. Ooksin, an Innuit whom I had known before, came on board from Oopungnewing, and gave me, as a present from Annawa's wife, Noodlooyong, a piece of brick, or rather of tile, about two inches long, one inch thick, and one and a half inches wide, and also a musket-ball, both found on Kodlunarn many years ago, and before guns were used by the natives. The piece of tile was similar to those used by the native women in that locality for polishing their brass ornaments. It afforded evidence enough, in dirt and grease, that it must have been in Innuit hands a long time. The ball had the appearance of having been carefully preserved since first found. It had several small indentations upon its surface, and the whole of it was covered with a white coat (oxide of lead), in consequence of long exposure. It is $\frac{11}{10}$ths of an inch in diameter. Ooksin said the ball was found on Kodlunarn, under one of the embankments by the "ship's trench," before Innuits knew anything of guns, and when they used only bows and arrows.

A day or two after this, on June 7th, I started on a sledge-exploring trip to Cornelius Grinnell Bay, being accompanied by Ebierbing as dog-driver, but after proceeding down the bay, coasting along by Clement's Land,* rounding Farrington's Cape,† and making some distance to the north, we were obliged, on account of the deep, soft snow upon the sea-ice, to return on the 10th of June without accomplishing my object.

While on this trip, however, I met with old Ookijoxy Ninoo—who, with Ebierbing, Koodloo, and their families, was living near Farrington's Cape, on a spot called by the

* Named after W. H. Clement, of Cincinnati, Ohio. For Clement's Land see Chart.

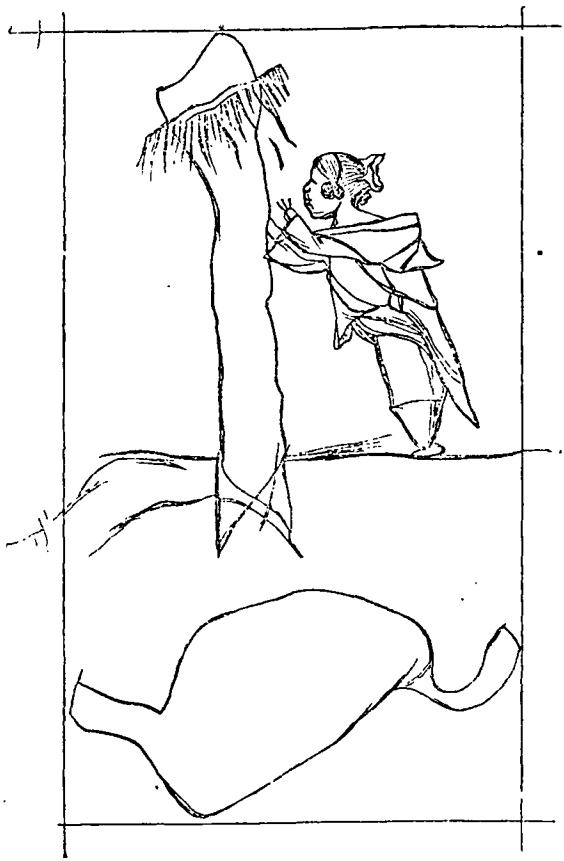
† Named after H. B. Farrington, of New York. This cape is in lat. 62° 5 N. long. 64° 33′ W.

natives *Twer-puk-ju-a-chune*, which means a place with many small stones—and had an interesting conversation with her concerning matters pertaining to Frobisher's expedition, being fortunate enough to find her in a communicative mood. She was in her tupic, sometimes sitting, sometimes reclining, and, as usual with her (being old and infirm, and mostly confined to her bed), was quite naked, with the exception of a tuktoo coverlet over her shoulders. When she reclined she rested her chin in her hands, which were propped up by her elbows. Beside her lay her sick grandchild, a one-eyed boy of nine years, at whose illness she greatly grieved. Near at hand was Ookoodlear, Ookijoxy Ninoo's granddaughter, who was almost constantly employed in attending to the calls of the old lady; she was now engaged in dressing a tuktoo skin and tending the infant of Tookoolito, who acted as my interpreter.

The old lady then, in answer to questions put by me through Tookoolito, repeated to me, though in a somewhat different form, what I had learned in previous conversations with her, namely, that ships with white men came to those regions; that the *kodlunas* who were left behind built a ship, attempted to escape from the country, failed in the attempt, and finally froze to death. She also gave me two names, which show how accurately the traditions of the Innuits are handed down; one was the name of a native who was particularly kind to the white men, and who was called "*E-loud-ju-arng*;" he was a Pim-ma-in, a great man or chief among the Innuits, as Tookoolito, translating the old lady's words, said, "All same as king." When the white men were about to set out with their ship for home, this Eloudjuarng had a song made wishing the kodlunas a quick passage and much joy, and he caused his people, who were then very numerous, to sing it. The other name handed down is that of one native who saw the kodlunas, "*Man-nu*."

Ookijoxy Ninoo gave me, morever, an entirely new fact. She said that the kodlunas in the ships who first came to the country went up the bay called by the Innuits *Ker-nuk-*

too-joo-a, and by me Newton's Fiord, and there, a little distance inland, erected a monument. Some time later, Too-



FAC-SIMILE SKETCH BY OOKIJOXY NINOO, who represents herself performing her devotions to the *kok-kon-e-tu-arng*, the ancient monument of the *kod-lu-nas* (white men). The rude sketch in the lower part of this illustration represents a fresh-water lake, which is near the monument. The pending lines around the top of the monument are strings to which the natives hang their presents.

koolito brought me a sketch of the monument, made by the old lady herself, and the accompanying illustration presents

a *fac-simile* of this sketch. The monument itself is not on very high land. The Innuits for a very long time, and down even to the present day, have been in the habit of going there; and wishing success in hunting, they would give it presents of young tuktoo meat, bows and arrows, beads, &c. hanging the same on it or placing them close about it. It was on all occasions treated with the greatest respect, the belief being that he who gave much to the monument would kill much game. Ebierbing, on seeing the sketch, said that he had frequently given arrows in a similar way.

At one point in her narrative old Ookijoxy Ninoo seized an oodloo—a knife shaped like the chopping-knife in use among us (see page 295, vol. i.)—and severed a lock of her hair, which she gave into my hands with the request that I would take it to America, and show it to many people as that of the oldest Innuit inhabitant. She said that there was no one living in her country who was a child when she was. Her hair was nearly all black, there being only now and then a white or grey hair on her head. I doubt not Ookijoxy Ninoo was fully 100 years old. Finding the old lady becoming exhausted, I took my leave and returned to the sledge.

On the 14th of June I left the ship on a visit to the whaling dépôt at Cape True. As no other sledge was at hand, I took a small one which I had previously made of such material as I found on board, and with *two* dogs started on my journey alone. I was not expert at driving, and at first made slow progress, but finally succeeded in getting my team into good working order. Barbekark was my leader, and, by dint of hard blows, I managed to keep him in a right position. On my way I called at the tupics of Ebierbing and Koodloo, at Farrington Cape. Here I had a pleasant conversation with Tookoolito, and, soon after, Ugarng arrived from Allen's Island, in Cornelius Grinnell Bay. I stopped here for the night, and the next morning departed for Cape True, my company being increased by seven souls, with two large dog-teams and two sledges. We arrived at the whaling dépôt without mishap, and found the captain and his men, and

several Innuits—among them my faithful attendant "Sharkey" —all well, fat, and healthy.

I remained a short time at this place, and then—June 18th —returned to the ship, whence I expected to depart in a few days for Cornelius Grinnell Bay, for the purpose of making a survey of it.

I here bring forward an extract from my journal of Friday, June 20th, 1862 :

"To-morrow I expect Ebierbing to come after me, when I shall hope to make a successful start for Cornelius Grinnell Bay. My work by sledge will soon be over; the water-pools on the ice are growing numerous and are enlarging.

"*Saturday, June 21st.*—A few minutes after 1 P.M. Ebierbing, with team of dogs, arrived. To-morrow morning I start on my proposed trip, weather permitting—I mean God willing."

At 7·23 on the morning of the 25th, Ebierbing and myself left the ship, taking our course directly down the Bay for Farrington Cape. Thence we turned and travelled northwardly and eastwardly for Cape Haven,* a mountain island at the eastern extreme of Williams's Peninsula.† Cape Haven was the place of my first encampment on this trip, and distant by sledge route from George Henry Harbour fifteen miles. On ascending its heights I found the view that it commanded to be very extensive.

On the following day I held over at the place of my first encampment till 11 A.M. hoping the sun would make its appearance from behind the clouds, so that I might make observations for time, latitude, and solar bearings.

Having no prospect of sun, we started on, striking along to the north on the ice of Davis's Strait, our course leading us not far from the coast of Williams's Peninsula. Before leaving Cape Haven, however, we prospected from its summit the

* Thus named after Henry P. Haven, of New London, Conn. Cape Haven is in lat. 62° 54′ N. long. 64° 23′ W.

† Thus named after T. W. Williams, of New London, Conn. The Esquimaux name of the land which I called Williams's Peninsula is *Sing-ey-er.*

state of the ice over which we expected to travel that day, and found it rent here and there with wide and diversified fissures. The prospect before us was certainly not very flattering, still we determined on doing the best we could in making a trial. This trial we made, but with what success will now appear. In passing almost direct for Rogers's Island we found the ice of a very dangerous character. It was groaning and cracking to an alarming extent. The open water was only some three miles off, and the heaving sea beneath us threw up the frozen mass upon which we travelled in a way that made it doubtful if we could proceed. Wide fissures and numerous tide-holes were met, and frequently my companion Ebierbing and myself had to move along the edge of these fissures for some distance before we could find any passage across. On one occasion the dogs were trotting along by the side of an ice-fissure, while I was intent upon examining the land we were passing, and Ebierbing was looking after a seal; they suddenly drew the sledge almost into the yawning chasm; but, on my raising a cry of warning, Ebierbing, by a word, turned the team off from the dangerous spot, and thus saved us. We arrived at Rogers's Island at 7 P.M. and made our second encampment, having made the distance of just twenty miles from Cape Haven on a course N. by W. true.

We were detained on Rogers's Island one full day and two nights by a terrific gale and snow-storm which occurred on the 24th. It was an anxious time with us, for there was every probability that the gale would make disastrous work with the ice over which I intended to make my return to the ship. In case it did so, we should not be able to reach the vessel in less than two or three weeks, as we should have been obliged to make our way as best we could to the land on the opposite side of the bay, and thence, abandoning everything, to have gone on foot over mountains of rock and snow to Field Bay.

Fortunately, we were preserved from this peril, and on the 25th of June we reached Allen's Island in safety; but, although I had originally intended to go to the extreme of

this bay, the advanced season had made ice-travelling so precarious that I was forced to confine my labours to the survey of that part of the bay south of Allen's Island, and I commenced a renewed examination of the place. A short distance from where we had our third encampment, which was on the south end of Allen's Island, I saw the ruins of an old Innuit village, which showed a custom of the people in former times of building their winter houses or huts underground. Circles of earth and stones, and skeleton bones of huge whales were to be seen, as also subterranean passages. There were, moreover, bones of seals and other animals beneath sods and moss, indicative of their great age. I discovered with my spy-glass two monuments at the distance of about a mile inland, and thither I directed my steps. They were seven or eight feet high, four feet square at the base, and about three fathoms distant from each other. The top of one had been torn or blown down. The stones of which they were composed were covered with black moss. They were erected by the Innuits evidently ages ago.

My record of the succeeding day commences thus:—

"*Thursday, June 26th,* 1862.—I much desired to continue my trip up to the extreme of this bay, but, on consulting freely with my Innuit companion, I found that my better policy was to give up the idea of doing so. It would take some three or four days to go up and return, allowing the loss of one or two days, bad weather, as Ebierbing said, and in that time the probability of losing our chance to return on the ice with our sledge and instruments; besides, Ebierbing said that Ugarng had told him that there would be great risks to run in going up the channel on either side of Allen's Island on account of thin ice and tide-holes."

On the morning of the above day we commenced our return to the vessel. I omitted nothing on my way back that I could do in the way of making observations for completing my chart. Our fourth encampment was near the north end of Williams's Peninsula.

On Friday, the 27th of June, 11 A.M. we were back again at Cape Haven, the place of our first encampment. As I was desirous of spending a day at this place in making numerous observations, it being a favourable look-out point, I therefore chose it for my fifth encampment.

One could scarcely have more joyous feelings than I had at the prospect that was before me of doing some excellent work, and of doing a large amount of it. The day was fine—that

MONUMENTAL ISLAND OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

is, I had a bright clear sun, while there was a light breeze from the north-west which was just warm enough, or, rather, just *cold* enough for my comfort.

While I was engaged at my work on the heights of this cape, Ebierbing proceeded far out on the ice of Davis's Straits and employed himself in sealing. Many, very many places that had now become familiar to me even as friends, were in view; in truth, I was nearly encircled by them, though the

most were far off. Prominent among these were the Monumental Island of Sir John Franklin,* twenty miles distant, bearing E.S.E. (true), and Lady Franklin Island, nearly due east, while far away to the north were Cape Murchison, Brevoort Island, Robinson Sound,† Beekman's Peninsula,‡ Archibald Promontory,§ and Cape Arnoux.‖ A channel or strait, which I named Anderson Channel,¶ leading from Robinson Sound up toward Northumberland Inlet, was lost to my view by the high land of Beekman's Peninsula. The observations I made at this point were quite numerous and important. On the following day (27th) we continued our return, and at 5 P.M. arrived at the ship, where Captain B——, with four of the crew, had arrived the day previous from Cape True.

On the 30th of June I started on a sledge trip to Cape True, where most of the officers and crew of the *George Henry* were yet staying. There I remained for several days, trying to form a company of natives to go with me by boat to Countess of Warwick's Sound. I succeeded in obtaining a company of eleven, consisting of Miner and his new wife "Suzhi"—my old boat companion on my voyage up Frobisher Bay—Kooperneung and his two wives—for he had recently married

* I so named this island as my tribute to the memory of Sir John Franklin. The Innuit name of it is *Oo-mi-en-wa*, from its resemblance to an inverted oo-mi-en (a woman or family boat). Its geographical position I determined by triangulation, which was done repeatedly and carefully, that I might have confidence in recommending this as a desirable and reliable point by which navigators, who might desire it, could regulate their chronometers. The centre of the Monumental Island of Sir John Franklin I found to be in lat. 62° 45′ 45″ N. and long. 63° 41′ 07″ west of Greenwich. See Chart.

† This extensive sound I have named after Captain Henry Robinson, of Newburg, N. Y. It is between Beekman's Peninsula and Brevoort Island. See Chart.

‡ Named by me after James W. Beekman, of New York. Beekman Peninsula is bounded on the east by Robinson Sound and Anderson Channel, and on the west by Cornelius Grinnell Bay.

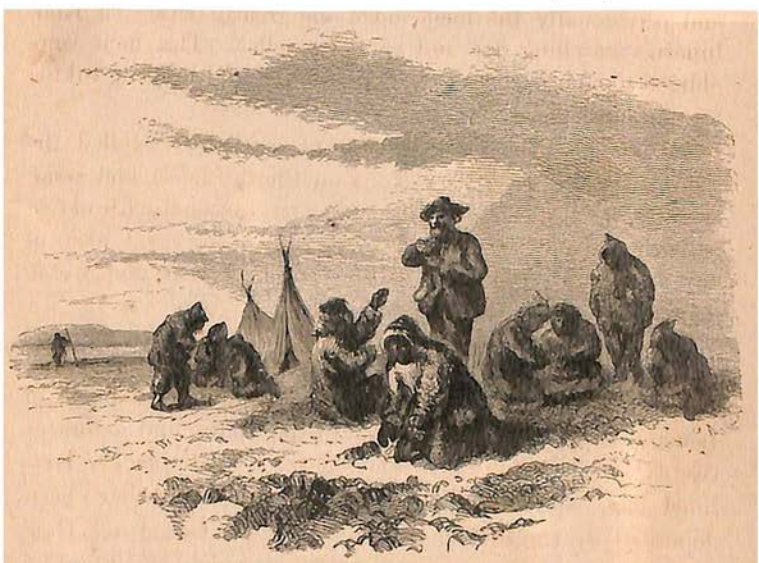
§ Named after E. M. Archibald, H. B. M. consul at New York. This promontory is on the west side, at the entrance of Robinson Sound.

‖ Named after Wm. Henry Arnoux, of New York. Cape Arnoux is on the east side, at the entrance to Cornelius Grinnell Bay.

¶ This channel I named after Captain Anderson, of the steam-ship *China*.

a second—Sharkey and his Jennie, young "Captain," "Bone Squash," and two Innuit children—a girl and a boy.

We left Cape True at 9·45 A.M. on the morning of July 13th, and at 3 P.M. reached a small island near Oopungnewing, named by me Ookijoxy Ninoo; thence, after a short stop, we went on to Oopungnewing. My purpose in visiting this island was to hunt for the "anvil," which, as I have already stated, had been thrown from the south end into the water. It was just after the full moon, and therefore the tides were rising and falling to their extreme limits, near thirty feet; at low water a wide shore was left perfectly exposed, and



THE AUTHOR AND HIS INNUIT COMPANY on Kodlunarn, or White Man's Island, gathering Frobisher Relics, July 14–17, 1862.

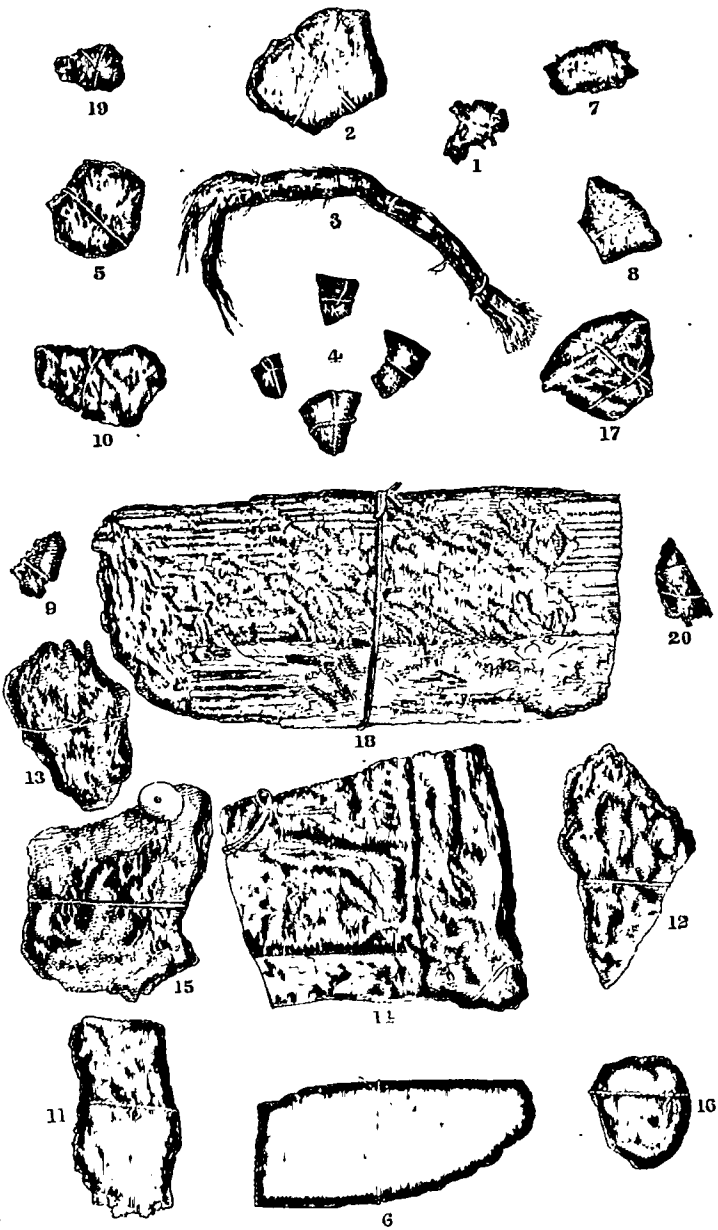
nothing could have escaped my eye. I sought carefully and with anxiety for the relic I so much desired to obtain, but in vain; it was not there. It was clear that the "thick-ribbed ice" had embraced it, as it evidently had every loose stone and heavy rock in that locality, and had carried it away from the land in its grasp.

On the following day, July 14th, we started for Kodlunarn, where we remained till the 17th, during which time I occupied myself in making researches for relics, investigating all that I could which had a bearing upon the subject, besides making a complete survey of the island. These days of hard work resulted in the discovery of additional relics, confirming me in the opinions I had previously formed, and which I have elsewhere in this work expressed. In addition to what I had done before, I found very clear evidences of the existence of a blacksmith forge or a furnace. I must not omit to say here that the Esquimaux women and children, and occasionally the men, aided me greatly while on Kodlunarn, searching for and securing relics. The men were obliged to be off, most of the time, sealing and hunting tuktoo for our subsistence.

Our tupics were close by the place that we called the "ship's trench" (see Plan No. 1 on Chart Sheet), and occasionally, as I have said, all hands were engaged with me in gathering Frobisher relics. One may get a good idea of our appearance when so engaged from the accompanying engraving.

The following list is an extract from the catalogue that accompanied the Frobisher relics which I sent to the British government, through the Royal Geographical Society of London, shortly after my return to the States, and embraces twenty articles that were inclosed in a small black-velvet-lined box, lettered J, which, with all that I sent, have been deposited by the British government in the Greenwich Hospital Museum, the same institution in which the Franklin relics are to be seen. The unabridged list comprised 136 separate parcels.

CONTENTS OF BOX J.



FROBISHER RELICS.

LIST OF ARTICLES ILLUSTRATED IN THE ACCOMPANYING ENGRAVING.

"1. Fragment of tile and 4 gravel-stones, united by the moss of ages.

2. Fragment of pottery, found near 'Best's Bulwark.' E. See Chart, Plan No. 1.

3. Small piece of cord (apparently of hair), found deeply imbedded in the coal-deposite of Ekkelezhun.

4. Four fragments of glass (apparently of a jar or bottle), found on the ground near the ship's way. The exact spot, I.

5. Piece of oxyd of iron, with the moss of ages upon it, found near the ship's trench. AA.

6. Piece of wood, dug up at the foot or base of the ship's trench. AA.

7. Sea-coal, with the moss of ages upon it, found near 'Best's Bulwark.' E.

8. Piece of pottery, found near 'Best's Bulwark.' E.

9. Fragment of white pottery (?), black glazing outside and inside, found on Kodlunarn, near 'Best's Bulwark.' E.

10. *Choice* specimen of tile, covered with the moss of ages, from Kodlunarn.

11. Sea-coal, covered with the moss of ages, from coal deposite, Ekkelezhun.

12. Stone, covered with the moss of ages, from the top of one of the ship's embankments. GG.

13. Flint-stone, covered with the moss of ages, found near the head of the ship's way. AA.

14. Fragment of tile (glazed), apparently a portion of a human figure represented upon it—leg and foot *in relievo*. Largest piece of tile found; dug from beneath one of the ship's embankments. GG.

15. Stone, with lime cement, from the ruins of stone house. B.

16. Probably one of the ears or knob-handles of an earthen jar, from near 'Best's Bulwark.' E.

17. Flint-stone with the moss of ages upon it.

18. Chip found deeply imbedded in coal-deposite, Ekkelezhun.

19. Burnt flint-stone, with lime cement, from the ruins of stone house. B.

20. Charcoal of coarse-grained wood, apparently of thrifty growth, found under stones and sods by the ruins of the blacksmith's shop. The grain of this charcoal indicates it to be of the same kind of wood as that found at the base of the ship's trench, AA. *Vide* box D, 1."

The reader may observe that the capital letters here and there appended to the descriptions in the list refer to spots of ground indicated by those letters respectively in Plan No. 1 of the Chart Sheet. The form and general appearance of each of the twenty articles are exhibited in the preceding engraving, taken from a photograph. Of course they are reduced in size.

On the 18th, after coasting by Tikkoon, visiting the bluff *Ne-pou-e-tie Sup-bing*, crossing the Countess of Warwick's Sound, and entering Victoria Bay, I landed at Ekkelezhun, where I had found the heap of coal in the previous fall. Here I again carefully examined the place, and on the next day commenced my return, encamping at night near a bay or inlet—Sabine Bay*—on the east side of Sharko. While exploring this inlet, I was led to the discovery of a monument, built within the previous five or six years, on the top of a mountain in the rear of our encampment, and which I learned from the Esquimaux had been erected by an English whaling-captain named Brown. From this monument I took numerous compass bearings and sextant angles, and then, returning to the boat, started back for Cape True, where we arrived in the evening. Without delay I proceeded up, along the coast, one mile, and renewed my observations to connect with those made at Brown's Monument, and thus—as far as lay in my power with the instruments I possessed—completed the link of bearings and sextant angles, that now extended all round Frobisher Bay. I now wanted to make another trip to the "south-east extreme"—the Hall's Island of Frobisher. On my mentioning my desire to the natives, all of them, at first, refused to accompany me, owing to their dread of the place; but at length Sharkey, the bold Innuit who was of my company in the late sledge-journey up Frobisher Bay, consented to go, if I would allow his wife to be of the party. Mate Lamb and four of the ship's crew also went with me, as the ship's company were doing nothing, except now and then capturing a walrus and eating it, simply living at Cape True

* Named by me after Edward Sabine, of London, England. The entrance to Sabine Bay is in lat. 62° 39′ N. long. 65° 05′ W.

until the ice in Field Bay should break up and free the ship. They remained at Cape True to be near the walrus grounds. Our only means of subsistence consisted of such products as the country afforded. About 100 pounds of raw walrus meat was placed in the bottom of the boat, and, besides that, every man had enough of the same food, cooked, to last two days.

We left the whaling dépôt at 3 A.M. of the 21st of July, and proceeded through Bear Sound and Lupton Channel to Sylvia Island, where we arrived at five o'clock. I landed and went to the summit, where I could obtain a good view, and, to my vexation, found that Field Bay was still heavily covered with ice. I had purposed making my outward trip along the north side of Lok's Land, and return coasting along its south shore, thus making a complete circuit of the island; but the presence of the ice convinced me that this could not be done by boat, and consequently I had to try the southern, or Frobisher Bay side. After spending an hour there, taking a round of angles, and doing other work in the way of confirming my survey, we therefore returned down Bear Sound, passing directly under the beetling cliffs of Matlack's Island,* which is near the centre of the Sound. About meridian we were among the islands at the entrance of Bear Sound, visiting one after another for egg and duck hunting, which proved to be quite successful. A short time after we rounded Cape Chapel,† and made our course nearly due east, coasting along under oars. We had not proceeded far before we were passing the mouth of a beautiful bay—Bigler Bay,‡ as I named it—which made up some two miles into Lok's Land. Then we entered a long narrow channel—New York Press Channel §—having low land on either side, that at our right being what I called Harper Brothers' Island.‖ After several hours' hard pulling

* Named after B. Matlack, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

† Named after Captain Edward A. Chapel, of Hudson, New York. This cape is on the east side, at the entrance to Bear Sound of Frobisher.

‡ Named after James Bigler, of Newburg, New York.

§ Named after the Associated Press of New York City.

‖ Named after "Harper Brothers" of New York. The centre of Harper Brothers' Island is in lat. 62° 20′ 30″ N. long. 64° 30′ W.

at the oars we arrived at the termination of this channel, and made our first encampment on Lok's Land, opposite the east end of Harper Brothers' Island. We had boiled ducks and eggs for supper, and our sleeping accommodation for the men was made of the boat's sails, while that for Mr. Lamb and myself was merely a shawl to cover us.

At 7 A.M. next day, July 22d, we again started, and, as we passed along Lok's Land, I noticed a monument of stone standing near the edge of the shore. Sharkey told me that this was erected by himself and some Innuit companions on reaching this spot a few years ago, after having been drifted out to sea when the ice broke away, at a time they were out on a walrus hunt from Toongwine (Jones's Cape). It was in the winter, and the weather was so severe while they were thus adrift that their dogs all died. The Innuits escaped by the tide setting the ice inshore. They managed to return to their families by crossing the island, and thence reached the main land by traversing the ice-pack. Before they got back every one had considered them lost, and their return was an occasion of joy to their friends, as if the dead had come to life.

More monuments were seen, and I was informed that they indicated the land dreaded by all Innuits, and that they told of a time long ago (already mentioned), when many of the native people lived there, who ultimately were all lost; since when, no Innuit dares dwell upon the island.

In the course of the day I visited Bear Island—the place where, one year before, while on my sledge-trip, Ebierbing, with Koodloo, had killed a bear—and at 2 P.M. we reached its eastern end. Here we found the pack-ice setting in with the tide too heavily for risking the boat, and we again had to encamp. Next morning, however, we succeeded in crossing the entrance to Osbon's Bay,* and getting to Hall's Island of Frobisher—the Extreme Land—and, as soon as possible, I was on my way to the summit of Mount Warwick, which I

* Named by me after B. S. Osbon, of New York. Osbon's Bay is at the east end of Lok's Land. The entrance to it is on the south side of Hall's Island of Frobisher and Hudson's Island.

had ascended in the previous year. It was a laborious task on this occasion, with the sun's hot rays pouring down upon our backs; but, finally, I reached the spot where, on my former visit, heavy fog-banks had shut out all distant objects from my sight. Now I was more fortunate. A meridian observation of the sun was made, and two solar bearings obtained, which enabled me to connect many important places by sextant angles. In recognising distant lands I received much assistance from Sharkey, who is well acquainted with the coast from Northumberland Inlet down to Resolution Island, and also up Hudson's Strait to Karmowong.

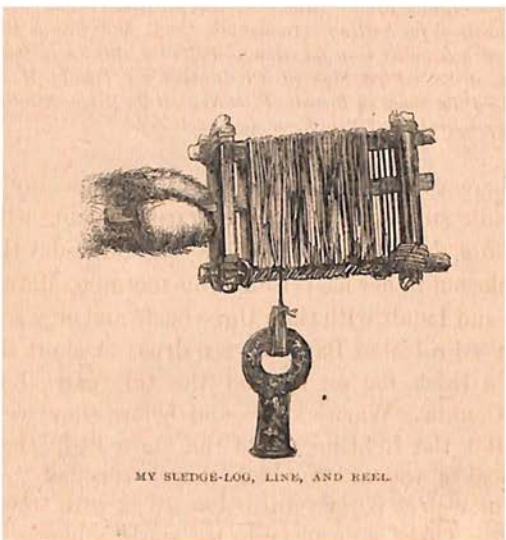
The view from the point where I stood was a very extensive one, and probably there is no place in the whole country equal to it. Certainly no place which I visited while North affords such a commanding view as this from Mount Warwick. I could see far away to the north, even to the high land near the entrance of Northumberland Inlet, and thence, sweeping round by the west, away to Resolution Island south. Seaward, as far as my eye could reach from an elevation of 1,200 feet, was pack-ice. Field Bay, except the entrance, was also full of last winter's ice, as was also as much of Frobisher Bay as I could observe.

Our return was made, though not without danger and some difficulty.

Leaving Hall's Island of Frobisher at 6 P.M. we arrived at the place of our first encampment at 9·30, night, where we made our second and last. Next morning, at 4·25, we started, continuing our return voyage. Before we got through New York Press Channel the wind had freshened to a gale from the north-east, but on and on our boat bounded like a thing of life. The gale continued, if anything increased, till we were athwart Bear Sound, when it burst into fury, madly hurling the foaming breakers in upon us and the unnumbered islands that lay in our course. To add to our dangers, a thick fog was upon us; yet our little craft, though with half sail, and all the time nearly upon her beam-ends, flew full fifteen knots an hour. Speedily and safely, but wet as "drowned rats," we arrived at

8·15 A.M. though in our passage across Bear Sound we had but just escaped destruction.

I may here state that the whole party at Cape True were in no want of food while I was there. Walrus was abundant, and was, indeed, almost exclusively our diet. We had walrus brains for supper; stewed walrus, or walrus boiled, for dinner, but always walrus, and *no bread*.



MY SLEDGE-LOG, LINE, AND REEL.

CHAPTER XIX.

Revisit Victoria Bay—Packed Ice setting in the Sound—Detention and Difficult Escape—Return to the Whaling Dépôt—Joyous News from the Ship—All Hands summoned on Board—Great Excitement—Adieu to Bear Sound, Lupton Channel, and French Head—Arrival on Board—The Ship free from Ice—Preparations for Sailing—August 9th, 1862, the "George Henry" lifts Anchor, and gets under way for Home—Friendly Adieux to the Natives—Once more at Sea—First Sign of Civilization for Twenty Months—Newfoundland—Pilot comes on Board—First News of the War—Kindly Reception at St. John's—Arrival at New London—Conclusion.

I WILL here give a few brief extracts from my journal, written while stopping at Cape True, commencing with—

"*Thursday, July 31st*, 1862.—One year ago to-day the *George Henry* broke out of her ice-prison. This morning, Mates Rogers, Gardiner, and Lamb, with their three boats and crews, went out in the Bay—Frobisher Bay—after walrus. A short time after they left a thick fog set in, and the tide carried them up opposite Countess Warwick's Sound before they were aware of it. After the lighting up of the fog a little, they fell in with a shoal of walrus, of which they harpooned three large ones. This walrus party returned at 3 P.M. with three tons of fresh meat. There is no place in the world where a "living" is obtained with less work than here. These three walruses added make the whole number forty that have been taken since the *George Henry's* company first came here this season, not including some two or three young ones.

"*Friday, August 1st.*—And still, as we learn, the *George Henry* is fast in the ice. Anxious are all of us to depart for the States, but King Ice will not yet let us go. A good 'nor'wester' would drive away the pack which presses so closely and so unrelentingly the west side of Davis's Strait, and allow the ice which holds dominion over the *George Henry's* pathway to the sea to give way. It may be the pack

will keep us here another year; but I hope not. I trust in two weeks more we shall be on our way home, there to prepare for the voyage I have so much at heart. God grant an early deliverance from our ice-foe.

"*August 2d.*—This afternoon, learning that the Innuits here were about to remove up into Field Bay as far as the open water would allow them, I at once set my wits to work to devise some plan to secure some of them to accompany me again to Countess of Warwick's Sound, and to be of such service to me in the boat that I shall be able to keep good dead reckoning. I first conversed with Mate Rogers. He agreed to accompany me, with two of his men not otherwise engaged. The Innuits 'Miner' and 'Charley' signified a willingness to accompany me with their wives and kias. I hope now to complete my survey of the Countess of Warwick's Sound, and to be enabled to keep a correct account of distances and courses made. Arrangements are now complete to start to-morrow, with the expectation of being absent two or three days. By that time I hope that we shall have word to vacate this place (Cape True), and make for the ship, to depart for the States. This will probably be my last research voyage before leaving for home. I wish the time would admit of my proceeding up to Ker-nuk-too-ju-a (Newton's Fiord), near which is that monument (see page 285) which the natives say was erected by kodlunas long, long time ago, which I have been so very anxious to visit since old Ookijoxy Ninoo first told me about it."

At 8 A.M. of August 3d, with an increasing breeze, we left the whaling dépôt, my whole company being in one boat, except Charley and Miner, who were each in his kia. Our progress was good, and we got on without any mishap over half way; but when near Cape Cracroft, at the entrance to the sound we wished to enter, the storm which had been threatening for some time broke upon us all at once, tearing up the sea in its wildest fury, so that several times we were in great danger. The heavy squalls from off the high land at our right caused us to exercise the greatest caution in managing

the little sail we were able to carry; the rain was pouring down, and the white-caps tumbled into our boat, making it necessary to keep incessantly baling; but finally, after much skilful management on the part of Mate Rogers as boat-steerer, we effected a safe landing at Cape Ood-loo-ong.

Directly after landing I ascended Harris Highlands,* to examine the Countess of Warwick's Sound, when, to my vexation, I found that between us and Hazard's Land,† Oopungnewing, Niountelik, and Kodlunarn, all was packed ice, and in such a state that no boat could be forced through it. The presence of this ice is accounted for in this way: the heavy, incessant gale of July 24th and 25th had driven the pack hard on to the west side of Davis's Strait, and when, on August 2d, another gale prevailed, coming from the south-east, it drove the rattling pack up into Frobisher Bay, filling it almost solid, except close inshore between Bear Sound and Victoria Bay. My hopes, therefore, to accomplish what I designed in making this final trip were doomed to be disappointed; but, while an opportunity remained for doing anything, I determined to thoroughly examine the remarkable bay in which we then were—Victoria Bay—and its surroundings. This I did on the following day. The weather, however, was very bad, and it was with difficulty I could accomplish anything at all. Then, too, we had to guard against being shut up in the pack; and our critical situation became so evident that, on the morning of the 5th, we saw that to delay our return a moment longer would be sheer presumption. Accordingly, at an early hour we started, the whole company in the boat (the two kias were left at Cape Ood-loo-ong); but we had not gone far before we met the pack drifting in with the tide, and blocking up our way. And now began the usual work of hauling the boat over ice, tracking her through narrow channels, turning now to the

* The mountainous land between Lincoln Bay and Victoria Bay I named Harris Highlands, after J. N. Harris, of New London, Connecticut.

† The land on the north of the Countess of Warwick's Sound, and east of Wiswell's Inlet, I named Hazard's Land, after A. G. Hazard, of Enfield, Connecticut.

right, then to the left, going forward awhile, then back to another opening, and cutting away obstructions.

Several hours of heavy labour were consumed in lifting, pushing, and pulling our boat over several miles of driving, drifting, whirling, crashing, thundering ice. Occasionally, while my company—both men and women—would be getting the boat upon an ice-floe, and dragging it along, the dogs and children accompanying, I would be busily engaged with my instruments taking my "last sights" of the principal places

THE ESCAPE OVER DRIFTING PACK.—MY "LAST SIGHTS."

in and around the ever memorable "Countess of Warwick's Sound," which had been lost to the world for near three hundred years, but now was found. At last we got clear, arriving at open water, when we at once launched the boat and pushed off. From thence it was not long that we were on our way to Cape True, where we arrived in perfect safety, though, within two hours after our arrival, the pack *ribbed* the whole coast, and we thus narrowly escaped being closed in the second time.

Two days after our return, on Friday, August 8th, we were agreeably surprised, in the early morning, by the arrival of Captain B—— in a boat direct from George Henry Harbour

in the upper part of Field Bay. He announced that the ship was nearly free, and that the ice of Field Bay was all broken up, and much of it had drifted out to sea. His orders were for all hands to proceed immediately on board.

This news caused immense joy. All was excitement. Tents were quickly struck, boats were made ready, and stowed with such of the material as we intended carrying on board, and in a very short time we were ready for a start. As for myself, I had to regret the loss of some of my geological specimens, which I was obliged to abandon here on account of their weight in the already overloaded boat.

At 4 A.M. we took our final leave of Cape True, after a friendly adieu to the people in that locality, with whom we had become so familiar. We struck direct for Hubbel's Point,* and soon after were passing up Bear Sound. The day was calm and clear, and the boats had to be pulled nearly the whole way; but no fatigue was felt while anticipating a speedy arrival on board the ship. At seven o'clock we were through Bear Sound, where the tide, as usual, was running very swiftly and strong, though it was in our favour. Many well-known spots were quickly passed, receiving our farewell, and we were soon through Lupton Channel, when we turned into Field Bay, which was seen to be nearly full of drift-ice moving out and in with the tide. French Head, the scene of poor John Brown's death, was gazed upon with some saddening memories; but the brightness of the day, and the hope before us of soon being under way for home, forbade much lingering on painful recollections. At 1 P.M. we passed Parker's Bay, and in an hour and a half more arrived at the ship, glad again to tread her decks, but more especially rejoiced to find her once more free.

I went on shore immediately after to take some observations; and then, upon my return on board, and after a supper of hard bread and salt junk, I started with a boat's crew down the north side of the bay to Farrington Cape, to bring off

* This point, on the west side at the entrance of Bear Sound, I have named after Charles C. Hubbel, of Hudson, New York.

Ebierbing and Tookoolito, with their child. I had previously asked them several times about accompanying me to the United States, and they had expressed a desire to do so. Now, however, the time for preparation was so short, and the event, withal, so sudden to them, that I feared they would not like to come; but on my arrival at their encampment, some seven miles down, I was agreeably surprised, after some conversation, to find them prepared to make the venture. In less than an hour these children of the icy North had packed up their effects, and, together with their child and their fine seal-dog "Ratty," were with us in the boat, ready to proceed on a voyage to a strange and distant land. My faithful dog Barbekark could not be forgotten nor left behind; he was already aboard. The arrangement we had made was, that they should accompany me to the States, and then on my voyage to King William's Land; and that, if the ice would admit of it, on leaving the States and getting near their country, I would stop with them to see their friends. The only objection they made was, that they were fearful they should lose their infant boy while on board the ship.*

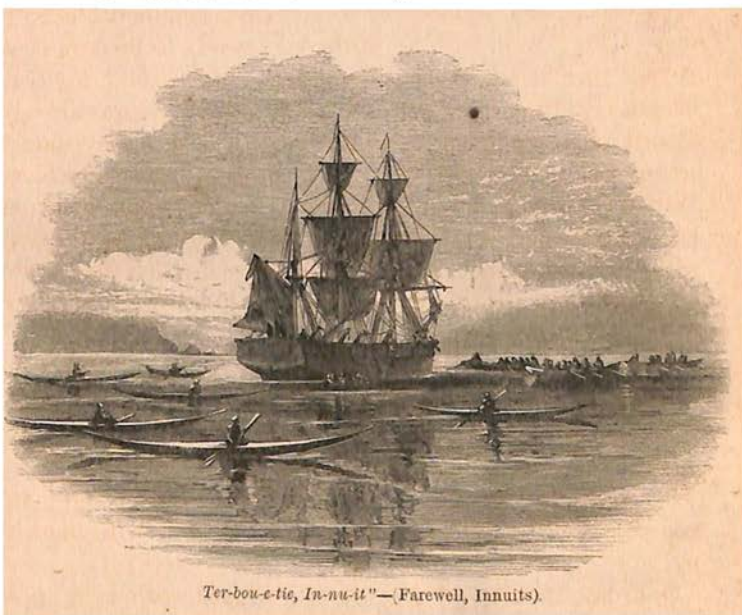
At the same time, Ugarng, "John Bull," Koodloo, and their wives, came along with us in their boats; and many other Innuit families, from various places near the ship, with whom we had been acquainted, did the same. It was near midnight when we got on board, and I found everything in readiness for the vessel's departure on the following morning.

Saturday, the 9th of August, commenced with calm and clear weather. All were full of excitement. Every man felt equal to and ready for any amount of work. Eagerly was the word of command waited for. The ice had cleared away; the ship was swinging lazily to her anchors, and all now required was to weigh them and spread sail. But there was no wind. This, for a time, made us hold on, until at length the captain, finding it useless to wait longer for a breeze, gave

* *Tuk-e-lik-e-ta*, the infant child of Ebierbing and Tookoolito, died in New York City of pneumonia, on February 28th, 1863.

the signal, and away went the windlass round to the mirthful notes of joyous men, as they hove in chain and lifted anchor once more. Soon the ship was clear, and then, with lines out, all the boats were manned to tow her down the bay.

As we left the anchorage all our Innuit friends surrounded us, and with many words of kind regret again and again bade us "*ter-bou-e-tic*" (farewell). There were not a few among us who felt this parting. We had received much and constant kindness at their hands, and the final adieu was



Ter-bou-e-tic, In-nu-it"—(Farewell, Innuits).

not without those softer shades of feeling which generally characterize partings at home.

But now it is over. The vessel moves on her way. The kias and oomiens, with their occupants, gradually recede from our view, and with a last wave of the hands, a parting look, we turn our glances seaward, and allow our thoughts to be occupied only with home.

During the morning we were compelled to use the boats

in towing, but in the afternoon made sail, though with a light, baffling breeze. In the evening, however, a fog came up, and at 11 P.M. we had to make fast to a floe. The weather continued the same next day until midnight; then, with a fresher breeze, we made all sail, and kept working through the ice for twenty-four hours, when at length we got clear, and were once more fairly at sea.

It was a strange feeling I had when again experiencing the peculiar motion of a ship on the heaving, ever-restless bosom of the ocean. After being so long imprisoned in that ice-locked region, the sensation now was similar to what had come over me when taking my departure from home. But a few days soon put me to rights, and as the vessel made good way, my spirits rose buoyant over the temporary attack of sea-sickness, and I was myself again.

On the 17th we were all delighted by the sight of four vessels, the first signs of civilization we had seen for twenty months. As we neared one of them bearing the English flag, an officer, with a boat's crew, was sent from our ship on board, to try to obtain some provisions, as we were living on very short allowance—three-fifths of a pound of sea-biscuit per man per day, with a little salt junk and salt pork. Unfortunately we could get none, as the supercargo of the ship stated that they had no more than enough for themselves. Another ship was tried. She proved to be a Spanish vessel; but a small quantity was obtained from her, and this was most acceptable.

On the 21st we neared St. John's, Newfoundland, and it was considered advisable that we should visit that port to obtain supplies, as all of us were nearly half-starved. Of course, we made all the preparations we could in regard to our persons and our dress, for we were once more to mix with civilized beings. At 6 A.M. on the 23d, a pilot came on board, and, as soon as he had passed the gangway, I put the question, which is generally the first from an American's lips on such occasions, "Who is President of the United States?" But so little did our affairs trouble this Newfoundlander

that he could give us no information. I put the leading names to him, but still without effect. He "did not know." This was mortifying, for I was naturally anxious to learn who had the ruling power in my native land; but, seeing I could get no satisfactory reply, I turned aside, while the pilot conversed with Captain B——. Presently the latter came to me and said,—

"So there's war, then, in reality, among us at home. The North and the South are fighting against each other."

"What!" I exclaimed, in utter amazement; "what—*war? War in the United States, and among ourselves?*"

"True enough," was the response; "at least so says our pilot."

A few words with the pilot assured me of the main fact, though without informing me of any particulars, for he could give none. But the news was so astounding that I did not for awhile recover from the shock. Bitter was the feeling that came over me on receipt of the intelligence, and I tried hard to doubt it, until doubt became impossible, especially when I landed and heard all the facts from our consul. This first news from home created a general gloom among us on board, and much of the joy which we should naturally have felt on reaching a civilized port was lost by reflecting upon the fact that so serious a calamity had fallen upon our beloved land.

As we approached the harbour of St. John's the excitement among us was intense. The head became somewhat confused as it turned from one object to another in the vast and noisy assemblage around us. But when the ship had dropped anchor and I had landed, the overpowering sensations that followed were more than I can describe. I was in a constant whirl. It seemed to me as if I were just coming from death into life, and it was with difficulty I could manage to control myself in the society of the many kind and warm-hearted friends to whom I was soon introduced.

The news of our arrival soon spread through the town, and many persons flocked around the ship to see us, all expressing

much surprise at our robust and healthy appearance. My Innuit companions, Ebierbing and Tookoolito, with their infant, also attracted much attention. Everywhere on shore we were most hospitably received, and I shall never forget the names of those in St. John's who so warmly welcomed me.

On first landing I immediately telegraphed my arrival to Mr. Grinnell and to my own home, and received replies in a few hours.

We stayed at St. John's until the 26th, when we made sail for New London, where we arrived on Saturday morning, September 13, 1862; and thus ended my voyage and explorations of two years and three and a half months in and about the arctic seas.

CHAPTER XX.

INNUIT OR ESQUIMAUX CHARACTER, CUSTOMS, ETC.

The Innuit Name—Character of the People—Their Domestic Life—Peculiar Customs concerning Women—Social and Political Life—Theological Ideas—Belief in a God—The Angekos—Mingumailo and his two Wives—His Rage against Koojesse—Superstitious Customs of the Innuits—Customs connected with Hunting—Innuit Christmas and New Year—Innuit Language—Innuit Costume—Native Sagacity in studying Natural History—Anecdotes of the Seal—Of the Polar Bear—Conclusion.

THE race of people whom we denominate *Esquimaux* are, in their own language, called *In-nu-it*—that is, "the people." *In-nu*, in the singular number, signifies "man;" in the plural, *In-nu-it*, "people," "the people," or (as they understand it) "our people," as distinguished from foreigners. The name *Esquimaux* is entirely foreign, and not to be interpreted from any elements hitherto found in their language. In illustration of its origin, a friend, who is philologically devoted, has favoured the author with the following suggestions:—

The appellation "*Esquimaux*"—of which the traders' term "*Husky*" is a mere corruption—is obviously derived from some Algic dialect, doubtless from the Chippeway or the Cree. The Cree language is very nearly the same as the Chippeway, the difference being merely dialectic.

In the Chippeway, *ush-ke* signifies "raw." In the same language, *um-wau* signifies "he eats." From these elements we readily form the word *ush-ke-um-wau*, "raw he eats." And a noun derived from this verb, as a national denomination, must be some such form as *Aish-ke-um-oog*, "raw-flesh-eaters;" the double *o* being long, like *oa* in *boat*. Use has softened this name into Es-ke-moog (pronounced *Es-ke-moag*); the *sh* of the Chippeway becoming simple *s*, it would seem, in the Cree. All that remains is the consideration that the French traders, of course, used the French orthography.

According to Innuit mythology, the *first* man was a failure —that is, was imperfect, though made by the Great Being; therefore he was cast aside and called *kob-lu-na*, or *kod-lu-na*, as pronounced by the modern Innuits, which means white man. A second attempt of the Great Being resulted in the formation of a perfect man, and *he* was called *In-nu*.

As a general statement, it may be said that the Innuits, among themselves, are strictly honest. The same may be said as between them and strangers—that is, whites, though with some modification. The Innuits have an impression that the *kodlunas* (white people) possess plenty; that is, plenty of iron, wood, beads, knives, needles, &c. which is the reason why the Innuits, whenever they meet with whites, always cry "*pil-e-tay! pil-e-tay!*" ("give! give!") And the word *kodlunas*, in fact, signifies not only "*white people*," but the people who always have plenty. I have no hesitation in saying that, as respects honesty, these unsophisticated people, the Innuits, do not suffer by a comparison with civilized nations.

While with the Innuits, I saw enough to convince me that they are a kind, generous people. As between themselves, there can be no people exceeding them in this virtue—kindness of heart. Take, for instance, times of great scarcity of food. If one family happens to have any provisions on hand, these are shared with all their neighbours. If one man is successful in capturing a seal, though his family may need it all to save them from the pangs of hunger, yet the whole of his people about, including the poor, the widow, the fatherless, are at once invited to a seal feast.

Though there is occasionally to be found among this people an evil person, yet, taken as a whole, they are worthy of great credit. They despise and shun one who will *shag-la-voo* ("tell a lie"). Hence they are rarely troubled by any of this class.

Children are sometimes betrothed by their parents in infancy. As Tookoolito says, "The young people have nothing to do with it." The old men make the marriage entirely. When the betrothal is made, the couple can live together at

any time, usually decided by the ability of the man to support the woman. In other cases, when a young man thinks well of a young woman, he proposes to take her for his wife. If both are agreed, and the parents of the girl consent, they become one. There is no wedding ceremony at all, nor are there any rejoicings or festivities. The parties simply come together, and live in their own tupic or igloo. It sometimes happens that two who are intended for each other live together as companions for a term of probation, always without consummating their marriage. It may happen, in such a case, that the trial develops a want of congeniality, or what is called in a higher state of civilization "an incompatibility of temper." Then the two separate, and the woman returns to her parents. In all cases, love—if it come at all—comes after the marriage.

There generally exists between husband and wife a steady, but not very demonstrative affection, though the woman is frequently subjected to violent usage by reason of some sudden outbreak of temper on the man's part, and though, when she is near her death, he leaves her alone to die.

When a child is born, the mother is attended by one or more of her own sex; even the husband is not allowed to be present. If it is a first child, the birth takes place in the usual tupic or igloo;* if it is a second, or any other than the first, a separate tupic or igloo is built for the mother's use, and to that she must remove. Male children are desired in preference to females, but no difference is made in their treatment, and there are always rejoicings and congratulatory visits when an infant is born. Immediately after the birth, the infant's head must be firmly squeezed side to side with the hands, and a little skin cap placed tightly over the compressed head, which is to be kept there for one year. This custom prevails throughout the region of Frobisher Bay, Field Bay, C. Grinnell Bay, Northumberland Inlet, and all places

* There is an occasional exception to this rule, as in the case of Tookoolito. She was obliged to have a separate tupic. This was so ordered by the angeko, because of Ebierbing's sickness.

known to me and my Innuit informants. The infants are nursed until three or four years of age. The children, when old enough, find their amusement in playing with toys made of bone and ivory in the forms of various animals. When older, the boys are educated in rowing, hunting, and sealing; the girls are taught to trim the fire-light and keep it burning, to cook, dress leather, sew, help row the *oomiens*, and to do various other kinds of work.

The women are not prolific. I believe they consider children troublesome. The race is fast dying out. Not many years more and the "Innuit" will be extinct.

The affection of the parents for their children is very great, and disobedience on the part of the latter is rare. The parents never inflict physical chastisement upon the children. If a child does wrong—for instance, if it becomes enraged, the mother says nothing to it until it becomes calm. Then she talks to it, and with good effect.

On Saturday, February 28th, 1863, the infant son of Ebierbing and Tookoolito died in New York, aged eighteen months. The loss was great to both of them, but to the mother it was a terrible blow. For several days after its death she was unconscious, and for a part of the time delirious. When she began to recover from this state she expressed a longing desire to die, and be with her lost *Tuk-e-lik-e-ta*. The child was greatly beloved by both of the parents. In truth—I must be allowed to diverge here for a moment—there was cause for their great affection, and reason for peculiar grief on the part of the bereaved mother. I never saw a more animated, sweet-tempered, bright-looking child. Its imitativeness was largely developed, and was most engaging. Tukeliketa was a child to be remembered by all who ever saw him.

For a certain length of time after a child is born the mother must remain in her own home, visiting no other tupic or igloo. The period for which this limitation holds good varies, sometimes reaching to the length of two months. At the expiration of the time she makes a round of calls at all the dwellings about, having first changed all her clothing. She

never touches again that which she throws off on this occasion, and which she has worn since the birth of the child. Another custom forbids the mother to eat by herself for a year after the birth of the child. When asked the reason of this, Tookoolito only said, "The first Innuits did so." In respect to Innuit customs in general, it may be observed that they are often adhered to from fear of ill report among their people. The only reason that can be given for some of the present customs is that "the old Innuits did so, and therefore they must."

Another custom in relation to their females is this:—

At certain periods separation igloos are built for them. The woman must live secluded for so many days, and it would be a great offence for her to enter into any other tupic or igloo during this time. On one occasion, while on my sledge-journey in the middle of Frobisher Bay, and at the place of the tenth and nineteenth encampments, I met Sampson, his wife, and family proceeding to another encampment. While I was talking with them the wife asked me for something to eat. I was surprised at this, for I knew Sampson's family were generally well provided with food. But an explanation followed. I was told that the Innuit custom is for females, at certain times, not to partake of certain kinds of Innuit food. In this case, Sampson's wife had been nearly a week without eating, and was very hungry. I gave her what little I had of pemmican. She insisted on my taking something for it, thrusting into my hands twelve miniature ducks and other sea-birds, carved in walrus ivory. These I retain as mementoes of the occasion.

The women, generally, are tattooed on the forehead, cheeks, and chin. This is usually a mark of the married women, though unmarried ones are sometimes seen thus ornamented. This tattooing is done from principle, the theory being that the lines thus made will be regarded in the next world as a sign of goodness. The manner of the operation is simple. A piece of reindeer-sinew thread is blackened with soot, and is then drawn under and through the skin by means of a needle

The thread is only used as a means of introducing the colour or pigment under the epidermis.

The longevity of this people, on the whole, in latter years is not great. The average duration of life among them is much less than formerly. The time was, and that not long ago, when there were many, very many old people, but now they are very few. Old Ookijoxy Ninoo, as I have already mentioned, once observed to me that there were no Innuits now living who were young when she was. She was, as I believe, over 100 years old when I saw her. She died a few months after my departure for the States. I learned this last fall (1863) by one of the American whalers, who saw her son Ugarng at Northumberland Inlet two months previous.

The Innuit social life is simple and cheerful. They have a variety of games of their own. In one of these they use a number of bits of ivory, made in the form of ducks, &c. such as Sampson's wife gave me, as just mentioned. In another, a simple string is used in a variety of intricate ways, now representing a tuktoo, now a whale, now a walrus, now a seal, being arranged upon the fingers in a way bearing a general resemblance to the game known among us as "cat's cradle." The people were very quick in learning of me to play chess, checkers, and dominoes.

If an Innuit stranger come among them, an effort is made to conform as closely as possible to the manners of the section from which he comes, for it should be observed that there exists a great diversity of manners and habits among the people of different regions not very far separated from each other.

Though in old times there were chiefs among the Innuits, there are none now. There is absolutely no political organisation among them. In every community, with them as with all the rest of the world, there is some one who, in consideration of his age, shrewdness, or personal prowess is looked up to, and whose opinions are received with more than usual deference; but he has no authority whatever, and an Innuit is subject to no man's control. The people are not naturally

quarrelsome, and theft and murder are almost unknown. When a quarrel arises, the two parties keep aloof from each other, sometimes for a long time. Sometimes, however, a mutual and elderly friend arranges the matter, and then a quiet talk often shows that the quarrel—with them as with us—was the result of an entire misunderstanding of words reported by gossipping tongues. If a murder is committed, it appears, from what the Innuits say, that the nearest relative or most intimate friend of the slain has a right to kill the murderer; but this crime is very rare.

Innuit opinions upon theological questions are not easily obtained in an intelligible form. Their belief on some points may thus be very generally stated: There is one Supreme Being, called by them *Ang-u-ta*, who created the earth, sea, and heavenly bodies. There is also a secondary divinity, a woman, the daughter of Anguta, who is called *Sid-ne*. She is supposed to have created all things having life, animal and vegetable. She is regarded also as the protecting divinity of the Innuit people. To her their supplications are addressed; to her their offerings are made; while most of their religious rites and superstitious observances have reference to her.

The Innuits believe in a heaven and a hell, though their notions as to what is to constitute their happiness or misery hereafter are varied as one meets with different communities. Tookoolito says:—

"My people think this way: *Kood-le-par-mi-ung* (heaven) is upward. Everybody happy there. All the time light; no snow, no ice, no storms; always pleasant; no trouble; never tired; sing and play all the time—all this to continue without end.

"*Ad-le-par-me-un* (hell) is downward. Always dark there. No sun; trouble there continually; snow flying all the time; terrible storms; cold, very cold; and a great deal of ice there. All who go there must always remain.

"All Innuits who have been good go to Koodleparmiung; that is, who have been kind to the poor and hungry—all who have been happy while living on this earth. Any one who

has been killed by accident, or who has committed suicide, certainly goes to the happy place.

"All Innuits who have been bad—that is, unkind one to another—all who have been unhappy while on this earth, will go to Adleparmeun. If an Innuit kill another because he is mad at him, he will certainly go to Adleparmeun."

They have a tradition of a deluge, which they attribute to an *unusually high tide*. On one occasion, when I was speaking with Tookoolito concerning her people, she said, "Innuits all think this earth once covered with water." I asked her why they thought so. She answered, "Did you never see little stones, like clams and such things as live in the sea, away up on the mountains?"

The subject of the religious ideas and observances of the Innuits is nearly connected with that of their angekos, who have a great influence among these people, and exercise the only authority to which they in any degree submit. With regard to these angekos, it appeared to me that man or woman could become such if shrewd enough to obtain a mental ascendancy over others.

The angeko's business is twofold: he ministers in behalf of the sick, and in behalf of the community in general. If a person falls ill the angeko is sent for. He comes, and, before proceeding to his peculiar work, demands payment for his services, stating his price, usually some article to which he has taken a liking. Whatever he demands must be given at once, otherwise the expected good result of the ministration would not follow.

When the preliminary arrangements have been satisfactorily disposed of, the family of the sick person sit around the couch of the patient, and with earnestness and gravity join in the ceremonies. The angeko commences a talking and singing, the nature of which it is impossible to state more precisely than to say that it seems to be a kind of incantation or prolonged supplication, perhaps mingled with formulas which are supposed to charm away the disease. At intervals during this performance the family respond, frequently uttering a

word corresponding to our *amen*. As to medicine, none is ever prescribed, nor do the Innuits ever take any.

The duties of the angeko, with reference to the community, consist in ankooting for success in whaling, walrusing, sealing, and in hunting certain animals; for the disappearance of ice, and for the public good in various particulars. These more public ministrations are accompanied by what sounds to a stranger's ear like howling, but is doubtless a *formula*, either handed down by tradition, or composed on the spot by the angeko, varying according to the talent of the operator. Some descriptions of ankooting have been given in the body of this work.

Even Tookoolito was not exempt from the general belief in the efficacy of the angeko's ministrations. One day, when visiting her, I found that she had parted with her cooking-pan, which she had always considered indispensable and of great value. On inquiry, I learned that she had given it to "Jennie," a female angeko, in payment for her attendance upon Ebierbing when sick; and, moreover, she had in like manner given nearly all her valuable things, even to some of her garments. I was hardly astonished, for I knew that the Innuits considered that in proportion to the value of what they give for an angeko's services, so are the benefits conferred upon the sick. "Make poor pay, and the help is poor; good pay, and the benefit is great."

On one occasion (it was at the time we were about to start for the States, but were suddenly frozen in at the commencement of the second winter), having seen the angeko very busy ankooting on the hills, I asked Ebierbing and Tookoolito what it was for. They replied, "To try and get the pack-ice out of the bay." It may be remarked here that this attempt to get the ice out of the bay was caused by the desire of the Innuits to have the *George Henry* leave the country, they having become tired of the presence of the sailors, and being, perhaps, somewhat jealous of them. On the occasion referred to, the angeko had told the people that on a certain day they were not to do any work. Then, in the evening, he commenced

his incantations; and on that day it had been noticed by the ship's company that the Innuits went on board the vessel in their best attire, though no one then knew the cause.

The general deference to the wishes of the angeko has some exceptions, though they are rare. One such exception was this: One day in the month of July, 1861, the angeko Mingumailo, who had two wives, sent from his tupic among the mountains to Koojesse, who was then staying at Cape True, with an order for the exchange of wives. Now Koojesse's wife, Tunukderlien—"Isabel," as we sometimes called her—was something of a belle, and, though Koojesse had been a good disciple of the angeko, he would not now yield to his demands. He refused to exchange his Tunukderlien for either of the two wives sent for his choice, and the latter returned to their husband. Thereupon the angeko became so enraged that he immediately came from the mountains, and entered the village of tupics like a demon. He first tried to negotiate a peaceable exchange, and then attempted by threats to effect what he wanted. With a loaded musket and a large knife, he prowled all night long around Koojesse's tupic, trying to take his life; but Koojesse had been warned, and finally took up his abode in one of the white men's tents near by. The next day Mate Rogers arrived, and the angeko, fearing him, fled away to his haunt in the mountains.

Another instance of inattention to the angeko's advice I will relate here. One of the former husbands of Suzhi was sick. The angeko said Kokerjabin, who was at that time the wife of Sampson, must live with the invalid husband for two or three months, or he would die before spring. All the Innuits thought the angeko should be obeyed, but Kokerjabin refused to comply, declaring that she did not believe what the angeko said. Before spring, Suzhi's husband died as the angeko predicted, and therefore all the people despised Kokerjabin.

I will now mention various customs which have relation to the religious belief of the Innuits, though many of them can be explained only by the broad phrase, "The first Innuits did

so." When they kill a reindeer, and have skinned it, they cut off bits of different parts of the animal, and bury them under a sod, or some moss, or a stone, at the exact spot where the animal was killed. When an Innuit passes the place where a relative has died, he pauses and deposits a piece of meat near by. On one occasion, when travelling with Sharkey, I saw him place a bit of seal under the snow near an island which we were passing. When I questioned him, he said that it was done out of respect for the memory of an uncle who had died there.

When a child dies, everything it has used, either as a plaything or in any work it did, is placed in or upon its grave. When Tukeliketa, Tookoolito's boy, died, some weeks after the mother collected all his playthings and put them upon his grave.* Visiting the spot some time after, she found that one article, a gaily-painted little tin pail, had been taken away, and her grief was severe at the discovery. In March, 1862, while I was in the Northern country, the wife of Annawa found beneath the tuktoo bed of their recently-deceased child a toy game-bag. A consultation among the Innuits who were then there was held, and the bag, together with all the articles that had been presented to the child by the ship's hands from time to time, consisting of powder, shot, caps, tobacco, and a pistol, was deposited at the grave of their beloved boy.

There exist also among the Innuits many curious customs connected with hunting. They cannot go out to take walrus until they have done working upon tuktoo clothing; and after beginning the walrus hunt, no one is allowed to work on reindeer skins. One day in March, I wanted Tookoolito and Koodloo's wife to make me a sleeping-bag of tuktoo skin; but nothing could persuade them to do it, as it was then walrus season. They "would both die, and no more walrus could be caught."

When a walrus is caught, the captor must remain at home,

* The remains of Tukeliketa rest in Groton, Connecticut, in the burial-ground near the residence of Captain Budington.

doing no work, for one day; if a bear is killed, he must remain quiet, in like manner, for three days; after the taking of a whale, two days. If, however, he is on a hunt and game is plentiful, the Innuit frequently keeps on at the sport, making up all his resting days at the end of the hunt.

When a seal is captured, a few drops of water are sprinkled on its head before it is cut up. If there is no water to be had, the man holds snow in his hands till he squeezes out a single drop, the application of which answers every purpose.

Women are not allowed to eat of the first seal of the season, and this rule is so strictly enforced that they do not feel at liberty even to chew the blubber for the sake of expressing the oil. When Tunukderlien and Jennie were with me on my sledge-journey up Frobisher Bay, the first seal of the season was caught, and Henry was obliged to pound the blubber to obtain the oil we needed, because the women were not allowed to do it.

There is a regular order for cutting up a walrus. The first man who arrives at the captured animal cuts off the right arm or flipper; the second, the left arm; the third, the right leg or flipper; the fourth, the left leg; the fifth, a portion of the body, beginning at the neck, and so on till the whole is disposed off.

One very curious custom among the Innuits is this: At a time of the year apparently answering to our Christmas, they have a general meeting in a large igloo on a certain evening. There the angeko prays on behalf of the people for the public prosperity through the subsequent year. Then follows something like a feast. The next day all go out into the open air and form in a circle; in the centre is placed a vessel of water, and each member of the company brings a piece of meat, the kind being immaterial. The circle being formed, each person eats his or her meat in silence, thinking of Sidne, and wishing for good things. Then one in the circle takes a cup, dips up some of the water, all the time thinking of Sidne, and drinks it; and then, before passing

the cup to another, states audibly the time and the place of his or her birth. This ceremony is performed by all in succession. Finally, presents of various articles are thrown from one to another, with the idea that each will receive of Sidne good things in proportion to the liberality here shown.

Soon after this occasion, at a time which answers to our New Year's day, two men start out, one of them being dressed to represent a woman, and go to every igloo in the village, blowing out the light in each. The lights are afterward rekindled from a fresh fire. When Tookoolito was asked the meaning of this, she replied, "New sun—new light," implying a belief that the sun was at that time renewed for the year.

When one of these meetings and outdoor ceremonies took place, I was absent from the village where most of my Innuit friends were living. Koojesse, Sharkey, and others wished to have me sent for, thinking I would like to be present; but old Artarkparu objected, fearing that I should grow weary before the ceremony was complete, and, retiring from the circle, break the charm. So I was not sent for, but was obliged to gain my information from the natives.

The language of this people is peculiar to themselves. They have nothing written, and all that they can tell is derived from oral tradition, handed down from parent to child for many generations. The pronunciation of the same words by Esquimaux living a considerable distance apart, and having little intercourse, is so different that they can hardly understand each other on coming together. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Innuits who came to Field Bay from Sekoselar, or any other place on the northern shores of Hudson's Strait, could make themselves understood by Innuits residing north of them. Sometimes Innuits arrive from Igloolik (which is at the entrance to the Strait of Fury and Hecla), at Northumberland Inlet, and it takes a long time for the two parties to understand each other. Still more difficult is it for a Greenland native to be under-

stood by those on the west side of Davis's Strait. The Innuits with whom I was acquainted could count only ten, as follows :—

At-tou-sen, one.	Ok-bin-er-poon, six.
Muk-ko, two.	Mok-ke-nik, seven.
Ping-a-su-it, three.	Ping-a-su-nik, eight.
Tes-sa-men, four.	Tes-sa-men-ik, nine.
Ted-la-men, five.	Kood-lin, ten.

However, there was this exception: Koooulearng (Suzhi), whose native place was on the north side of Hudson's Strait, could count to twenty. She said that all the people of her country—meaning *Kar-mo-wong,* which is on the north side of the strait—could do the same. By signs—that is, by throwing open the fingers, Innuits everywhere can and do count much larger numbers.

The dress of the Innuits is made of the skins of reindeer and of seals; the former for winter, the latter for summer. The jacket is round, with no opening in front or behind, but is slipped on and off over the head. It is close-fitting, but not tight. It comes as low as the hips, and has sleeves reaching to the wrists. The women have a long tail to their coat reaching nearly to the ground. These jackets are often very elaborately ornamented. In one of my visits to Sampson, I noticed that his wife's jacket was trimmed thus: Across the neck of the jacket was a fringe of beads—eighty pendents of red, blue, black, and white glass beads, forty beads on each string. Bowls of Britannia metal tea-spoons and table-spoons were on the flap hanging in front. A row of *elongated lead shot* ran around the border of the tail. Six pairs of Federal copper cents, of various dates, were pendent down the middle of the tail; and a huge brass bell, from an old-fashioned clock, was at the top of the row of cents.

On another occasion, Tweroong, the wife of Miner, came on board with a dress made of the fur of very young deer, with a spencer of reindeer hair cut off short, and so evenly that I could not well understand how it was done. I made

her a present of a lady's hand dressing-glass, which sent her into ecstasies, especially when she found it would enable her better to arrange her hair.

All the jackets have a hood made at the back for carrying their children or covering their heads in cold weather. In winter they wear two jackets: the exterior one with the hair outside, the inner one with the hair next to the body. Before the men enter into the main igloo they take off the outer part of their jackets, and place the same in a recess made in the snow wall of the passage-way.

Their breeches reach below the knee, and are fastened with a string drawn tightly around the lower part of the waist. Those worn by the women are put on in three pieces, each leg and the body forming separate parts.

The full winter dress for the feet consists of, 1st. Long stockings of reindeer fur, with the hair next the person; 2d. Socks of the eider-duck skins, with the feathers on and inside; 3d. Socks of sealskin, with the hair outside; 4th. Kumings [native boots], with legs of tuktoo, the fur outside, and the soles of ookgook.

All wear mittens, though the women generally wear only one, and that on the right hand; the left is drawn within the sleeve. Finger-rings and head-bands of polished brass also form part of the female costume.

The Innuits show a remarkable sagacity in studying the habits of their animals, and gaining therefrom lessons of value for their own guidance. They observe how the seal constructs its igloo or snow hut, and their own winter dwelling is formed upon this model. The following illustration gives a sectional view of a seal's hole and igloo,*

* The horizontal lines extending across the lower part of the engraving represent the sea-water, as do the short lines running in the same direction within the seal hole which is through the ice. The ice is represented by the perpendicular lines on either side of the seal hole. Resting on the ice are a young seal and the igloo, the latter shown by the dark half circle. On either side and above the igloo is the snow covering the sea-ice. Before the igloo is made, the prospective mother, to get herself upon the ice, scratches away the inverted tunnel-like-shaped ice, as seen in the second engraving. The igloo is then made by the seal scratching an excavation from the snow with the

with the young one lying within, and the mother coming up to visit it. By the time the sun melts off the covering snow, exposing and destroying the dome of the igloo, the young seal

NO. 1, SECTIONAL VIEW OF SEAL HOLE AND SEAL IGLOO.

is ready to take care of itself. The second engraving represents a seal that has just come up through the water to its

sharp, lady-like nails with which its fore flippers are *armed*, the excavated snow being taken down beneath the thick ice from time to time by the seal. Soon after this house is prepared a little seal is born. Seal igloos are made about the 1st of April, the time when the "pupping" season commences. None but very sharp-scented animals can find these igloos, and they are the seals' worst enemies. These animals are the polar bear, the fox, and the seal-dog. The latter, however, simply scent out the igloo, leaving the master to catch the game, while the bear and fox not only find, but capture it. When the dog has led his master to the secret seal lodge beneath the snow, the man retreats from fifteen to twenty paces, and then runs forward swiftly, leaping high and far on concluding his race. As he comes down he crushes in the dome, and quickly thrusts his seal hook this way and that around in the igloo, till he has the young seal quivering in the agonies of death.

breathing-hole, which is covered by snow. Above it sits an Innuit, who has pierced the snow with his spear just over the

NO. 2, SECTIONAL VIEW OF SEAL HOLE.

seal's hole in the ice, and who watches till he hears the animal puff, then quickly and almost unerringly strikes.*

* The water, ice, and snow of the second engraving are represented in like manner as in the preceding one. The appearance of the seal hole, and the bed of snow above, as they are during the winter season till about the 1st of April, is well represented. The sealer is awaiting the seal's blow. It is time he was up and ready to strike, for as soon as a seal has its nose out of the water, as the one here represented, its puffing noise is heard. When the sealer, by the aid of his dog, has found the seal hole, he has sometimes to watch there two or three days and nights. The dog has indicated the precise point within a circle of about ten inches in diameter. The sealer, therefore, thrusts the spindle of his seal-spear down through the hard snow, seeking to find the breathing-hole, which is not more than one to two inches in diameter. After perhaps a dozen attempts, he finally strikes the hole. Now he carefully withdraws his spear, and marks with his eye the hole, which leads down

From the polar bear, too, the Innuits learn much. The manner of approaching the seal which is on the ice by its hole basking in the sunshine is from him. The bear lies down and crawls by hitches toward the seal, "talking" to it, as the Innuits say, till he is within striking distance, then he pounces upon it with a single jump. The natives say that if they could "talk" as well as the bear, they could catch many more seals.

The procedure of the bear is as follows: He proceeds very cautiously toward the black speck far off on the ice, which he knows to be a seal. When still a long way from it, he throws himself down on his side, and hitches himself along toward his game. The seal meanwhile is taking its naps of about ten seconds each, ultimately raising its head and surveying the entire horizon before composing itself again to brief slumber. As soon as it raises its head the bear "talks," keeping perfectly still. The seal, if it sees anything, sees but the head, which it takes for that of another seal. It sleeps again. Again the bear hitches himself along, and once more the seal looks around, only to be "talked" to again, and again deceived. Thus the pursuit goes on till the seal is caught, or till it makes its escape, which it seldom does.

In Chapter xv. of this volume there occurs a description of the manner in which a young seal is often used to lure the mother within striking distance of the hunter. This is copied by the Innuits from the habits of the polar bear. This animal finds by his keen scent where a seal's igloo has been built under the snow. He then goes back a little distance, runs and jumps with all his weight upon the dome, breaks it down, and immediately thrusts in his paw and seizes the young seal. Then, holding it by one of its hind

through perhaps eighteen to twenty-four inches depth of snow. When now he hears the seal, he raises his spear, and strikes unerringly through the snow to the seal's head. The animal at once dives, and runs out the full length of the line, one end of which is fast in the hand of the sealer. He proceeds to cut away the deep snow, and to chisel the ice so as to enlarge the top of the seal hole, from which he soon draws forth his prize.

flippers, he scoops away all the snow from the seal hole leading up through the ice into the igloo, and afterward allows the young one to flounder about in the water. When the old seal comes up, the bear draws the young one slily on toward him, till the anxious mother gets within reach, when he seizes her with his other paw.

The natives tell many most interesting anecdotes of the bear, showing that they are accustomed to watch his move-

BEAR KILLING WALRUS.

ments closely. He has a very ingenious way of killing the walrus, which is represented in the accompanying engraving.

In August, every fine day, the walrus makes its way to the shore, draws his huge body up on the rocks, and basks in the sun. If this happen near the base of a cliff, the ever-watchful bear takes advantage of the circumstance to attack this formidable game in this way: The bear mounts the cliff, and

throws down upon the animal's head a large rock, calculating the distance and the curve with astonishing accuracy, and thus crushing the thick, bullet-proof skull.

If the walrus is not instantly killed—simply stunned—the bear rushes down to it, seizes the rock, and hammers away at the head till the skull is broken. A *fat* feast follows. Unless the bear is very hungry, it eats only the blubber of the walrus, seal, and whale.

The bear can catch a seal in the water. He sees it, drops his body beneath the surface, allowing only his head to be visible, that having the appearance of a piece of ice. While the seal has its head above water, and is looking around, the bear sinks, swims under it, and clutches it from beneath.

When the sea-ice begins to make, we will say about the middle of October to the 1st of November, the female bear captures and kills several seals, which she hides away among the hummocks. Then she retires to the land and eats moss, the object being to produce an internal mechanical obstruction called "tappen." After this she goes to her deposits of meat, and feasts upon seal-blubber to her utmost limit of expansion. She is now ready for retiring to her winter's home, which is generally an excavation she has "chiselled out" of a glacier. Some time after entering she brings forth her young, which sometimes number one, more frequently two, and sometimes three. In this crystal nursery she continues exercising her progeny daily by walking them to and fro till about the 1st of April, at which time seals begin to bring forth their young. The bear family then walks forth, the matron snuffing the air. Perhaps it is charged with seal-scent. She then follows up the scent till it brings her to a seal igloo. When she is satisfied that all is right below, she prepares herself, gives a fearful leap—high and far—striking forcibly with her paws upon the roof, crushing it in, and seizing the young occupant of the house, soon making of it a dainty feast for the young polars.

It is a custom among the Innuits, dating from time immemorial, that whoever first sees a Ninoo is entitled to the skin,

no matter whether the fortunate person be man, woman, or child. If the captured bear is a male, his bladder, with certain instruments belonging to the men, must be placed for three days on the top of the igloo or tupic. If the bear be a female, her bladder, with one of the women's brass head-ornaments and some beads, must be hung in like manner.

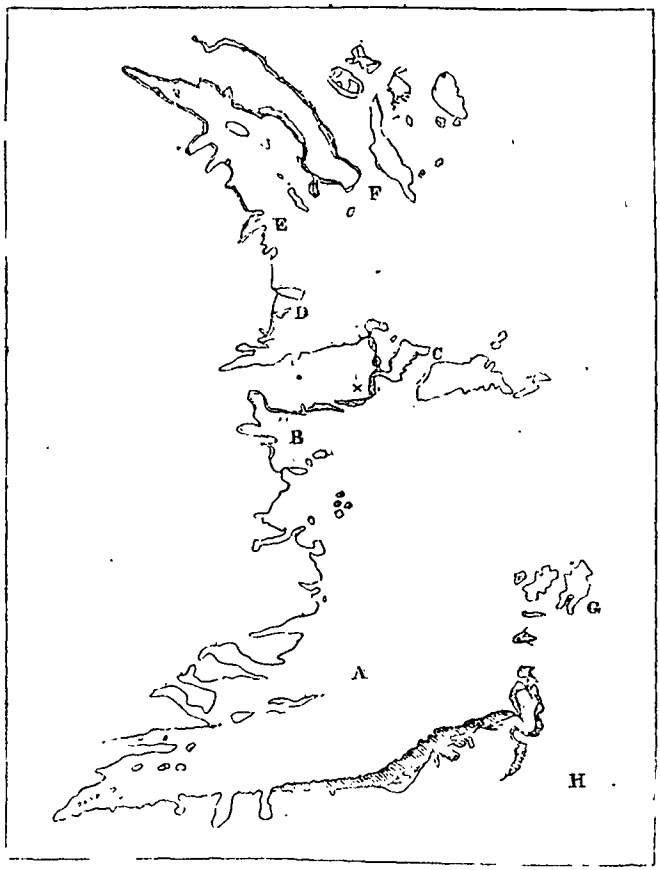
The Innuits show a remarkable degree of ingenuity in all the operations of life, and an astonishing readiness in emergencies. They thoroughly know their waters and coasts. An illustration of this is shown in the accompanying *facsimile* of a chart made by Kooperneung, which I have in my possession.

When travelling with a sledge they are accustomed to coat the bottom of the runners with ice, thus making a shoe which is smoother than anything else that could be invented. The manner of performing this operation is curious. The sledge is turned bottom up, and the Innuit fills his mouth with water in which has been mingled a little seal's blood, in order to give it tenacity. He then sends it out in a fine, well-directed, and evenly-applied stream upon the runner, where it at once congeals. When, after some hours' travel, the coating is worn away, it is renewed in the same manner. But the question naturally arises, How can the water be carried without freezing? The Innuit does this by filling a bag of sealskin or ookgook bladder, and slipping it down between his shoulders, under his clothing, the warmth of his body keeping it liquid.

Once, while I was on a sledge-journey with Koojesse, I was suffering from thirst, and we had no water. Koojesse turned aside, and went off with his seal-spear upon a little fresh-water pond. I knew that the ice there would naturally be ten feet thick at that season, and therefore wondered how he expected to find water. After looking about carefully for some time, he selected a place where the snow seemed to be very deep, and there, after clearing it away, he struck with his spear upon the ice, and very soon made a hole through

ESQUIMAUX CHART, No. 2,

DRAWN BY KOOPERNEUNG (CHARLEY) WHILE WE WERE AT CAPE TRUE, AUGUST, 1862.



A. Frobisher Bay.
B. Countess of Warwick's Sound.
C. Lupton Channel, which leads down to Bear Sound. On the right is Lok's Land; on the left, Bache's Peninsula.
D. Cyrus W. Field Bay.
E. Cornelius Grinnell Bay.
F. Robinson Sound.
G. Resolution Isles.
H. Hudson's Strait.
X. Cape True, on Blunt's Peninsula.

which he obtained water. When I inquired about it, I learned that a heavy body of snow falling upon the ice would press it down, allowing the water to come up and collect above it. The surface of this collected water would freeze, forming a comparatively thin coating of ice, but leaving a reservoir of water inclosed, which could be easily reached, as I found to my relief.

On another occasion, while travelling in a bitter cold day, facing a cutting breeze, I found great difficulty in keeping the lower parts of my body from freezing. The Innuits saw me trying to shield myself and gain additional warmth by adjusting a thickly-folded scarf; this they took from me, made it into a girdle, and tied it tightly round my body just above the hips. This restored warmth to me at once, and warded off the danger of freezing.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX.

I.

The Present of the Resolute.—Page 4, Vol. i.

THIS truly noble act was done at the suggestion of Henry Grinnell. He first conceived the idea; proposed it to the United States Government; afterward, at the urgent request of the Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy, cordially co-operating with it in the matter, and furnishing the most valuable assistance. His generous labours in behalf of this important project, already acknowledged in a highly flattering manner by England, are too well known to require from me more than this passing tribute.

II.

Sums paid on Account of the Arctic Research Expedition.—Page 16, Vol. i.

It is but justice to record here the fact that the following parties made out their bills, as below, for articles sold to the expedition at cost or less than cost price.

1860.		
May 22.	James Green, of New York, 2 self-registering thermometers	$3 00
	Anson Baker & Co. of New York, 6 guns, 1 rifle, duplicate locks, &c.	159 00
23.	John H. Brower & Co. New York, 232 lbs. Borden's meat-biscuit	30 00
	Stackpole & Brother, New York, pocket sextant, artificial horizon, mercury, and 2 pocket compasses	58 50
	Carried over	$250 50

1860.	Brought over	$250 50
May 24.	G. W. Rogers, New London, Conn. expedition boat	105 00
	Wytte & Co. Cincinnati, O. meat for pemmican .	171 50
	Geo. H. Hill & Co. Cincinnati, O. beef suet for pemmican	52 50
	H. W. Stevenson, Cincinnati, O. meat cans . .	10 50
	Hall's expenses from Cincinnati to Philadelphia, New York, and New London, and return (in February and March, 1860)	55 00
	1 cord of wood for drying meat	5 00
	Man for attending to drying meat	8 00
	W. E. Alcorn, Cincinnati, O. canvas for sledge .	2 00
	Brooks & Co. Cincinnati, O. carpenters' work .	5 50
	Sundries, express hire, &c.	22 00
26.	Cooper & Pond, New York, pistol, percussion caps, &c.	19 00
27.	N. D. Smith, New London, stationery . $3 77 9 pocket-knives $2 25	6 02
28.	Arnold and Beebe, New London, suit of sails and awning for boat	20 00
	J. & G. W. Crandell, New London, woollen shirts	7 00
	L. Corthell, New London, 200 lbs. lead . . .	10 00
	Samuel Dennis, of New London, knives, &c. . .	10 00
29.	Shepard & Harris, of New London, clothing, &c.	45 51
	Harris, Williams, & Co. New London, pipes and tobacco	20 00
	Anson Chase, New London, shot, powder-flasks, shot-pouches, caps, &c.	40 98
	D. B. Hempsted, New London, beads and marine glass	13 00
	Smith & Grace, New London, "conjurer," &c. .	3 28
	J. B. Curry & Co. New London, "Resolute" sextant.	20 50
	Nautical Almanacs, India-rubber chart cover, freight bill, hotel bill, team of dogs bought at Holsteinborg, Greenland	52 25
	Sundry expenses	24 96
	Total	$980 00

Donations to the Arctic Research Expedition, 1860.

Henry Grinnell, N. Y.	$343 00
Augustus H. Ward, N. Y.	100 00
Cyrus W. Field, N. Y.	50 00
R. M. Bishop, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
Miles Greenwood, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
George H. Hill, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
John D. Jones, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
John W. Ellis, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
Geo. Dominick, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
Jacob Resor, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
Wynne, Haynes, & Co. Cincinnati, O.	30 00
William Wiswell, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
James Lupton, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
B. Matlack, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
John M'Lean, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
Benj. Eggleston, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
Mitchell & Rammelsberg, Cincinnati, O.	30 00
Sellew & Co. Cincinnati, O.	5 00
Mr. Lincoln, Cincinnati, O.	10 00
Joseph K. Smith, Cincinnati, O.	5 00
Colonel John Johnston, Cincinnati, O.	10 00
J. Ogden, Cincinnati, O.	5 00
A. G. W. Carter, Cincinnati, O.	5 00
Mrs. C. F. Hall, Cincinnati, O.	27 00
Total	$980 00

Williams & Haven, of New London, Conn. passage out in the bark *George Henry*, and transport of expedition boat, stores, &c. Free passage home of myself, with a family of Esquimaux, consisting of man, wife, and child.

Hazard Powder Co. New York, 250 lbs. rifle powder.

Marshall Lefferts, New York, 800 lbs. shot.

J. N. Harris, New London, Conn. hardware, $22.

F. L. Kneeland, New York, keg of rifle powder.

Thomas H. Bates & Co. New York, fish-hooks, 9 m. needles, and 2 dozen sewing-cushions.

M'Allister & Brother, Philadelphia, spy-glass.

J. & B. Bruce, Cincinnati, O. making sledge.

Roger, Simonton, & Co. Cincinnati, O. furnishing material for sledge.

George T. Jones & Thomas H. Newell, Cincinnati, O. 2 blank journal books made of bank-note paper.

Hamlen & Smith, Cincinnati, O. 1 dirk and a tooth extractor.

Dr. O. E. Newton and Allen & Sons, Cincinnati, O. chest of medicines.

C. F. Bradley, Cincinnati, O. gold pen.

J. L. Wayne, Cincinnati, O. half a dozen small butcher knives.

Lowell Fletcher, Cincinnati, O. 10 gallons alcohol, 95 per cent. proof.

Henry Ware, Cincinnati, O. pocket compass.

Robert Clarke & Co. Cincinnati, O. "Gillespie's Land Surveying."

Dr. D. N. Daniels, Cincinnati, O. 1 trunk.

Dr. Howe, Cincinnati, O. a valuable surgical work.

Charles G. Morris, Cincinnati, O. printing.

George S. Blanchard, Cincinnati, O. "Principles of Zoology."

David Christy, Cincinnati, O. Geological Chart of the Arctic Regions, by himself.

James Lupton, Cincinnati, O. 2 vols. "Scoresby's Arctic Regions," 1 fine pocket knife.

Benjamin Pike & Sons, New York, 3 thermometers, 1 azimuth compass.

Benjamin Kittredge & Co. Cincinnati, O. silver alarm-whistle and dirk-knife.

Z. B. Coffin, Cincinnati, O. 1 lb. tea.

Charles Lawrence, Cincinnati, O. 26 lbs. best powder.*

Mr. Robinson, Cincinnati, O. use of malt-kiln for desiccating meat for pemmican.

George H. Hill & Co. Cincinnati, O. putting up pemmican in cans.

John W. Ellis, Cincinnati, O. Labrador seal-boots.

Baker & Co. New York, 2 dozen pocket-knife blades, 1 glass flask, 3 dozen hand looking-glasses, 3,000 common percussion caps.

Amor Smith, Cincinnati, O. grinding pemmican.

American Express Company, free transportation of pemmican, sledge, and case of books, from Cincinnati, O. to New York City.

Adams & Co's. Express, transport of the same from New York to New London, Conn.

In addition to those in preceding list, the following are names of persons who rendered me service in forwarding the interests of the expedition :—

Salmon P. Chase, then Governor of Ohio.

George H. Pugh, then United States Senator from Ohio.

Richard H. Chapell, New London, Conn.

W. H. Clement, President Little Miami and Columbus and Xenia Railroad.

E. and G. W. Blunt, New York.

Frank Clark, Superintendent American Express Company, Cincinnati, O.

Charles G. Clark, Superintendent American Express Company, New York.

* Could not accept this donation, as no means of transport for so hazardous an article could be procured.

John Hoey, Superintendent Adams Express Company, New York.
Dudley Field, attorney at law, New York.
William M. Grinnell, attorney at law, New York.
Sidney O. Budington, Groton, Conn.
Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York.
William M. Edwards, New York.
A. Brewster, Norwich, Conn.
B. S. Osbon, New York.
William C. H. Waddell, New York.
American Geographical and Statistical Society of New York.
Samuel Robinson, Cincinnati, O.
William A. Brooks, Cincinnati, O.
Associated Press of Cincinnati, O.
Young Men's Mercantile Association, Cincinnati.
Associated Press of New York.
William S. Campbell, Philadelphia, Pa.
George W. Childs, Philadelphia, Pa.
Little Miami and Columbus and Xenia Railroad Company.
Pennsylvania Railroad Company.
Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad Company.
Central Ohio Railroad Company.
Steubenville and Indiana Railroad Company.
Telegraph Company between Cincinnati and New York.
Telegraph Company between New York and Philadelphia.
Telegraph Company between New York and New London.
Governor Bannerman, St. John's, Newfoundland.
Converse O. Leach, United States Consul, St. John's, Newfoundland.
A. M. Mackay, Superintendent New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company, St. John's, Newfoundland.
Robert Winton, editor and proprietor "Daily News," St. John's, Newfoundland.
Francis Winton, editor and proprietor "Day Book," St. John's, Newfoundland.
Mrs. S. Knight, of the Knight House, St. John's, Newfoundland.
Mrs. Warrington, of the Union Hotel, St. John's, Newfoundland.
J. C. Toussaint, of the Hotel de Paris, St. John's, Newfoundland.
Kenneth M'Lea, merchant, St. John's, Newfoundland.

III.

Danish Currency.—Page 43, Vol. i.

The Danish dollar, at the time of writing (1860), was worth fifty-five cents of American money.

The following is the interpretation of the Danish of the six skilling note on page 45 :

"No.——6 Sk[illings] C[ountry] m[oney].——2,450.

"This order is good for Six Skillings Country Currency at the Commercial Towns in Greenland. Copenhagen, 1856.

"B * * * *.

"*Noted* [in the Registry of Records],

"L * * * * *."

One of these skillings is worth about *half-a-cent.* U. S. federal money.

IV.

Pim-ma-in, or Chiefs.—Page 99, Vol. i.

"*Pim-ma-in*," a term used in former times among the Innuits for the principal man (or chief) among them. It is now obsolete, as there are no chiefs or rulers among them. Every man is now on an equality one with another.

V.

Frobisher's "Gold."—Page 135, Vol. i.

The matter of the Frobisher "gold" or iron is sufficiently treated of in the body of the work, on page 161, vol. ii.

VI.

The Wreck of the "George Henry."—Page 150, Vol. i.

The following account of the wreck of the *George Henry* appeared in a New London journal, shortly after the occurrence of the disaster to which it relates :—

"Captain Christopher B. Chapell, of Norwich Town, has arrived in the bark *Monticello*, from Hudson's Bay, together with the mate and part of the crew of the bark *George Henry*, of New London, which has been wrecked upon the Lower Savage Islands. She was forced upon the rocks

the 16th of July, by strong tides in calm weather, heavily beset by large floes of ice, which, for the lack of wind, rendered the vessel unmanageable, and she became a total wreck. After saving a great quantity of provisions, stores, and other valuable property, Captain Chapell left the island, with his whole crew and officers, in five boats, to make the best of their way toward St. John's, Newfoundland. Leaving the island on the 26th of July, they crossed down to Resolution Island 28th, when a stress of weather, and much ice, caused them to land on the rocks, where they were detained for four days, at the end of which time they launched toward Button Island, on the opposite side of the Straits, distant fifty miles; but, owing to calms and head-winds, were thrown back near Resolution Island, and surrounded by a pack of ice. This closed together so quick upon their boats that they had but just time enough to haul them up on the ice, and save them from being crushed to pieces. Three of them were slightly stove. They remained on the ice three hours, before it got so still that they could launch with safety, and make for the shore, which the last two boats reached in time to shun a gale that came on suddenly. Here the boats were detained for ten days, both ice and wind bound, and the rain scarcely ceased during the time, making their situation very uncomfortable. On the 10th of August they launched again, and proceeded on the voyage. Owing to lack of wind, they had to toil with oars for twelve hours, when with a breeze came fog and rain, that soon wet and chilled all hands. They then sailed among ice, making a course as well as they could toward Button Island, which they were unable to reach for ice. On the night of the 11th two of the boats got separated in thick, dark weather, and on the morning of the 12th a gale of wind came on, which, together with a high sea, discomfited the boats not a little. Consulting one another how best to proceed for safety, it was decided to run for land, which was distant twenty-five miles. On running toward the land, they came to a heavy pack of ice, through which it was necessary to go, if possible, to reach the land, it being their only way of safety. They sailed on, and fortunately found the ice so slack that the boats could run among it—still heading for the land, which now appeared only about six miles, though it was much farther off, and presented nothing but perpendicular cliffs, up which it would be impossible for man to climb, and no prospect of saving the boats, without which there would be no chance of escape from the barren island, where they might have been delivered from the jaws of the ocean only to starve. So they held another consultation. In all eyes their hope seemed forlorn, and their hearts sank within them as the gale increased and the sea arose. Then all were ready to give up in despair, when, lo! a sail appeared—a tiny sail—and they rejoiced that the lost boats were still afloat. With the aid of a glass they made out a schooner, for which they steered with joyful hearts, and, after a long time, were discovered by her captain and kindly received. It was then found that, two hours before, she had picked up the missing boats. Thus all were providentially drawn together, and delivered out of much danger."

VII.

Bob's Measurement.—Page 299, Vol. i.

Kingwatcheung's (Bob's) measurement was as follows :—

38 inches around his body, over the breast.
42 inches around his shoulders, over his arms.
15 inches around his neck.
22 inches around his head.
5 feet 2 inches in height.
5 feet 3 inches from finger tip to finger tip.

He was probably from 40 to 45 years of age.

VIII.

Frobisher's Expeditions.—Page 303, Vol. i.

Frobisher left England on the 15th of June, 1576, with three vessels—the *Gabriel*, a bark of twenty-five tons; the *Michael*, a bark of twenty tons; and a pinnace, of ten tons. On the 11th of July "he had sight of an high and ragged land," which was the southern part of Greenland; but he was kept from landing by ice and fogs. Not far from that point his pinnace, with four men, was lost. "Also the other barke, named the Michael, mistrusting the matter, conveyed themselves privily away from him, and returned home, with great report that he was cast away." Frobisher, nevertheless, went on alone with the *Gabriel*, and after encountering much severe weather, entered the water which he called "Frobisher Strait," now to be known by the name of Frobisher Bay. He shortly after had interviews with the natives, several of whom came on board his vessel. The mariners, trusting them, began to hold open intercourse with the people, and a party of five went on shore in a boat; these were captured by the natives, and the captain could get no intelligence of them during the remainder of the time he spent there. Frobisher then turned his attention to obtaining some tokens of his voyage to carry back with him to England. He lured one of the native men on board, and took him off with him. "Whereupon," says Hakluyt, "when he found himself in captivity, for very choler and disdaine he bit his tongue in twaine within his mouth; notwithstanding, he died not thereof, but lived till he came in England, and then he died of cold which he had taken at sea."

Frobisher reached England, on his return, early in October of that year. Among the relics and tokens he brought home with him was one piece of black stone, of great weight, "much like to a sea cole in colour." This, being accidentally put in the fire, presented an appearance something like gold. Certain refiners of London expressed the opinion that the specimen submitted to them contained gold, and a second expedition was quickly

set on foot. This expedition was, as Hakluyt says, "for the searching more of this golde ore than for the searching any further discovery of the passage."

On the 31st of May, 1577, Frobisher set sail on his second voyage, having three vessels—the *Hyde*, of two hundred tons; the *Gabriel*, and the *Michael*—and in due time again entered Frobisher Bay. On the 19th of July he went ashore with a large company of his officers and men, and ascended a high hill, which, with much ceremony, he named Mount Warwick. Two of the Englishmen then had an interview with two of the natives, a great crowd of whom had collected to view the strange spectacle exhibited before them. This interview resulted in trading to a considerable extent. Shortly afterward, Frobisher went with the master of his vessel to hold an interview with two others of the natives, meaning to seize them and carry them on board his vessel, intending to dismiss one with many presents, and to retain the other as an interpreter. They made the attempt at capture as agreed upon, but their feet slipped on the snow, and the natives escaped from their grasp; thereupon turning and attacking the two Englishmen, slightly wounding Frobisher. Some of the ship's company, coming to the others' assistance, captured one of the natives and carried him on board.

On the 26th of July, what was thought to be a very rich mine of ore was discovered in the Countess of Warwick's Sound, and twenty tons of it were got together. On one of the islands in Bear Sound a tomb was found with a white man's bones in it. The captive native, being interrogated by signs, declared that the man had not been killed by the Innuits, but by wolves. In the latter part of July, various portions of the clothing of the missing five men of the first expedition were found in York Sound. The finding of the clothes gave hope that the men were yet alive, and a note was written and left where the relics were discovered. These things having been reported to the others, an expedition was made to the point indicated. When the place was reached, however, all vestiges had disappeared, having clearly been taken away by the natives. The expedition penetrated farther from the shore, and soon came upon a village of tents, the inhabitants of which, to the number of sixteen or eighteen, put to sea in a boat. Being then hardly pressed, the natives went again ashore on a point in York Sound, where they were attacked by the English. In the fight which ensued five or six of the natives were killed, most of the rest escaping. The party thereupon returned to the ships, carrying with them one of their own men dangerously hurt by an arrow, and a native woman who had been captured.

Then all the vessels returned to the Countess of Warwick's Sound. Not long after, the natives came to treat for the return of the captive woman. Frobisher intimated to them that he demanded first the release and delivery of his five men. The captive man, who acted as interpreter, was at first so much affected at sight once more of his people, that he "fell so out into tears that he could not speake a word in a great space." Then he

conferred with them, and afterward assured Frobisher that the men were alive, and should be delivered up; calling on him, moreover, to send them a letter. Therefore a letter was written, and on the 7th of August the natives took it, signifying that in three days they would return. At the appointed time they indeed returned, and showed themselves in small numbers, but yet brought no letter or word from the missing men. Moreover, it was observed that many of them were concealed behind the rocks, and it seemed clear that some treachery was meditated; whereupon the English prudently kept away from the trap. By the 21st of August, the work of loading the ships with two hundred tons of the ore was finished, and on the 23d sail was made for England.

The show of ore which Frobisher took back to England excited so much enthusiasm for another expedition, that a fleet of fifteen vessels was ready to sail in May, 1578. It was proposed to establish a colony of one hundred persons, who should live through the year on an island in the Countess of Warwick's Sound. This colony was to consist of miners, mariners, soldiers, gold-refiners, bakers, carpenters, &c. A "strong fort or house of timber, artificially framed and cunningly devised by a notable learned man," was to be carried out in the ships, and put up on the island. On the way out, however, one of the barks was sunk, and part of the house was lost.

On the 1st of August the order was given from Frobisher, who had reached the Countess of Warwick's Sound, to disembark from the vessels all the men and stores, and land them on the Countess of Warwick's Island, and to prepare at once for mining. "Then," says Hakluyt, "whilst the Mariners plyed their worke, the Captaines sought out new mynes, the goldfiners made tryall of the Ore," &c. On the 9th, a consultation on the house was held. It was discovered that only the east side and the south side of the building had come safely to hand, the other parts having been either lost or used in repairing the ships, which had been much beaten by storms in the passage. It was then thought, seeing there was not timber enough for a house to accommodate one hundred people, that a house for sixty should be set up. The carpenters, being consulted, declared that they should want five or six weeks to do the work, whereas there remained but twenty-three days before the ships must leave the country; consequently it was determined not to put up the house that year.

On the 30th of August, as Hakluyt says, "the Masons finished a house which Captaine Fenton caused to be made of lyme and stone upon the Countess of Warwick's Island, to the end we might prove, against the next yeere, whether the snow could overwhelme it, the frost break it up, or the people dismember the same." Again: "We buried the timber of our pretended [intended] fort."

The fact that this expedition carried a large quantity of coal is shown by the following extract from Hakluyt, concerning the leakage of water on board the fleet: "The great cause of this leakage and wasting was for that the great timber and sea cole, which lay so weighty upon the barrels, brake, bruised, and rotted the hoopes asunder."

On the last day of August the fleet set sail on its return to England.

The following, upon the same subject, is from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1754, vol. xxiv. p. 46:—

"*Philadelphia, Nov.* 15.—Sunday last arrived here the schooner *Argo*, Captain *Charles Swaine*, who sailed from this port last spring on the discovery of the N.W. passage. She fell in with the ice off *Farewell;* left the eastern ice, and fell in with the western ice, in lat. 58, and cruized to the northward to lat. 63 to clear it, but could not, it then extending to the eastward. On her return to the southward she met with two *Danish* ships bound to *Bull* river and *Disco*, up *Davis's* streights, who had been in the ice fourteen days, off *Farewell*, and had then stood to westward; and assured the commander that the ice was fast to the shore all above *Hudson's* streights to the distance of 40 leagues out; and that there had not been such a severe winter as the last these 24 years that they had used that trade: they had been nine weeks from *Copenhagen*. The *Argo*, finding she could not get round the ice, pressed through it, and got into the streight's mouth the 26th of *June* [sic], and made the island Resolution; but was forced out by vast quantities of driving ice, and got into a clear sea the 1st of *July* [sic]. On the 14th, cruizing the ice for an opening to get in again, she met four sail of *Hudson's Bay* ships endeavouring to get in, and continued with them 'till the 19th, when they parted in thick weather, in lat. 62 and a half, which thick weather continued to the 7th of *August;* the *Hudson's Bay* men supposed themselves 40 leagues from the western land. The *Argo* ran down the ice from 63 to 57.30, and after repeated attempts to enter the streights in vain, as the season for discovery on the western side of the Bay was over, she went in with the *Labrador* coast, and discover'd it perfectly from 56 to 65; finding no less than six inlets, to the heads of all which they went, and of which they have made a very good chart, and have a better account of the country, its soil, produce, &c. than has hitherto been publish'd. The captain says 'tis much like *Norway;* and that there is no communication with *Hudson's Bay* through *Labrador*, where one has been imagined; a high ridge of mountains running N. and S. about 51 leagues within the coast. In one of the harbours they found a deserted wooden house with a brick chimney, which had been built by some *English*, as appeared by sundry things they left behind; and afterwards, in another harbour, they met with captain *Goff*, in a snow from *London*, who inform'd [sic] that the same snow had been there last year, and landed some of the *Moravian* brethren, who had built that house; but the natives having decoyed the then captain of the snow, and five or six of his hands, in their boat, round a point of land at a distance from the snow, under pretence of trade, carried them all off (they having gone imprudently without arms); the snow, after waiting sixteen days without hearing of them, went home, and was obliged to take the *Moravians* to help to work the vessel. Part of her business this year was to inquire after those men. Captain *Swaine* discovered a fine fishing bank,

which lies but six leagues off the coast, and extends from lat. 57 to 54, supposed to be the same hinted at in Captain *Davis's* second voyage."

P. 577, [under date] "*Tuesday*, 31*st Dec.* 1754. * * * The schooner *Argo*, Captain *Swaine*, is arrived at *Philadelphia*, after a second unsuccessful attempt to discover a northwest passage. (*See an account of the first voyage*, p. 46. *See also* p. 542.)"

[On that page, 542, there is merely a list of all voyages to discover a north-west passage, &c. previous to that of the *Argo*.—Hall.]

Macpherson ("The Annals of Commerce, Manufactures, Fisheries, and Navigation," in 4 vols. London, 1805, vol. iii.) says :—

"This summer [Sept. 1772.—H.] some gentlemen in Virginia subscribed for the equipment of a vessel to be sent upon an attempt for a north-west passage. Under their auspices, Captain Wilder sailed in the brig *Diligence* to the lat. 69° 11′, in a large bay which he supposed hitherto unknown. He reported that, from the course of the tides, he thought it very probable that there is a passage, but that it is seldom free of ice, and therefore impassable.* But an *impassable passage* (if such language may be allowed) is no passage for ships. But the impossibility of finding such a passage, in any navigable sea, was, at the same time, further demonstrated by the return in this summer of Mr. Hearne, a naval officer then in the service of the Hudson Bay Company," &c. &c.

[Following this is matter that refers to the information the Indians gave Hearne.—Hall.]

IX.

The Loss of the Bark "Kitty."—Page 322, Vol. i.

The Bark *Kitty*, of Newcastle, England, sailed from London for Hudson's Bay on the 21st of June, 1859, and was wrecked on the ice September 5th in the same year. The wife of the captain, writing to an arctic voyager with the hope that he might procure some tidings of her husband, thus states the material facts, as reported by survivors who had returned to England. After mentioning the date of the shipwreck, she continues as follows:—

"The crew, having sufficient time to provide themselves with every necessary they thought prudent to take into their boats, *landed on Saddleback Island*, and remained there four days, during which time they met several natives. They agreed to separate themselves into two boats, and to proceed up the straits in hope of meeting the Company's ships coming down. My husband, Captain Ellis, with ten men in the long-boat, and

* This Virginia voyage of discovery had escaped the diligence of Dr. Forster, the historian of voyages and discoveries in the North.

Mr. Armstrong, chief mate, with four in the skiff, left Saddleback Island on the morning of September 10th, and at night, either from a snow-storm or in the dark, the boats lost sight of each other. The skiff, inshore the next morning, could see nothing of the long-boat. They then proceeded down the straits again, and sailed for the coast of Labrador. After sailing sixty-one days, they were picked up by the Esquimaux and taken to a Moravian missionary settlement. Finally, they arrived at North Shields on the 28th of August, 1860, and since then there has never been any tidings of the missing long-boat and her crew."

The following, on the same subject, is from the *London Times* of Nov. 17th, 1862 :—

"MURDER OF BRITISH SEAMEN.—In September, 1859, the *Kitty*, of Newcastle, was lost in Hudson's Straits by being nipped in the ice. Five of her crew, who got into a small boat, after enduring great suffering by exposure to the cold, succeeded in reaching a Moravian missionary station, where they were hospitably entertained, and three of them sent to their homes in England next summer. But of the fate of the master of this vessel, Mr. Ellis, and the remainder of the crew, who left the ship in a long-boat, nothing has been heard until the arrival of the vessels from the Hudson's Bay stations this autumn, when the sad intelligence has been brought that the eleven poor fellows fell into the hands of unfriendly Esquimaux, and were murdered for the sake of their blankets. The missionaries at Okak, writing to the widow of the master of the vessel in August last, say, 'It is with grief, madam, we must inform you that it is, alas! only too true that the long-boat, with her master and crew, arrived at Ungava Bay, but that none of the men survive. Last winter, Esquimaux from Ungava Bay visited our northernmost settlement, Hebron, who related that in the winter of 1859-60, several Europeans in a boat landed at the island called Akpatok, in Ungava Bay. They lived with the Esquimaux until about January, upon what the latter could provide for them; but then, most likely when their provisions became short, the Esquimaux attacked them when they were asleep and killed them, stabbing them with their knives. There is no doubt of these really being the men from the *Kitty*, because the Esquimaux knew there had been another boat, with five men belonging to them, whom they deemed lost. They said one man of the murdered company had very frostbitten feet, and him the Esquimaux would not kill by stabbing, but showed him a kind of heathen mercy, as they put him into the open air until he was dead by severe cold.' It seems that these unfortunate men had been murdered for the sake of the blankets they had with them. It would appear that one of the Esquimaux wanted to save the three Europeans who lodged with him, but they met the same fate as their companions. The tribe who have committed this murder do not appear to have been brought in contact with the European missions; and the friendly tribe who brought the information into Hebron further

informed the Moravian missionaries at that place that a little farther north from Ungava Bay, a whole crew, consisting in all of about forty men, were enticed on shore and then killed by the Esquimaux."

X.

Mineralogical and Geological Specimens.— Page 123, Vol. ii.

The following is from *Silliman's Journal* of March, 1863 :—

"*Report on the Geological and Mineralogical Specimens collected by* MR. C. F. HALL *in Frobisher Bay.*

"TO THE NEW YORK LYCEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.:—

"One of your Committee, appointed to examine the collection of minerals and fossils made by Mr. Charles F. Hall in his late Arctic Exploring Expedition, begs leave to report that he found the collection of fossils small in number of individual specimens, and limited in the range of its species, but possessing great interest to the student of arctic geology.

"The specimens are as follows :—

"*Maclurea magna* (Lesueur).	No. of specimens		7
Casts of lower surface.	„	„	3
Endoceras proteiforme? (Hall).	„	„	1
Orthoceras (badly worn specimens).	„	„	3
Heliolites (new species).	„	„	2
Heliopora „ „	„	„	1
Halysites catenulata (Fischer).	„	„	1
Receptaculites (new species)	„	„	1

"This collection was made at the head of Frobisher Bay, lat. 63° 44′ N. and long. 68° 56′ W. from Greenwich, at a point which, Mr. Hall says, is 'a mountain of fossils,' similar to the limestone bluff at Cincinnati, with which he is familiar. This limestone rests upon mica schist, specimens of which he also brought from the same locality. Whether the limestone was conformable to the schist or not, Mr. Hall did not determine. It is much to be regretted that this interesting point was not examined by him, as it is doubtful whether this locality may ever be visited by any future explorer.

"The fossils, without doubt, are all Lower Silurian. The *Maclurea magna* would place the limestone containing it on the horizon of the Chazy limestone of New York. The *Halysites catenulata* has been found in Canada in the Trenton beds, but in New York not lower than the Niagara limestone. The *Endoceras proteiforme* belongs to the Trenton limestone. The *Receptaculites* is unlike the several species of the Galena limestone of the West, or the *R. occidentalis* of Canada. Mr. Salter speaks of one found

in the northern part of the American continent. This may be that species, or it may be a new one; which it was we have no means of determining. The *Orthocerata* were but fragments, and so badly water-worn that the species could not be identified.

"The specimens of corals were very perfect and beautiful, and unlike any figured by Professor Hall in the Palæontology of New York. The *Heliolites* and *Heliopora* belong to the Niagara group in New York, but in Canada they have been found in the Lower Silurian. For the identification of strata, corals are not always reliable. Whether these species are similar or identical with any in the Canadian collection, it was out of my power to determine. They are unlike any figured by Mr. I. W. Salter.

"R. P. STEVENS.

"One of the Committee appointed to examine the mineral specimens brought from Frobisher Bay by Mr. Hall, reports that the specimens, though quite numerous, were mostly of the same general character. The rocks were nearly all mica schist. Some of the specimens were taken from boulders; some from the ruins of houses, and had the mortar still attached; and some were from the rock in its natural position. There was nothing peculiar in the rock, it presenting the usual variations in composition. The other specimens were an argillaceous limestone, determined by its fossils to be Lower Silurian; a single specimen of quartz, crystallized, and presenting, besides the usual six-sided termination, another pyramid whose angle was much more obtuse; magnetic iron, some of which was found *in situ*, and other specimens which were evidently boulders, and had undergone for some time the action of salt-water; a few pieces of iron pyrites, bituminous coal, and nodules of flint or jasper. . . . . .

"[The part of this report omitted gives reasons for believing the coal and siliceous nodules to have been brought from England by Frobisher, who, it is well known, took out large supplies and many miners, expecting to mine and smelt ores. Some 'blooms' of iron which Mr. Hall found may have been the result of their operations with the magnetic iron.—EDS.]

". . . . This theory is supported by the tradition of the natives, who say that the coal was brought there by the foreigners,* as well as by the entire absence of any indications of geological strata so high up in the series as the Carboniferous formation. The siliceous pebbles seem to have served as gravel for the mortar used in building the houses for carrying on the various objects for which the expedition was sent out. No trace of any mineral containing silver existed in the collections. The sands supposed by Mr. Hall to be those in which Frobisher found gold have not yet been assayed. A small bead detached from an ornament worn by the natives was found to be lead.

"THOS. EGLESTON."

* Everything that seems to them peculiar they refer to this source.

XI.

Arctic Sledge.—Page 228, Vol. ii.

The sledge which I had made in Cincinnati, and took with me on my expedition to the North, was made after the sledge "Faith," the favourite sledge of Dr. Kane on his last expedition. The only difference between his and my sledge was as follows:—Dr. Kane's was 3 feet 8 inches wide, while mine was only 2 feet 6 inches. The shoeing of Dr. Kane's was three-sixteenths-inch steel, while the shoeing of mine, on arriving at the North, was slabs of the jawbone of the whale (the article used by the natives), 1 inch thick and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide.

The dimensions of the "Faith" (of Dr. Kane's) were as follows:—

	ft.	in.
Length of runner	13	0
Height of ditto	0	8
Horizontal width of rail	0	$2\frac{3}{4}$
„ „ base of runner	0	$3\frac{1}{4}$
„ „ other parts	0	2
Thickness of all parts	0	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Length, resting on a plain surface	6	0
Cross-bars, five in number, making a width of	3	8

END OF VOL. II.

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